

ALL-STAR CHRISTMAS ISSUE

*Hearst's International*

*combined with*

# Cosmopolitan

*January*



25  
CENTS

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*A Complete Novel by Author of "Hatter's Castle"*

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# I P A N A

TOOTH PASTE

H. P. BURTON  
Editor

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**Cosmopolitan**

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Contents for  
JANUARY, 1933



In this  
all-star  
Christmas  
Issue:

**A complete  
NOVEL**

and—

**7 short  
STORIES**

and—

**2 powerful  
SERIALS**

and—

**many timely  
ARTICLES**

Cosmopolitan is the  
most alert, vital, and  
the most entertaining  
modern-day magazine!



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The fewer colds the less risk of

# MASTOID TROUBLE

## Gargle with Listerine twice a day to fight Colds and Sore Throat

In a plea for the prevention of colds, a noted authority makes this startling statement: "Not only mastoid and sinus infections, but bronchitis, asthma, and pleurisy are usually traceable to preceding colds."

Most colds begin in the throat. The germs that cause them or accompany them enter through the mouth. Some lodge there, others travel to the throat from whence they move upward to the nose.

Clearly, one of the major steps in preventing colds is to keep the mouth and throat as clean as possible. That is why the twice-a-day gargle with full strength Listerine has always been recommended.

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Controlled tests on hundreds of men and women have revealed that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine, contracted fewer colds than



*When your throat is sore or you feel a cold coming on, gargle with Listerine every two hours. It often relieves the sore throat and checks the progress of the cold.*

those who did not gargle with it. Their colds were also less severe.

The brilliant results accomplished by Listerine in combating colds, cannot be expected from harsh, bitter, powerful mouth washes which damage tissue. When a mouth wash irritates tissue, it encourages infection rather than retards it, because irritation makes it easier for germs to gain entrance.

Listerine's success lies in the fact that while highly germicidal

it is at the same time safe in action; does not irritate delicate tissues.

Make a habit of gargling with full strength Listerine every morning and every night as an aid in preventing colds. Remember also to avoid draughts, sudden changes of temperature, cold or wet feet, and over-exposure to cold temperatures. Physicians also advise against over-eating and over-indulgences of any kind. Dress adequately for the day, bathe frequently, and get 8 hours sleep. When a cold does develop, get into bed and call your doctor. A cold promptly treated may spare you years of misery and ill health. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

### LISTERINE SUCCEEDS BECAUSE SAFE



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*In February  
Cosmopolitan begins*



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and the most fascinat-  
ing girl Miss Bailey  
has ever pictured in a  
novel

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# The Educational Value of Military Training

by Brigadier General L. R. Gignilliat

**I** WAS talking recently with a retired electrical engineer in New York. He is a man of great achievements; he has harnessed the forces of nature to the needs of man in many parts of the globe.

He attributes his success largely to certain fundamentals of military training he acquired when he was a student in college. He values the benefit of that training so highly that he contemplates leaving his fortune to the advancement of what he regards as the educational possibilities of military training. He is not primarily interested in the preparedness angle. That, he says, may be handled by the War Department. It is solely the educational phase that he is concerned with. I suggested (as the first step) a scientific survey of military training in the schools and colleges by educators and psychologists to ascertain by authentic research the educational value of military training.

His reply was tinged with impatience:

"I do not need psychologists to tell me the value of military training. I know what it did for me when I was a green farmer boy in my State University. It straightened me up, gave me confidence, taught me the reason of discipline; gave me experience in organization and showed me how to handle men."

Is he right? Is military training in the broad sense of distinct educational value to youth?

Recently the U. S. Office of Education, an agency of the government, published a report of the results of a questionnaire on that subject. Out of 9,636 graduates of universities which had given military training, 9,019 (or 93.6 percent) agreed with the distinguished electrical engineer. Ninety-seven percent of those who replied said they were convinced, after having engaged in professional or commercial vocations, that the R.O.T.C. course of study has definite educational value of its own.

Questionnaires have their deficiencies but the near unanimity of opinion here expressed is surely sufficiently conclusive to prove the point.

I once heard Woodrow Wilson say to a group of cadets:

"I am always glad to see the uniform worn in connection with education." (Now by no stretch of the imagination could Wilson be regarded as a militarist.) Continuing, he said: "To me it has a deeper meaning than as an attribute of war. It means discipline

of course, but in addition it signifies that the man is not living for himself alone, but for the social life at large. We hear of mothers hanging swords and muskets of their sons on the wall so that they may constantly see them, but we do not hear of anyone hanging as an ornament of any household any of the symbols of peace such as a ledger, a yard stick, a pick, or a shovel.

"The reason for this is man supports himself with these implements—but he is doing a service for someone else when he is using a sword or a rifle in battle, and modern people seem to hold a service they do to help themselves below the things they do to help others. So what I want you youngsters to remember is that you owe a duty to society which is above any interest you can have in self—that you do the greatest good in the world when you live in it to serve your fellow men."

If he was right, if military training for youth develops the spirit of service, it is urgently needed in our education today.

A successful manufacturer founded a military school. In that man's factory one day I watched a workman patiently pounding dents into a copper utensil.

In my ignorance I said: "That seems to be a lot of trouble just to make that thing look pretty." With a touch of scorn he said to me: "That's not to make it look pretty. That's to take the softness out of it."

The manufacturer who founded the military school had had the softness hammered out of him in the school of hard knocks.

He added the uniform to his training system, not to merely make the boys "look smart" but because he believed that the regime it stood for, like the school of hard knocks, might hammer the softness out of them. Was he right? We must do with less of softness and self-indulgence if American ideals are to be preserved.

Let us do all we can to lessen the probabilities of war, and to promote international good will and understanding, but in those efforts let us not destroy patriotism. Let us have a patriotism that also respects the patriotism of others. In the youth of the country we must develop the flexibility of mind necessary to meet the unpredictable future, but we must also give youth the sinews to grapple with its problems.

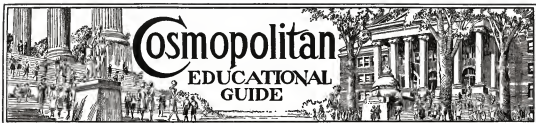
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Anno Domini 1933

for January

January hath 31 Days



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Month of weather cold and raw;  
Month of January thaw;  
Month of southern beach resorts;  
Month of northern winter sports;  
Month of big electric-light sales;  
Month of Giant Bargain White Sales.  
Month that wearies age and youth;  
Month of Yanks Are <sup>Joined</sup> Spurred by Ruth;  
Month that pleases youth and age;  
Month when Record Blizzards Rage;  
Month when bright the evening  
star shows;  
Month of new and shiny car shows;  
Month of business swift or slack;  
Month of the '33 ALMANACK.  
Month when joyous songs are sung  
By the people feeling young;  
When the people feeling old  
Say, "I always have a cold."  
Joy for the wise, woe for the unwary—  
Alta month of January!



**AND A HAPPY  
NEW YEAR**

from  
**FRANKLIN P. ADAMS  
(F P A)**

Being, until the 4th of July, the 157th Year of AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE

- 1—Su. —**New Year's Day.** Paul Revere born, 1735. Emancipation of Negro slaves went into effect, 1863. 65,094,935 persons resolve to go to bed early tonight, 1933.
- 2—Mo. —Battle of Murfreesboro, 1863. Stocks go to new highs for 1933, 1933.
- 3—Tu. —Battle of Princeton, 1777.
- 4—We. —**Life** first issued, 1883. 264 editorials printed on decline of American humor, 1883. Utah admitted to Union, 1896. It had been vice versa for years.
- 5—Th. —Capt. John Smith captured by Indians, 1608. "Your name is familiar," said Chief Powhatan, 1608.
- 6—Fr. —**Epiphany**, or Twelfth Night. Henry E. Dixey born, 1859.
- 7—Sa. —Israel Putnam born, 1718. Satan invents paper towels, 1899.



- 1 **First Sunday after Epiphany** Length of Day, 9 h. 23 m.
- 8—Su. —Battle of New Orleans, 1815. Graft found in Gomorrah and probe started, 1219 B. C.
- 9—Mo. —Connecticut ratified the Constitution, 1788.
- 10—Tu. —Howard Chandler Christy, inventor cover charge for magazines, born, 1873.
- 11—We. —Alex. Hamilton born, 1757. Wm. James born, 1842.
- 12—Th. —Jack London born, 1876.
- 13—Fr. —Horatio Alger, Jr., born, 1834. Becomes **EDITOR COSM. ALM.**'s favorite author, 1899, with "Luck and Pluck," "Ragged Dick," etc.
- 14—Sa. —Benedict Arnold born, 1741. Iago asks Othello to have a drink, 1508.

- 2 **Second Sunday after Epiphany** Length of Day, 9 h. 31 m.
- 15—Su. —First locomotives built, 1813. Molire born, 1622. Columbus decides what this country needs is a discoverer, 1491.



**FACTS about January's Birthday Boys** \*\*\* Horatio Alger, Jr., a Harvard graduate, wrote "Ragged Dick" at the age of 34. \*\*\* Byron was 19 when he published his first book of verse; he was 36 when he died. \*\*\* John Smith was 29 when Pocahontas interceded for him. \*\*\* Robert E. Lee was 54 when the Civil War began; Ulysses S. Grant was 39.

- 16—Mo. —Alfred Tennyson made a peer, 1884, at the age of 75.
- 17—Tu. —Benjamin Franklin, this ALMANACK's candidate for greatest of Americans and 2nd greatest of ALMANACK compilers, born, 1706. Chekhov born, 1860.
- 18—We. —Daniel Webster born, 1782. Liquid soap invented in Gehenna, 1901.
- 19—Th. —Robert E. Lee born, 1807. Edgar Allan Poe born, 1809. Alexander Woolcott born, 1887.
- 20—Fr. —**St. Agnes' Eve.** Josef Hofmann born, 1876.
- 21—Sa. —T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson born, 1824. Emperor William, well-known Teuton, visits Queen Victoria, eminent Victorian, 1901.

- 3 **Septuagesima Sunday** Length of Day, 9 h. 43 m.
- 22—Su. —Francis Bacon born, 1561. Lord Byron born, 1788. Queen Victoria died, 1901.
- 23—Mo. —Francis Bacon fails to write Shakespeare's plays, 1561. John Hancock, originator dotted line, born, 1737.
- 24—Tu. —Gold discovered in California, 1848.
- 25—We. —University of Virginia established, 1819. Neysa McMein born, 1890.
- 26—Th. —Michigan admitted, 1837. Louisiana seceded, 1861. University of Va. freshman says curriculum is old-fashioned, 1819. Samuel Hopkins Adams born, 1871.
- 27—Fr. —Mozart born, 1756. Lewis Carroll born, 1832. New York Sun first issued under C. A. Dana, 1868.
- 28—Sa. —Sir Francis Drake died, 1596. Adam wonders what younger generation is coming to, 3916 B. C., Eastern Standard Time.



- 4 **Sexagesima Sunday** Length of Day, 9 h. 57 m.
- 29—Su. —William McKinley, 25th Pres. U. S., born, 1843.
- 30—Mo. —W. Damrosch born, 1862. Cries diatonic scale, 1862.
- 31—Tu. —F. P. Schubert born, 1797.



# Your New NATIONAL Leadership

by President-Elect  
FRANKLIN D.  
ROOSEVELT

**Y**OUR NEW national leadership is going to restore the confidence that the majority of men and women in this country rightfully repose in their own integrity and ability. It is going to bring about governmental action to mesh more with the rights and the essential needs of the individual man and woman. It is going to bring about a greater personal security.

These are not merely hopes. These are the battle-orders imposed upon myself and my party. I began and ended the Presidential campaign along these definite lines. I am going to begin your new national administration upon them.

I have forgiven the personalities of the heat of the campaign. I do not forget that many fine men were forced out of office by the election. They were so fettered by old-fashioned political commitments and strait-jacketed by outworn policies that they were literally bound hand and foot. But we must never forget the harm of these commitments and the anachronism of these policies. We must remember them well in order to recognize their faults and avoid the creation of similar ones for the future.

The new national leadership has already faced the facts in its economic campaign attacks upon your major problems. It is going to continue to tell the truth about current conditions and their relation to the future—a policy not pursued in immediate past history.

The first truth is with

regard to a general condition, and we must face it at once. Emergency relief under way and planned will succeed in the vital work of maintaining life. But it corrects nothing. From now on we must be far more concerned with the quality of life itself. Concentration upon purely temporary relief measures must not cause a "freezing" of national progress along lines of social equality and justice. If our present social order is to endure, it must prove itself worthy of our toil and self-sacrifice and of the lives of those who have been before us. And it must prove itself worthy within the next few years.

Some of the other truths are also self-evident.

In agriculture, we recognize the present staggering surpluses of commodities and the fact that the price of a crop is determined by the exportable surplus sold in the world markets. We know that producers are not getting prices above their production cost. We know that the infatuation of the past administration with plans which have repeatedly failed, such as the government speculation in wheat and cotton, have resulted in entirely unnecessary losses, privation and hopelessness to nearly half our people.

The new leadership intends to go to the heart of the

*"Your new national leadership is going to restore the confidence that the majority of men and women in this country rightfully repose in their own integrity and ability. It is going to bring about governmental action to mesh more with the rights and the essential needs of the individual man and woman. It is going to bring about a greater personal security."*



McIntire



Service Bureau



agricultural problem in a realistic way. The basic fact is that the farmers must immediately get a living income from the domestic market. I intend to attack the problem where it is most urgent—in wheat and cotton, for these are the money crops of one-third of our people.

To get a price for these products which will allow the farmers to live, they must get a tariff benefit over world prices. This is equivalent to the benefit given by a tariff for industrial products.

An artificial or even a temporary measure (Cont. on page 122)



# The Tinsel Star



*The man Smith was rather gaunt and certainly shabby, but not a panhandler.*

What it did to the man who put it on the tree, to the woman who watched, and to the man who wouldn't stay for the party

GEORGE CHISHOLM blew into his office after lunch a little late. It was the day before Christmas, and George was always a trifle excited on the day before Christmas. Now his arms were full of bundles, and he smiled rather sheepishly at his elderly secretary.

"Smile for the kids' stockings," he said. "Want to see it?" Nothing was further from the secretary's mind. She was elderly and childless, and outside of a possible bonus Christmas meant nothing to her. She adored George, however, so she went dutifully to his desk while he opened his packages.

"Just nonsense," he explained. "Something to keep them quiet until they see the tree and all the rest of it. Look at this!"

This proved to be a flat rubber arrangement with a tube and a bulb, and was intended to be placed under the plate of some unassuming individual and then inflated. George placed it under his desk blotter, and the blotter rose and fell in most gratifying fashion. In fact, it was still doing so when the head of the accounting department came in. He fixed it with a glassy stare, but he was a sober person and so he said nothing. But he seemed slightly unnerved, so he moved to the water-cooler in the corner.

"Here," said George. "Here's a fresh glass, Watkins." Watkins took the glass and filed it. He started to

drink, and a small stream of water sprayed down over his coat. He got out his handkerchief and carefully wiped his coat; then he tried again, with a similar result. He cast an agonized look at George, and then put the glass down.

"Don't know what's the matter with me!" he said. "Guess I'm just nervous. My wife's been telling me lately that I'm pretty nervous."

Whereupon George burst into delighted laughter and showed him the small holes in the side of the glass. Watkins, however, gave only a sickly grin and started out. Then he stopped.

"Almost forgot. There's a man outside to see you," he said. "Pretty shabby gent, but insistent. Looks like a panhandler to me."

"I'll see him in a minute."

"I told him I thought you were still out." "It's Christmas, man!" said George impatiently. "I'd see the devil himself today."

He sat down and commenced rewrapping his parcels, and Miss Elder brought some small envelopes and a check, and laid them before him.

"The gold pieces for the servants," she said, and added rather grimly: "And Mrs. Chisholm's Christmas check."

She did not like Henrietta Chisholm. Indeed, she had disapproved of the whole marriage from the start. "A widow with two children!" she said to her roommate. "Pretty enough, but just out for what she can get!"

Which was only partly true, it being probable that next to herself Henrietta cared for George Chisholm more than for anyone else in the world.

George eyed the layout, the seven envelopes for the house servants and Henrietta's check, and some of the exaltation died out of his face. Since his marriage he had pretty well lived up to his income, and his house reminded him more of a high-class night club than anything else. As he signed the check he was remembering a conversation that morning.

"Try to come home early, George. We're having the usual crowd in to trim the tree."

"I thought the kids were to help this year." "Well, everybody seemed to expect the usual party."

by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART



*Even Henrietta did not know why, ever since their marriage, George had himself put the star on top of the tree. The look he turned down to her, she thought, was rather strange.*

"And the children expected something else."

She had kept her temper, although he saw she was annoyed. She had even smiled. "One would think they were poor children, George."

"That's not a bad fault—in a stepfather! We're spending a lot of money, Henrietta."

"If you object to the party for that reason, you can deduct it from my Christmas check."

Which was an unanswerable argument. Henrietta's substantial Christmas gift always being spent by the middle of October at the latest.

AS HE SERV Miss Elder off for the remainder of the day and tied up his parcels, his mind was still on Henrietta and the children. He had been married for six years, and he was very proud of his wife; proud of her popularity, of her carefully dressed and tended body, even of the way she managed his household. If there were times when he felt that all of these were more important to Henrietta than he was, he kept it to himself. And some of his boyish good humor returned when he experimented with a trick match holder. One took a match and scratched it, and immediately all the other matches leaped out and fell on the floor.

Better hold that in reserve, however. Matches were not toys for children.

He had entirely forgotten the man outside. He wrapped up his parcels again, thinking what a difference it made having children in the house at Christmas. What queer little headsets they had been that first year.

"Do you kids know what Christmas is?"

"Sure. The day Santa Claus comes!"

"Well, it's a little more than that. It's the birthday of the Christ child."

"Who's the Christ child?"

He was still smiling at that when, on his way out, he saw the man who was waiting for him: a tall man, rather gaunt and certainly shabby, but not a panhandler. George, who was obliged to know men, sized him up quickly.

"Hello!" he said. "I clean forgot you were here."

The man smiled. He had a slow, rather attractive smile.

"I'm accustomed to that," he said without rancor. "And of course it's just the usual story. I need a job, Mr. Chisholm. Any sort of job. I dare say I could sweep floors, although I've never tried it."

George eyed him. Hang it all, the man was a gentleman, whatever that meant. He shifted his bundles and made a dive for



"Be a good girl, Pats," Smith said. Suddenly Henrietta felt a wave of pity. When he left he would go out into the street. He might starve!

Illustrations by McClelland Barclay

his pocket, but the stranger stiffened slightly. "I'm not begging. I won't take money. Sorry!"

George glanced at the clock. He still had some errands to do and not much time, but this man interested him. "Let's go back into my office," he said. "We can talk there. Of course a job on Christmas Eve, or even Christmas Day, is just out of the question. Still, I may think of something."

In the office he made his visitor sit down, and sat himself. Then on an impulse he opened the desk drawer and took out a box of cigars.

"Smoke?"

"I've given it up. Too expensive."

George was a little at a loss. "Just what brought you to me?"

"End of the block. Last office in the last building! I've only been in town a week. Came up from South America. I'd been there for six or seven years, but there was the usual revolution, and I had to get out. Worked my way up. I'm an engineer by profession; mining engineer."

"I married the widow of a mining engineer. Colorado."

"Well, a good many of us die young!"

There was a short silence, companionable enough. Then George looked up with an apologetic smile.

"I suppose it's urgent?"

"It's damned urgent."

"I've just thought of something. It's ridiculous, in a way. Still, if you won't take a loan—"

The visitor shook his head obstinately. "My wife's having a Christmas Eve party tonight, and she always has in a couple of extra men. It's—well, it's not much; you get a supper at midnight and six dollars."

"It's a long time since I've seen six dollars, or a—"

He checked himself. "Or a Christmas party. My wife used to have them."

"Then you're married?"

"I was. I lost my job and she cleared out." His tone closed that subject. "But see here, I'll have to have evening clothes, won't I? I escaped without anything much but my skin."

But George Chisholm was already started on an orgy of benevolence, and with scarcely more than a thought toward Henrietta he made a large gesture.

"You can have mine," he said easily. "We're about of a size, and I'm wearing a dinner jacket. It's very informal; people in to trim the children's tree, and then supper."

The stranger smiled, somewhat ironically. "Lord, how that takes me back!" he said. "Only we had beer and sandwiches." Then he chuckled. "I'm rather looking forward to it! And of course I'm grateful. You know that." He rose and held out his hand. "Since we won't be on a hand-shaking basis tonight," he explained. "And now, if you'll give me the address..."

George wrote it down and the stranger took it. It was not until they had reached the street and Blake had opened the door of the limousine that George remembered something.

"By the way, what's your name?"

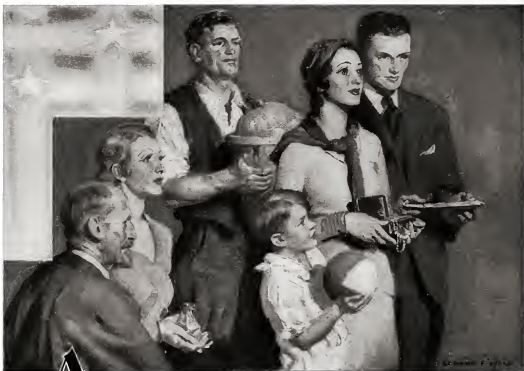
"You can call me Smith. It's not my name, but it will answer."

"How about dropping you somewhere?"

"There isn't any somewhere," said Mr. Smith cheerfully, and strode off.

George's benevolent mood lasted only about thirty minutes; to be exact, until the car stopped in front of his house. Then he remembered; he would have to tell Henrietta, and Henrietta. (Continued on page 146)





# Are there still GOOD for this Chastened

*Christmas, regardless of epoch or creed, is of universal appeal, and here the eminent author of "The Art of Thinking" and "What We Live By" discloses what this day of days can definitely accomplish for us moderns if only we will wish it so*

**C**AN CHRISTMAS, 1932, be a real Christmas to people in anxiety, doubt, or suffering? Is it not true that many of us feel inclined at the present moment to regard a festival, all happiness and hope, as a mockery of actual misery? Only too true. But such an attitude, though pathetic, is not reasonable, for it amounts to demanding happiness of happiness itself and not of Christmas.

What people who take this bitter view really want is the return of the typhoon of prosperity which swept the world, and especially America, a few years ago. They do not crave the joy of Christmas, but the excitement of success with a far-away echo of Christian poetry to add its sweetness to it. But this is simply

wasting a chance, squandering the happiness which Christmas holds in store for whoever wants it. The Christmas song is one of prayerful hope rather than of triumph; it says "Come" and not "Hallelujah."

The Jewish world was a long way from happiness when the Savior was born. Mary and Joseph, poorer than the poorest among us, were only one family in thousands similarly situated. Besides poverty, there was the same inarticulate longing for more peace, for a less crude or cruel order of things which makes the world restless though expectant today.

The miracle which Israel wanted was performed, but not in the way people had imagined it would be. The believers wished for a national revenge, for a triumphant return of power, as some of us insist on wishing for the return of an earthly paradise. The triumph came, during the Holy Night, but it was not mundane; the new King was the Prince of Peace, his sovereignty was over souls, and the spectacular change was a change of hearts.

Only that? Yes, only that. But what thinking man does not know that happiness is an ever-changing object, constantly transformed as we adjust the glass which we eagerly turn upon it? Recently President Hoover spoke of the Christmas of his childhood, toyless but not joyless. Cannot many of us recall a similar experience?

To know how to make the most of a little, is to



# TIDINGS of Great Joy World of 1932?

by ABBÉ  
ERNEST DIMNET

Illustration by E. F. Ward



possess the philosopher's stone. Is not our home happiness, with contented children, the real happiness which many rich men envy but cannot buy? The knowledge of this simple wisdom is a fortune.

If there has been in the United States a phenomenon surprising to the observer, it is in millions of homes the adaptation of happiness to a modicum of worldly success, during the past two years. Is not this satisfaction with little and this passing from pleasure to contentment a marvelous gift? Can we give our children a rarer present than the art of looking for our happiness inside us, instead of chasing mirages? And by enriching them at such a little expense, shall we not also be giving the world what it needs more than vast estates?

The Christmas of 1932 can be a rare and beautiful Christmas yet!

Ten or twelve years ago I landed at Tucson station,

long before dawn, on Christmas morning. The night was dark but veiled, with all the promises of the West in it. I strolled to the cathedral, arriving just in time for the messe de l'aurore, which was said by a bearded French priest whose native province I could tell by his accent piercing through his American-Latin. Two days later, a friend drove me through that paradise of loneliness, the verdant desert of Sonora, far past Magdalena, to a little mining camp where two or three Englishmen superintended some thirty natives living in huts of cactus branches.

No priest ever appeared in this almost invisible hamlet, twenty-odd miles from any other community, but as they could. An adobe (Continued on page 125)

# Kaleidoscope

in “K” by A. J. CRONIN  
Author of “Hatter’s Castle” and “Three Loves”

“Nothing ever happens here!”  
sighed the night nurse.

*But in 12 hours in Ward K, a tremendous  
drama of life, death, and love held sway.*

There were:

No. 9—who hoped in two more days she  
would walk again—but never would.

No. 10—who missed the trapeze bars.  
Would the doctors be able to restore  
her to Danny?

No. 8—with six broken ribs, loved her  
husband all the more because he broke  
them.

No. 16—ready for the knife, her head  
already shaved, dreaming of home—  
and Joe.

No. 13—stripped of her one possession  
—beauty—what had this dance-hall  
girl to live for?

And through it all, love was  
working its miracle with Doctor  
Barclay and the valiant young  
head nurse.

THE NIGHT NURSE pressed her cold knees against  
the radiator and stared discontentedly at nothing  
through the end window of Ward K. Behind her, in  
the long shadowy room smelling of iodine and floor  
polish, the rustle of breathing rose and fell, broken by  
a cough, a snore, the clanking of a steam pipe.

Outside, it was dark: the sleety, silent darkness of a  
February morning blanketing the city; a comfortless  
opacity through which the small blurred redness of  
the night watchman’s fire where they were repairing  
the wooden paving of the hospital courtyard glowed  
like a tenuous star in some infinite, mysterious uni-  
verse. But the middle-aged night nurse was not  
bothering about stars, nor about the infinite; she was  
thinking about her breakfast.

No, she brooded, it’s not fair the way they keep serv-  
ing us night nurses with stew morning after morning,  
because the hot plate’s not working. I hate stew.



What a life, she thought moodily, mean-  
ing that for her existence was a dull,  
unbroken desert—each grain of sand like  
another. Oh, what was the use, anyway!

And yet, in a sense, she might have found greater  
cause for discontent. It had a name for cheerfulness,  
Ward K. Fanshawe’s influence, no doubt! The night  
nurse sniffed—like them to give Fanshawe all the  
credit! Yet now, actually, she admitted, in her own  
phrase, that things were quietish: three convalescents  
in the ward, no work at all with them, and only one  
really serious case—Number 16, down for operation to-  
day. Finish her, that would, no doubt about it.

The night nurse yawned. What was it, then, that  
made life so dull and commonplace? Just that very  
quietness—the flat, unchanging, dragging monotony  
of it all. Humdrum! Yes, that was it. Nothing  
ever happens here, she thought listlessly. Nothing!



“Everything’s all wrong be-  
tween us,” said Fanny. “It’s  
hurting me.” “Nonsense,  
Fanny!” Preston’s tone was  
light, persuasive. “I’m more  
in love with you than ever.”

Illustrations by  
Marshall Frantz

A great novel complete in this issue—the first magazine

appearance of the author of the famous “Hatter’s Castle”



Sophie looked forward to an Irish holiday, Miss Baxter felt neglected, Julie dreamed of her Hollywood hero . . .

Suddenly, as though it cut across that thought, in the remote outer darkness the City Hall clock began to strike: long—long—long, it went, and sounded five slow strokes that reverberated in the empty air.

The night nurse fumbled automatically for the switchboard and with a click deluged the ward with light. Blinking defensively, she detached her knees from the radiator, turned and slid her resigned felt-soled feet towards the sluice room, where immediately a clatter of basins arose.

ONLY FIVE o'clock, yet already lights were leaping like eyes in the darkened façade; already a pulse of movement throbbled through each ward. The humdrum day of Ward K had begun. "Wha-wha—" mumbled Number 8 drowsily. "Can ye not lie peaceful like Peter Flanagan. Och!" Number 8—Sophie Flanagan—opened one bleary orb and cocked it towards reality. "It's yourself, nurse, and so it is," she muttered. "Confusion fall on them that invented this time o' risin' for a Christian woman."

"You don't have to get up," said the nurse shortly. Sophie accepted her basin and towel with an injured air, her red face lighted by a comical reproach. "It's wash, wash, wash all the time here," she muttered to the steaming water, when the nurse had gone. "I'll be washed away entirely before I get out o' the place!"

She dipped cautiously and turned to her neighbor on the right—the young Jewess in Number 9 who had come in only the previous day. "Sure 'tis the curse o' Crommel should be on the authorities for wakin' us at five like we was pigs to be drove to market. Why can't they let ye sleep yer fill without pokin' a basin of water at ye before the moon's out of the sky?" Number 8—little Julie Levy—smiled timidly. "I guess I can put up with it for a couple days," she ventured. "I guess I'll be out of here then."

It was strange to hear Julie "guessing"; for Julie, third tylist with Roseplatz, Tallow and Hides, had never set her eyes upon America. But she had seen the American films. The cinema was her passion; her hope, her joy, the fount of all her secret aspiration, the model on which she patterned her life.

At home in her bedchamber she would practice before her mirror: to walk, to stand, to talk—yes, above everything to talk—exactly as they did in Hollywood.

And there was more: Julie had a maid, though as yet a distant glamour in her life. And it was . . .

Now, however, she was speaking: "I only came in here to please my mamma," she explained. "I guess I knocked my shin, see. That's all. Can you beat it?" Mrs. Flanagan, who had not been listening, nodded, gave the last of her chin a gentle wipe, then placed the basin upon the wooden locker by her bed. "Holy Saint Bernard, 'tis like tow." She grimaced, tugging at her tousled hair. "Och! the bad, troublous night of it I've had."

In the next bed upon the left Number 7 frowned. "Ye were snoring the head off yourself," she snapped in her dry Scottish voice, "keeping me awake till all hours!"

"Please, please," whispered Fanny, "let me have it." But 13 fought for the knife desperately, bringing to the struggle all the bitter pent-up hatred of these lost silent, tortured days.

Arranging her features to an irritating friendliness, Sophie contemplated the long-faced spinster in Number 7. "Good mornin' to ye, Miss Baxter," she murmured. "Praise God ye've woken so bright an cheerful again. Sure we're gettin' used to each other bravely now." Janet Baxter drew down her tight lips. "I'd have ye understand," she said bleakly, "that I'm far from gettin' used to you. I have no truck with the Irish. Nor," she snarled—"nor with any woman that has six ribs broken by her drunken husband."

Sophie grinned, widened her eyes provokingly. "Sure, ye're not denyin' a man the privileges o' beatin' his own wife? If ye only knew the pleasures of a good man-handlin' ye'd never talk like that."

"Pleasure, indeed!" snapped Number 7. "I'd pleasure the man that put finger on me. So kindly be quiet. I'm wanting another dose. Remember, I'm to have my stiches out today." And Miss Baxter frigidly turned her back.

"Well, well," said Sophie, "there's some folks wouldn't give ye a civil word o' their heads if ye offered them the keys o' the Kingdom o' Heaven in the one hand an' a brimmin' pint o' porter in the other."

Abandoning Miss Baxter, she drew herself up and let her eye rove round the ward. It was no morbid scene, this ward, no dreary prospect of agonized humanity. Its walls half tiled in quiet green, its floor spacious between the neat white beds, its broad swing doors at once an exit and an entrance, the long, high-ceilinged room was strangely vital and expectant, like a stage on which might play a piece that was the very comedy of life itself.

Across the way in Number 10 Daisy Dean was "tryin' out her legs," moving them surreptitiously beneath



Daisy the broken trapeze artist hoped to raise chickens.

the bedclothes for the very joy of movement. There had been a time not so far distant when she had thought—but what did it matter, that thought, now it lay buried deep down in the limbo of forgotten fears! And yet, to miss Danny's outstretched fingers by one miscalculated instant and come crashing down from the swinging trapeze into a stunning darkness—it was a calamity beyond reason.

Why, they had been doing the act on all the circuits for nearly fifteen years; yes, doing it till they were sick of it. Danny and Daisy, trapeze artists, second-rate variety maybe, but always dependable. And then to crash stupidly on her spine!

ABRUPTLY DAISSY raised her smooth dark head. That was past, all past, and now to know that she could walk—oh, it was a joyous thrill which made her feel not thirty-five but like a kid again. She smiled as at a secret joy and catching Sophie Flanagan's omniscient eye, she gave a friendly nod, then let her gaze drift over to Number 16.

"She's for the knife today—is sixteen," whispered Sophie, following that gaze. "Poor young cratur, it's a bad forecast if that black Barclay has the cuttin' o' her—the little butcher that he be's. Believe me—" She halted suddenly as the ward doors swung open and, observing the long tray that was carried in, she engulfed

the words on her tongue and added plausibly: "Anyways, thanks be to God, here's our bread an' tea."

"Quietness, please!"

called out the night nurse sharply. She was busy now and rather flurried because she was behind time. Breakfast always bothered her, and Number 13 had been troublesome again, lying stiff and sulky as a log. Besides, she still had her temperatures to take, her report to write for Panahave.

Forcing her attention to these affairs the night nurse found little time for further speculation, and three minutes past seven showed upon the clock as she finally signed the report book and laid her pen upon the desk. At that moment the swing doors were flung open. Three nurses came in and advanced abreast along the ward. Recognizing the day relief, the night nurse nodded once when the three reached the desk.

"Is the hot plate mended?" she inquired in her jaded tone—it was at once a greeting and a prayer.

Nurse Watkins grinned. Small and dark, she had about her a boyish, darting vivacity. "It's not really cracked," she answered—"only temperamental."

Staff Nurse Jeff laughed. "Oh, Owen," she declared, "you've such a way of saying things." The words came queerly from this big-boned, angular woman with large hands and feet, longish nose and weak gray eyes.

"I'm up early, you see," explained Watkins airily. "You're up too early," said the night nurse acidly. "Tune down. Or Fanshaw'll do it for you."

There was a silence, which seemed to follow this mention of the supervisor's name.



"Don't you think Fanshawe's been rather—rather odd lately?" asked Jeff.

"Nothing's odd here," said the night nurse flatly. "It's all too even for words."

"But really, there's something behind it," persisted Jeff with earnestness.

"Behind it be blowed!" said young Watkins decisively. "Fanny's the finest supervisor in the house. And I don't care who hears me."

There was another silence; then, strangely, for it was without apparent reason, all three looked at the last member of the group, the junior nurse who had not yet spoken. Nor did she speak now. Instead, she smiled—that contained and charming smile which suited her so admirably. She was very pretty, was Nurse Andross, and pink, her hair inclined to fluff, her teeth small and of a pearly sheen, her eyes a sun-flecked hazel. An entrancing picture! Yet in that picture Watkins at least found nothing to engage her admiration. She declared at large:

"I know someone who won't last. Not if she doesn't watch out!" Andross kept on smiling. "How painful it would be," she said, "if one didn't last."

The staff nurse straightened the bow of her cap strings. "Really, Andross," she sniffed, "you'd better look out. I've never met a man yet who was worth ninepence. Besides, mark my words. If you're not careful, Fanny's certain to report you." Then, turning with a resolute display of competence, she added: "Anyway, it's time we made a bend."

At the words the group dissolved and the four—for the night nurse, alas, was not off duty yet—began by making the beds. There was no speech now, no hustle, no stir, no flurry—only methodical, rhythmic precision. In the middle of the bed-making Sally, the ward maid, slipped unobtrusively through the swing doors. She began to sweep the floor, working with her head down, quite slavishly. But in her servitude there was something ostentatious, and from time to time she glanced up peculiarly, as though her gawky bosom harbored some pricking secret which she labored to conceal.

Meanwhile Staff Nurse Jeff had left the juniors, had sterilized her hands, and now began to get her dressing carriage ready. Pivoting her long, shining forearms, she replenished her stock of swabs, of gauze, of lint, making sure that everything was as it should be and as it must be—perfect.

The reason for this attention to each elaborate detail—where did it lie? Not, surely, in Nurse Jeff's heavy frame and birdlike head, nor in the brisk accomplishment of the two probationers. No! There was some other power, some unseen influence which actuated this finished performance. And presently, as the electric lights were switched off and the cold gray light of morning alone harshly infiltrated the ward, at eighty-three to the second, with all the poise of an actress taking the center of the stage, Miss Fanshawe quietly entered the ward.

Mary Fanshawe was young, very young for a ward supervisor. To be a supervisor in the Metropolitan Hospital at the age of twenty-seven implies in itself not one but many qualities. Now, indeed, as she walked easily up the center of the shining floor she seemed to fix the attention of the ward.

Not that there was anything aggressive about Fanny. She was of medium height, light and well-made, her eyes dark, her mouth generous, her hair crisping, a vivid brown which enriched her rather pale face to a subtle and delicate warmth. But for all the warmth of her face, she gave curiously a sense of coolness and detachment—something perhaps in the starched, immaculate uniform, perhaps in the stiff white bow beneath her smooth, firm chin.

"Morning, nurse. Morning." She nodded and smiled to Jeff and the night nurse as they stood awaiting her at the desk. "Perfectly foul outside by the look of it! Christmas card gone wrong." Then she began to read the report book, and without lifting her eyes from the page, she said mildly: "There's no special mention of



Thirteen here. Is she one of those who 'slept well and appear comfortable'?"

The night nurse shifted her feet, which had borne her so painfully through the rigors of the night. "Ye-yes," she exclaimed with a rush.

"Although she was in a violent, almost dangerous state of mind when I went off duty last night, she settled down and slept comfortably."

"Ye-yes," answered Fanny evenly. But it was clear she did not see. She looked at the night nurse. "You're tired," she said quietly. "Nip off now. That's all."

"Ye-yes." The night nurse began to move toward the door, her sharp anxiety so tersely dispelled that she discovered her eyes unexpectedly watering.

"Decent, oh, decent!" she thought rather wildly. "I forgot Thirteen—and she knew it. Thank God, though. Off at last. Aspirin, hot bottle and my bed. Oh, blessed bed." The swing doors closed behind her.

MEANWHILE, at the desk Fanny had raised a meditative brow towards the staff nurse. "We've only one for theater today," she was saying. "Sixteen—the brain case; eleven o'clock. Get the porter to bring up another cylinder of oxygen—in case."

"Very good, Miss Fanshawe." Jeff's manner was deferential. She stooped solicitously and handed from beneath the desk the pile of books labeled neatly: Store, Repair, Diet and Stimulants.

For a minute nothing was said.

"How do you find the new ward maid—Sally, isn't it?" asked Fanny suddenly.

"Well, if you ask me— Jeff drew a deep breath, as though to inflate her boom for a portentous declaration.

"I see," Miss Fanshawe broke in, before the other could continue. "Then we'll give her a chance to settle down."

She was writing while she spoke and when she had signed the last book, she gathered up the small stack of patients' letters which lay on the desk. Then, as Jeff carried off the books, she began to sort the post.

They were taking 16 out of the theater. What a triumph—for Barclay, thought Sally dully. They had all seen they all knew. He was aware of himself suddenly as an old man.

Halfway through the pile she came upon one letter which made her pause. She gazed at it oddly, and slowly placed it in her pocket. Then she rose and set out on her morning round.

"Nothing for you this morning, Mother Flanagan." Sophie glowed at the honor of the recognition. "Indeed, Miss Fanshawe, devil the scrape of a pen could I get from a man that can't put his own name to paper. Truth, it's better than any letter, though, to see yer own swate face."

"None of your blarney now. Another word about the

swatness of my face and I'll stop your jam for tea."

"Blarney, indeed!" retorted Sophie. "Sure 'tis the truth I'm speakin' when I praisin' the beauty of ye."

"No jam," sighed Miss Fanshawe, moving off. "Two letters for you, Number Seven."

Miss Baxter stretched out a skinny, expectant hand. "Miss Fanshawe," she exclaimed, "will you speak to the night nurse? My tea wasn't hot this morning."

"Cold tea is a most refreshing beverage," said Fanny over her shoulder in a tone more frigid than the coldest beverage ever iced.

"Yes," she told Number 9. "Sir Walter will examine you himself this morning."

Along the ward she went, greeting each patient as she passed; then, at Bed 16, she sat down and was silent.

"Well," she said at last, smiling confidently into the strained eyes that looked up at her, "this is the grand day."

"Yes, Miss Fanshawe," said Number 16 in her slurred, obedient voice. She was quite young, and very frightened, her cheeks without color.

"You know," said Fanny, taking the woman's restless fingers in her own warm clasp. "It's going to be wonderful to be well again. To



get back to your own home and—Joe, isn't it?"  
 "Such a serious thing," answered Sixteen dully.  
 "Not so serious as it might be."  
 "And so near now," persisted Sixteen.  
 "That means it'll soon be over," said Fanny. "And you know you'll come sailing through it." She pressed the other's hand firmly, released it and stood up. "Courage," she whispered—"that's what matters."  
 Halfway up the ward she paused. "How are things this morning, Number Thirteen?" she asked cheerfully.  
 There was no answer.  
 "Your dressings comfortable?" asked Fanny in the same mild voice. "You'll soon be rid of them for good."

**S**TILL no reply. But once more Fanny waited, half hoping for that answer which never came. Always that soundless resistance, that bitter antagonism towards life from the moment they had brought her in with charred and livid cheek from the dockland dance hall, this girl of the town stripped in one second of the sole possession which she prized.  
 And now, healed in body but not in mind, she lay rigid as a mummy in its wrappings, only her eyes glittering amid the bandages round her face showing that she lived.

For some moments Fanny gazed down at the bed, then, her forehead creased by a tiny frown, without word she slipped away. As she approached the foot of the ward her frown deepened. She hesitated and, confronted by the duty which she dreaded, she said to Nurse Jeff, who was passing:

"Tell Nurse Andross I wish to see her." Then she went through the doors and entered her office, which stood immediately outside the ward.

Sited within this room, which mirrored a mind of sensibility and taste—on the windows fresh net curtains; on the yellow walls one etching; on the mantel the photograph, in battered silver frame, of a cheerful parson on his cob; on the bureau a luster bowl clothed with early primroses—Mary Fanshawe picked up a pencil from the green baize table and began distractedly to tap her firm white teeth. Alone, unguarded, she looked almost sad.

How I hate it, she thought; how I utterly loathe this job which must, must, must be done! A sudden tap

upon the door interrupted the tapping of the pencil.  
 "Come in!" cried Fanny, moving her palm as though to smooth the last crease from her brow.

The door opened, closed—and immediately the room became, not Mary Fanshawe's office, but a background for Doris Andross.

"Yes, Miss Fanshawe," she murmured. "You wanted to see me?"

"Sit down," said Fanny in a pleasant voice.

It was an unusual request, which startled the young nurse, and a silence followed while she sat down.

"I'll start," went on Fanny, "by saying that I like to be on good terms with my staff. I never forget that once I was a probationer myself. I like to be fair. Now you've been here three months, but we don't seem to understand each other."

"It began, I think, when I had to ask you not to come on duty wearing silk stockings," I explained to you that it was a rule of the house for us to wear woolen ones. You took that badly. The following week I had to ask you not to come into the ward with powder on your face. Again I took pains to explain that it was simply a matter of discipline. Heaven knows I've nothing against powder and silk stockings. You can wear them to your utmost satisfaction—outside the hospital."

"I thought you'd finished with that, Miss Fanshawe,"

*Doris Andross, the pretty junior nurse, was not clever, but she could take care of herself, and it was equally true that drew Freddie Preston powerfully.*



morning it's not done. How do you expect to go on nursing if you behave like that?"

"I don't have to go on nursing," said Andross. "I don't expect to be a nurse all my life."

"That's a stupid answer," said Fanny, keeping her tone reasonable with an effort. "And quite beside the point."

"Perhaps you think it's stupid because you don't like me. There was a guileless audacity in the words."

"Don't like you?"

"No, Miss Fanshawe," murmured Andross. "I feel as if you had something against me."

"I wouldn't talk that way if I were you," said Fanny.

"I told you at the start I wanted to be fair."

"I'm sorry," answered Andross, "but I can't help it. I always feel as though it might please you to have me out of the ward."

The knuckles of Fanny's fingers showed white around the thin blue pencil. "I'm more lenient to you than you deserve," she said in a cold tone. "But understand this: I'm not disposed to make any more allowances. I have to run my ward. And I will have efficiency."

There was a short, strained silence. Andross let her hands fall on her lap and studied them intently.

"Yes, Miss Fanshawe," she said at length, and a shadow of a smile passed over her face. "I'm—I'm sorry."

"That's all, then. Go back and get on with that solution. And don't forget that I mean what I say."

"No, Miss Fanshawe. Indeed I'll not forget."

Did the words come back with a faint ironic emphasis? It was impossible to tell, for now the door had closed and Nurse Andross was gone.

Fanny sat quite still. Then abruptly she raised her head, and her eyes fell upon the photograph in the dental silver frame. All at once a rush of feeling came over her. Her father—he had always been uncompromising, direct.

Her face grew fixed. She had done her duty, her best—really, she had done her best to cope with a wretched situation—but somehow the situation was still there, difficult, pressing in upon her intolerably. But perhaps she was mistaken; perhaps there wasn't any wretched situation. Oh, there couldn't be. Surely, it was impossible, quite impossible and absurd.

**F**ANNY was still sitting motionless, her attitude so static it held a queer dramatic intensity, when the door opened and, without knocking, the house surgeon came into the room. He was smiling his easy, negligent smile. Part of his assurance, it was like the sheen on his well-groomed hair, the cut of his clothes, the hang of his short white coat, the subtle matching of his socks and ties—all inseparable from Freddie Preston, making you feel that he, Doctor Freddie, was right, just right.

There was no other word possible to describe him. Right! It fitted him well, and well he knew it.

"May I come in?" he said, selecting a cigarette from his case—a chaste gold case, flat and unobtrusive.

"No."

"Then I won't," he answered, searching the mantelpiece for a match, "and thanks terribly."

She had braced herself to throw off her mood and meet his smile, but now there was no need of that. She had to laugh.

"That's much better," he said. "At first sight you looked kind of unencouraging."

"Does that mean you need it?"

"Encouragement? No. I feel grand this morning. Have a cigarette?"

"I happen to be on duty."

"Always the perfect supervisor. No, not always." He grinned, and for a moment said no more. Perhaps he had said too much, for there was in their silence both familiarity and constraint.

Suddenly Fanny slipped her hand towards her pocket. "I almost forgot!" she exclaimed. "There's a letter for you. Got mixed up with the patients' mail. The porter again, I suppose."

He paused, his cigarette arrested in mid-air. "What an ass that fellow is!" he (Continued on page 132)



# Christmas is in the AIR

*Santa Claus used to come in a sleigh with eight reindeer . . . now in an airplane, bearing the gifts of those who didn't do their Christmas shopping early—he comes through ice and snow and hail and fog—on time*

**T**WAS THE NIGHT before Christmas, and over the East spread an atmospheric "fog" from the Canadian provinces, bringing snow upstate and poling above New York a bitter mist into which her pinnacles disappeared, through which the bright skillet of Broadway and Times Square shined a lode of luminosity, and out of which were falling a few ominous flakes to be gathered into thin windrows by the gusts and swept to miraculous extinction over glare asphalt. A celestial buzzing rises above the crash of the Elevated, and at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Forty-second Street a meager Santa Claus of the Volunteers of America, tinkling a bell over his chicken-wired kettie, looks up spiritlessly but sees nothing but ravels of skyscraper steam floating across his rosy and mysterious zenith. It is Santa Claus of the past—earth-bound except in Victorian imagination—looking toward Santa of the present; for above is the Boston mail plane with half a ton of Christmas presents aboard, feeling a way through upper fog toward the airport at Newark.

In the plane's cockpit a young man in a leathern casque bends over his levers, and the air boat points in the direction of a distant flash—the lighthouse of his port. Soon the boat drops, heading for a great green light, as the ground comes up close below. The machine grazes it with the touch of a feather, rises into a low, lazy leap, touches again, and then rolls up to the group of buildings out of which at once dart swift trucks, manned by the equerries of Santa of the Airways, to receive the postal bags and haul the machine to its stable. The young man in the helmet climbs to the ground.

"Jerry," he calls to one of the ostlers, "warm up my bus, will you, while I'm changing? I've got to be at East Orange in thirty minutes to help trim a tree."

Christmas is the air mail's annual test, its week of highest heroism and devotion. As the service becomes more and more firmly established among American institutions, it is likely



by Capt. BOGART ROGERS, R.F.C.

*Author of "Flying the Mail"*

*Illustrations by Clayton Knight*

that the identification of the air mail with Christmas will grow in public sentiment until the thought of Yuletide happiness will bring a picture of the mail pilot grimly driving through storm, fog and darkness, in order that part of that happiness may be realized. One sentence—Do Your Christmas Shopping Early—has taken the peak of the mail load off the backs of mailmen, but nothing seems destined to come to the relief of the air mail at Christmas.

In the first place, the United States Air Mail is the salvation of the procrastinator. He can defer his shopping until the third day before Christmas and by sending his packages via air mail be sure of their arrival on time. Then, too, air mail is a boon to those who receive unexpected gifts or cards in advance of Christmas. You had forgotten about Bill and Essie, but here is a Christmas present from them. Rush out and reciprocate and send the package by air, and it will be there on Christmas Eve, showing you had remembered them all the time. Finally, there is a growing practice of sending last-minute air-mail letters as Christmas greetings, since it is especially in the holiday season that the public appreciates the shortening of distances by planes.



*Christmas is the air mail's annual test, its week of highest heroism and devotion.*

**E**xpressed in cold figures, these sources pile about fifty tons of excess burden upon the mail planes the week before Christmas. Fifty tons seems no formidable amount when it is dirt from a cellar excavation or coal in a dealer's yard, but it's a lot of weight to be carried through the air. It is added to an average weekly air post of eighty-five to ninety tons. But the Christmas excess is largely in packages, which, (Continued on page 166)



"Saw you never . . .  
when the sun had  
left the skies,  
Up in heaven the  
clear stars shining  
Through the gloom,  
like silver eyes?"



# The Silent Stars

*It was Christmas Eve and the family was*

THE WOMAN turned her head monotonously back and forth on the pillow in the restless way of the very ill. Little inarticulate murmurs like the moaning of a peevish child slipped from her lips. They were the only sounds in the stillness of the big house save the muffled steps of the woman's husband paing up and down the thick-carpeted hall like a sentinel on duty. If children's voices from below sometimes penetrated the quiet room they were broken off suddenly, hushed by an unseen authority.

Beyond the silken daintiness of the noiseless room, great moist snowflakes fluttered lazily onto the window sills and the wide expanse of dead lawn. Only beyond the driveway with its retaining rope stretched between stone posts at the entrance was there activity—the sound of ears moving up and down the avenue, the laughter of young people running up the steps of the church near by, Christmas greens in their arms.

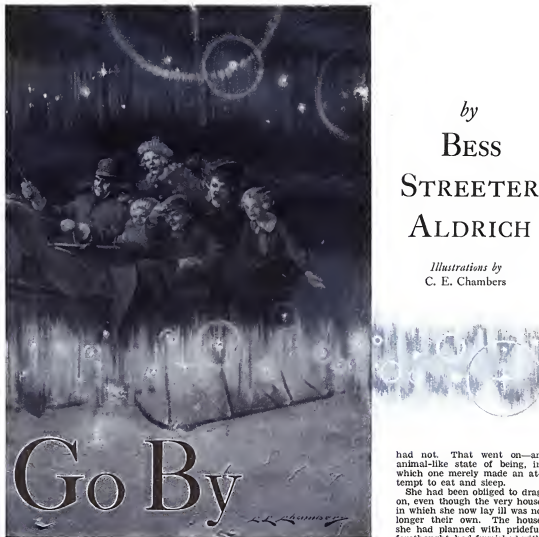
The woman vaguely sensed it all—the unusual quiet, the tense atmosphere, the strange experience of being ill at the Christmas season. At times her mind was hazy, unmindful of its surroundings, off on some far-away journey of unreality. At other times it snapped into lucidity, became so keen that it saw pictures in

detailed clarity, as though magnified by a huge glass. It was then that she remembered how cruel Life had been to her. It had betrayed her. She who had so loved Life had watched it turn upon her, erushing her. Now she was ill. And she did not particularly care.

Restlessly her eyes roved to the picture of the Christus in its silver frame across the room. She had bought it in Rome—had liked the tender look of compassion in the eyes and the pleading attitude of the outstretched arms. That was the summer she and Neal . . . Her mind grew hazy and she could not recall the incident of the buying. For several moments she slipped away weakly on some dim, wandering journey, while the snowflakes fell clamantly on the sills and the young people laughed on the near-by church steps.

Then suddenly she was snatched back to that elarity of vision in which the events of the past year were mercilessly detailed.

The year had been one long nightmare dominated by a colossal giant that people called Depression, as though they spoke the name of a human being. At first she had tried to joke away this phantom of the times—to ignore it. But the Thing had developed a Machiavellian strength; had thrust its cruel, leering



*on its way to the church, the old breath-taking glamour over it all.*

face upon them at every turn. There was the time when Neal had come home and said soberly, hesitatingly, "Janet, if the business should go . . ."

She had laughed at that. Assuredly the business couldn't go—not the old House of Broderick founded in the early days of the state; not the wholesale firm established by the first old pioneer Broderick and carried on by his son and his son's son. Why, that business was as substantial as the good old soil and rocks upon which the great buildings stood.

BUT THE business had gone. Nothing, apparently, could stop it—not the advance on Neal's life insurance, the mortgage on the home, the loans on real estate holdings, the Broderick farm, the sale of the summer cottage, her own money, invested since the days of her voice teaching—not all these, combined, could stay the oncoming of the hideous Thing.

Far into countless nights Neal had wrestled with the problem, but it had been time wasted. There was the dark day when he had come home and said it was all over. In that moment Life for her had been over, too. But if Life in its larger sense had ceased, mere existence

had no right to be here now in her own room. But she had been taken ill, and someone—whenever it was—must have been kind and told them to stay until she was well. Kind! Was there kindness in the world any more? Involuntarily her eyes went to the Christ. Even he did not feel the compassion toward people he once felt. She was sure of that.

The nurse brought medicine and rearranged a pillow. In a few moments the woman floated off again on dark waters and did not know where she was drifting.

After a time a bell, tapping at the church, roused her so that her mind snapped back again to its former acuteness and took up its ceaseless burden of thought. Broderick's had failed. And failure was something she could not tolerate in a human. She ought not to blame Neal. He had been caught in a trap made of the impregnable steel of unforeseen conditions. Other men had hung on though, somehow, and now that things were righting themselves, they were saved. Neal should have done something more to prevent the crash.

But there was no use going over all that again. Everything was gone, everything worth while, the entire setting of their lives, all that gave them their position in the community. Slowly and painfully she called

by  
BESS  
STREETER  
ALDRICH

Illustrations by  
C. E. Chambers

the roll of their former activities: Chamber of Commerce, Neal was a past president. The Musical Arts Club—she had long been a director. Country Club, Tuesday Dinner Club. . . .

A young boy's voice called out suddenly from below stairs and was as suddenly hushed.

The children! That was the most bitter draft of all. To fail Michael and Dorothy! Michael, who would have been the fourth in line for the business! Dorothy, who would have been a debutante some day in the most exclusive of circles! To have brought children into the world, and then to fail them!

Everything of importance had been taken from the children: Miss Proudet, the French governess; Spence, the dancing teacher, all the people who had been training them for the future. If the children could not have modern advantages, what was there left for them in life? Parents who could not give their children the benefits of cultural things in this day and age were complete failures.

Some dual part of her mentality reasoned for a moment that she herself had known but the common comforts of a plain home and had been both happy and successful. But that had been years ago and times had changed. Her children ought to know nothing of those old economies. But all her plans for them were ended now—travel, social background. She could not give them anything without money. Life was too cruel.

Out on that misty, unknown sea she drifted for a moment, and then came back to sharply defined reality. She remembered that day in which Neal had come home with news. He had seemed quite like himself, energetic, alert, a little gay for the first time. Courage and faith and hope had shined from his eyes. But she had seen them fade at her lack of elation. Carter and Price were opening a new department and they had come to him about taking charge. It was the first step toward rehabilitating himself, he had said.

Perhaps she should have been more pleased. But she had felt too bitter. Neal Broderick in another man's store, taking orders from other men! Of the various people in town who had experienced business reverses, none had fallen from such a height. There would be sneers and pity for the Brodericks. And she could stand the pity no better than the sneers.

Up to this time the rope stretched across the stone steps had been ancient for its besetting out disturbances. But it was falling now in its service. It could not successfully keep out the music. For, suddenly, from the old stone church on the corner, a wave of melody came past the rope into the quiet of the sick room. The deep, resonant tones of the pipe organ sent out the old song:

O little town of Bethlehem!  
How still we see thee lie . . .

In through the open window, where the snowflakes fluttered, it came with lovely cadence:

Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by.

The nurse moved as if to close the window, remembered the doctor's orders for fresh air, and left it open. The woman's music-loving soul groped toward the liquid notes of the melody as toward a light. The verses of the hymn were as distinct to her as though the organ were singing them. In reality she was merely sensing the words, having sung them so many times, but every syllable came clearly on the winter wind:

Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by.

As her burdened heart felt the soothing message, her burning eyes sought the compassionate ones of the Christ. In the haziness of her ill mind the thought of stars took possession of her, so that she felt no surprise when they came, shining past her, misty, brilliant, pale, large, with one of surpassing beauty in the distance. It hung quiveringly just above the Man holding out his arms with yearning hands.

The stars seemed drowning her now, so that she gave a convulsive gasp and tried desperately to get her breath in the deep waves of light. She was vaguely

*The nurse brought medicine and rearranged a pillow. In a few moments the woman floated off again on dark waters and did not know where she was drifting.*

conscious that the nurse was calling to someone beyond the doorway. The Christ became more faint. The music, too, grew fainter and far away.

Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by.

She saw nothing now but the arms of the Christ held out to her. And suddenly the outstretched arms were no longer those of the Christ, but of her mother. She was vaguely surprised and happy.

"Do you remember—" It was the old familiar voice, silenced now for a dozen years. "I promised to help you if you needed me. And I have come."

The woman felt a delicious sense of restraint, a childlike faith that Mother would make everything all right. In her happiness she slipped out of bed and placed her hand in that of her mother. She had to look far up to the gentle face, as in her childhood days. It gave her such a feeling of childishness that when she glanced down again she was not greatly surprised to see that she had on a queer little plaid cloak with huge tin-looking buttons, and that her shoes were heavy and square-toed.

Hand in hand, the two went down the wide stairway. No one paid any attention to their passing.

Only the silent stars went by.

At the outer door she hesitated, at a loss to know what was vaguely worrying her. Some forgotten duty held her back. It was queer that she felt both childish and maternal.

"The children," she explained to her waiting mother. "Michael and Dorothy. I must get them." She seemed to have a dual personality, to be both the child of her mother and the mother of her children.

"Of course; you must always look after the children."

So there was nothing incongruous in the children's coming from the library and completing the group, Michael in his jaunty suit and Dorothy in her tailored dress.

And she in the funny plaid cloak with the tin-looking buttons.

Together the three went down the steps with the tall, gentle mother, and it was as if she were the mother of them all.

Nor was there anything so surprising about the fact that her father was waiting for them in a double-seated cutter, her brother and sister on the front seat with him. Her sturdy father helped them all in, clucked to the old horse, who moved off with a jangle of bells.

Down dark streets they rode on the crusted snow, sleigh bells ringing and children laughing.

Yet in thy dark streets shineth

the everlasting light.

It was Christmas Eve and the family was on its way



to the church, the old breath-taking glamour over it all.

The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in the tonight.

She was filled with an almost delirious ecstasy. "Isn't it nice? Isn't it fun? Don't you love it?" She peered around into the faces of Michael and Dorothy.

She had a peculiar feeling of being a mediator to stand between the two groups and the new interpreting each to the other. She felt a sense of complete harmony with each, desiring tremendously that Michael and Dorothy should like her plain, substantial father and

mother, wanting her father and mother, brother and sister to be pleased with Michael and Dorothy.

At the church there was that old childish delight in wax candles on the tall fir trees, the expectation of receiving a gift, the wonder of the music.

For Christ is born of Mary,  
And gathered all about.

While mortals sleep, the angels keep  
Their watch of wondering love.

There was a present for each, including a funny little doll with homemade . . . (Continued on page 34)



An answer came to me, at  
Christmas, to the enduring  
question of all time, and—



Madame Schumann-Heink  
and the two sons she loved  
so well—August and Hans.

heilige Nacht! Alles schläft, einsam wacht . . .



# I want the World to know

THAT PRAYERS can be answered—even after seven years. That there is life after death. That there is a God above all things. And that love is the most imperishable, the most powerful, of all things whether in the heavens above or in the earth beneath.

Every Christmas Eve as long as I can remember I have sung "*Stille Nacht! Heilige Nacht!*" that lovely, simple little song of my mother country, often to millions who keep the spirit of Christmas beside their own hearths. I am glad and proud to be the means of spreading that message through this country that I can now call my own. Not for anything in the world would I miss that opportunity to sing it on Christmas Eve, even though I am mostly alone at this so-wonderful time and hour.

But there is more than that. Seven years ago, I came back to my home and prayed there in solitude, and as I prayed, it seemed to me I saw—my two dead

boys: August, who died in a German submarine, fighting for the Fatherland—his father's land, and his birthplace—and Hans, who died in America, the country that had become his mother's, the country he loved so well. With all the force and vividness of life I felt their presence, felt their love surrounding me—my little boys I loved so well.

Seven long years ago—seven years of longing for them—seven years of prayers that again the wonderful consciousness of their presence might come to me.

Every Christmas Eve since then I have spent alone, waiting, hoping that my prayers might be

by ERNESTINE  
SCHUMANN-  
HEINK

Drawing by George Howe

answered and that I might know again that most wonderful experience of my life. But there was no answer. God did not hear me.

I was sad last year at Christmas time. I felt the sorrow of the world, the discouragement and despair of humanity. God seemed far away.

But again I hoped. I prayed with all my heart to the God who had heard me once. But there was no answer. Heaven seemed far away, and God had turned from me. I was only an old woman longing for her two sons who were dead.

A terrible mood of despair seized me. Unable to keep still, I walked the floor, trying to get back my sense of peace, trying to calm myself.

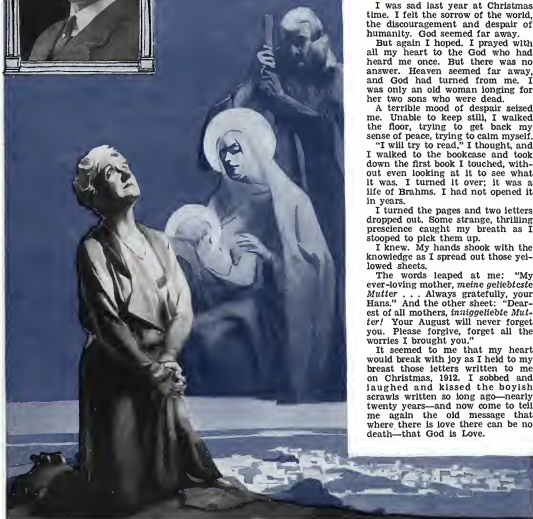
"I will try to read," I thought, and I walked to the bookcase and took down the first book I touched, without even looking at it to see what it was. I turned it over; it was a life of Brahms. I had not opened it in years.

I turned the pages and two letters dropped out. Some strange, thrilling prescience caught my breath as I stooped to pick them up.

I knew. My hands shook with the knowledge as I spread out those yellowed sheets.

The words leaped at me: "*My ever-loving mother, meine geliebteste Mutter . . . Always gratefully, your Hans.*" And the other sheet: "*Dearest of all mothers, liebelebte Mutter! Your August will never forget you. Please forgive, forget all the worries I brought you.*"

It seemed to me that my heart would break with joy as I held to my breast those letters written to me on Christmas, 1912. I sobbed and laughed and kissed the boyish scrawls written so long ago—nearly twenty years—and now come to tell me again the old message that where there is love, there can be no death—that God is Love.



The plot thickens . . . yet never does S. S. Van Dine deceive you. You have all the facts—all the clues known to the police and even to Philo Vance himself. Can you lay hands on the killer?

# The Greene Murder Case

The Story So Far:

WHO was the murderer of Archer Coe, whose body was discovered in a room with door and windows firmly bolted on the inside? And who killed his brother, Brisbane Coe, who was found lying on the floor of a closet in the same house? These were the two problems confronting Philo Vance and John F.-X. Markham, summoned by Raymond Wrede, a friend of the Coe family, when Archer Coe was found dead in his bedroom, clad in a dressing gown but with heavy street shoes on his feet. The medical examiner's investigation revealed that Coe had been stabbed before he was shot in the right temple; on his head were marks of a blow. Brisbane Coe, too, had been stabbed.

On the night of the murder, Coe had been alone in the house. His niece, Hilda Lake, had been alone in the country club; Signor Grassi, his guest, an Italian collector of ceramics, had gone out in the afternoon and returned late that night. Besides Gambia, the butler, there were two servants—Miss Lake's maid and the Chinese cook. It was their night out and they had all departed before dinner and had not come back until after midnight.

While these facts were being gathered, Gambia found a brinded Scottie in the entrance hall. The dog had received a blow over the left eye, which was swollen shut. Vance took her to a veterinary in the neighborhood, puzzled by her presence in the Coe home, where dogs were not welcome.

Vance's questioning of Liang, the Chinese cook, failed to make the latter admit that he had returned to the house before midnight. However, Vance discovered that a vase of little value had been substituted for a valuable Sung Ting yao vase, a bloodstained fragment of which he had found on the library floor.

Later, Grassi and Wrede were questioned, but gave Vance no clues to the murdered man's identity, though both might have had reasons for wanting Archer Coe out of the way: Grassi because he was interested in Coe's collection of ceramics, and Wrede for the reason

that Coe had opposed his engagement to Hilda Lake. In the midst of these examinations Liang brought Vance a package containing many fragments of fragile Sung porcelain, several of which were stained with blood. And finally the murder weapon came to light—a Chinese dagger with a stiletto-like point, partly encrusted with blood. Sergeant Heath, of the Homicide Bureau, had found it under the cushion seat of the easy-chair in which Coe's body had been discovered. This announcement astonished Vance. He immediately started looking through the pockets of Brisbane Coe's topcoat, finding nothing out of the ordinary except two pieces of fine waxed string about four feet long, with one end of each piece tied securely to a large bent pin. Excitedly he explored the pockets again, and drew out—a darned needle!

MORE BLOODSTAINS  
(Thursday, October 11, 1:45 P.M.)

MARKHAM LOOKED from the needle back to the little pile of string, and then at Vance. "Well, what does that mean—if anything?" Vance slowly picked up the needle and the two pieces of string and put them in his own coat pocket. "It means devilry, Markham. And it means that we are dealing with a shrewd, subtle and tricky brain."

"But who used this string and needle? And for what purpose?" Vance looked up gravely. "If I knew who used them, I'd have an important key to the entire situation. The fact that they were in Brisbane's topcoat means little. It's always safe, don't you know, to throw suspicion on a dead man."

Markham stiffened and his eyes became hard. "You think there's a possibility that Brisbane killed Archer?" "My word, no!" Vance spoke wearily but with emphasis. "I doubt if Brisbane even returned to the house until Archer was dead."



Grassi, the Italian, admitted to having threatened Archer Coe shortly before the latter's death.

Illustrations by  
E. M. Jackson

by S. S.  
VAN DINE

Author of "The Greene Murder Case,"  
"The Scarab Murder Case," etc.

"You believe the same person killed both Brisbane and Archer?" "Undoubtedly. The technique of both murders was the same."

"But," argued Markham, "the dagger was found in Archer's bolted bedroom."

"That's another incredible complication," Vance returned. "Really, you know, the dagger should have been here in the library."

"Here?" Markham uttered the word with astonishment. "But why in the library? Neither man was killed here."

"I wonder . . ." Vance leaned over the table, deep in thought. "It would have been the logical place."

"Why the logical place?" Markham asked sharply. "Because of this substituted Tung Kuang vase and the broken piece of Ting yao porcelain with the blood on it—"

"He stopped abruptly and his eyes drifted into space. "That bloodstained Ting yao! Ah! What happened after that Sung vase was broken?—what would the stabber have done then? Would he have gone out, taking the blood with him? No! He wouldn't have

dared; it wouldn't have fitted in with his sinister purpose. He would have been afraid."

"He was hiding something, Markham," Vance looked about the room. "That was it: he was hiding something! Twice he hid it, and then something unexpected happened—something startling and upsetting. The corpse should have been here in the library, d'ye see; and therefore the dagger had to be here."

"Will you get down to something definite?" snapped Markham.

"I have a theory," Vance replied quietly, "but I

wouldn't dare express it—yet. It's too outlandish. And moreover, it doesn't fit two-thirds of the facts. But give me a few minutes. Let me see if I can verify one important item in my theory."

He walked to the mantel and stood before a large blue-green vase.

"A beautiful example of *Tsing* se," he said, running his fingers over the glaze. "Turquoise-blue, as we would say, but the Chinese designated it by the color of the kingfisher's feathers. And there is no crackle in this piece; and there are phoenixes incised in the *paite*." He put his finger in the neck. "Too small," he commented, and moved to another vase—a bottle-shaped, dark red specimen—at the farther end of the mantel. "One of the most perfect examples of *Lang yao* I've ever seen—ox blood, or *sang de boux*, as we call it."

He lifted it up, and looked at it closely. Then he set it back on its standard, and strolled to a cabinet against the west wall. On it stood a vase of brilliant black.

"Mirror-black, Markham," he said, touching it delicately. "And one of the rarest varieties—note the golden speckles floating in the glaze. For pure beauty, however, I prefer the earlier examples of this ware—the *Chien yao*, for instance." As he talked, he fingered the vase lovingly and held its lips toward the light.

Markham and Heath were watching Vance closely. Both of them knew that, beneath his apparently aimless chatter, there lurked some serious purpose.

Vance set the mirror-black vase back on the cabinet, and let his eyes run over the other ceramic specimens in the room. There was a vase of dead-white glassy porcelain painted in enamel colors; a pair of rouleau-form vases decorated with *famille-verte* enamels; a Lung-chuan celadon; a Sung flowerpot of gray porcelainous ware with a purple, opalescent glaze; a bluish vase of "soft chun"; a Ju-type vase with carved floral designs; an early Ming turquoise wine jar; a Kang Hsi "apple-green" vase; several beautifully incised Kuan Yins of *blanc-de-Chine*, or Fuchen, ware; and various ginger jars, ewers, bottles, waterpots, bulb bowls, plates, libation cups, incense tripods, wine jars, Shon Lao figures, fish-bowls, beakers, cups, and the like, ranging from the Han dynasty to the Ch'ing.

But Vance did not linger over any one of them. He seemed to be searching for some particular type of vase, for he would hesitate here and there, shake his head as if in rejection, and pass on to other pieces. At last he completed his rounds. "I'm afraid my theory is a mere brood reed," he sighed.

"I certainly haven't been leaning on it," retorted Markham.

"Neither have I, for that matter," said Vance sadly.



Hilda Lake appeared familiar with the literature of crime in her uncle Brisbane's amazingly complete collection.

Scotties by Marguerite Kirmse

He came back slowly toward the center of the room, where we were grouped about the davenport and the circular table. As he reached the end of the library table, he halted and looked down at a small low teakwood stand on which stood a cornucopia-shaped white vase. The stand was directly behind the end of the davenport farthest from the lamp and against the end of the library table.

"That's dashed interesting," Vance murmured. "A piece of later *Ting yao*—from the Yung Cheng era, I should say." He picked up the vase and inspected it. "A rather thick biscuit, and decorated in relief; copied from an ancient bronze. A very beautiful and perfect specimen."

As he talked, he moved toward the window and held the vase to the light in such a manner that he could look inside it. He peered closely into its broad volute mouth.

"I believe there is something here," he said. Moistening his finger on his tongue, he put his hand deep into the vase. When he withdrew it there was a red smear on the end of his finger. "Yes, quite so," he said, looking closely at his finger. "Blood!"

He replaced the vase on its stand. Then he fixed a grim gaze upon Markham, who was waiting for some explanation.

"And that vase was also near the davenport, only a few feet from where the Sung *Ting yao* stood. Both vases were used in this devilish plot. A subtle conception—but the plan fell to pieces."

"See here, Vance"—Markham spoke quietly, trying to curb his annoyance—"just how were those vases used? And where did the blood on them come from?"

"As I see it, Markham, those two *Ting yao* vases were used to divert suspicion from the real murderer and to focus it on another person. That is to say, the first delicate *Ting yao*—the one which originally stood on that circular table, and which has been supplanted by that execrable Tao Kuang—was to have been the signature of the crime, and to have put ideas in our heads. But it broke, and therefore made the selection of the second vase necessary."

"You mean we were to regard the crime as being connected with Archer's collection of Chinese ceramics?"

Vance nodded. "I feel sure of it. But in just what way I don't know. It would probably have been perfectly clear if there had not been a gross miscalculation on the murderer's part."

"We were, you think, supposed to find the blood in the vase?"

Vance frowned. "No—not the blood exactly. That is where the plot went awry."

"Just a minute, Vance!" Markham's voice was commanding. "Where did that blood come from?"

"From Archer Coe's body!"

"But there was no external bleeding," Markham reminded him.

"True." Vance leaned against the back of the davenport and lighted a cigaret. "But there was blood on the dagger. As I see it, Markham, the bloody dagger that killed Archer was thrown into the fragile *Ting yao* vase on the table there, in order to indicate—by a subtle and devious symbolism—the motive for the crime. But the steel and gold of the dagger broke the vase, and



*It was significant to Vance that the volume on German criminology missing from its proper place in Brisbane Coc's collection should be found check by jowl with a book dealing with a pin.*



so the dagger was then placed in this other *Ting yao*. In clearing up the broken pieces of the first vase, the murderer overlooked one small fragment."

"But why the substituted vase?"

"In order that no attention would be attracted by the glaring absence of the original one. If a valuable *Ting yao* were missing, it might indicate another motive for the crime, and that motive would have confused the issue and diverted attention from the person the murderer wanted us to think was behind the crime."

"That's all very well, perhaps," Markham returned; "but we did not find the dagger in the other vase."

"It was taken out and used to kill Brisbane."

"But Vance, that theory doesn't fit the facts. The sergeant found the dagger upstairs in Archer's room—

with the door bolted on the inside. And Archer died hours before Brisbane was stabbed. Why, if the same person killed both of them, didn't he replace the dagger in this vase? Archer was already dead, and Brisbane was killed downstairs. Why should the dagger have been in Archer's bedroom chair?"

"That's what I can't make out," Vance admitted. "The only explanation I have is that the murderer, after killing Archer and placing the dagger in the vase, returned to the house and killed Brisbane, too."

"Then how did the dagger get in the bolted room? And who put the bullet through Archer's head?"

"If I could answer those questions," Vance replied, "I could solve this whole insane problem."

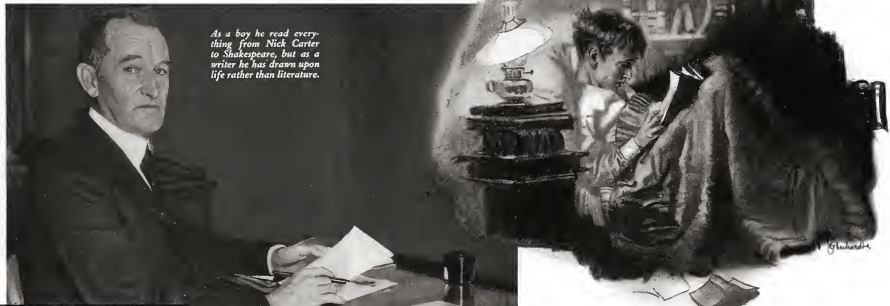
At this moment Wrede (Continued on page 110)



# Letters to My Sons

No Horatio Alger fiction hero could match the adventures of Harold Bell Wright, who rose from rags to riches, from obscurity to fame, conquering obstacles all but those strong—and clean—in heart. This human document will stand as a truly great American saga

*As a boy he read everything from Nick Carter to Shakespeare, but as a writer he has drawn upon life rather than literature.*



*"The greatest desire of my life," says Mr. Wright in dedicating these inspiring letters to his sons, "is that, with all my mistakes and failures, I may still be permitted to help you to the knowledge of the greatest of all arts—the art of beautiful living."*

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT, the brilliant descendant of an English family that emigrated to America in early colonial days and thereafter took an active part in the building of the new Republic, is the second son of Lieutenant William A. Wright and Alma Watson, who married soon after the Civil War. With high hopes the young couple set up housekeeping in South Pass, Illinois, where their first son, William, was born. Later, they moved to Rome, New York, and here, in 1872, Harold Bell came into the world. With the birth of a third son, who died at the age of two, the bright hopes of the young wife had somewhat faded. For Lieutenant Will proved an unsteady prop to lean upon, and the circumstances of the little family, then living in Whitesboro, grew more and more precarious.

BEFORE we left Whitesboro, even, I knew in a vague way that there was another world besides the earl banks, the mill yard, the soap factory, and people whose mouths needed washing as Mother had washed mine. There were many beautiful homes in the village. I could see from the outside that they were very different from the place in which I lived. But I never got close enough to feel them, and unless you feel beauty it is not real.

It was as if those places were on another planet. I saw them somewhat as I saw the moon and stars. I felt dimly, too, that in some mysterious way Mother knew about that other world. It was all very puzzling. But it did not trouble me. I thought of it much as we older

shackles farm tenant house. Father worked between times that winter for the farmer—logging, chopping cordwood, splitting rails, putting up ice, trimming trees. Brother and I went to school—through the deep snow in zero weather to a cobblestone schoolhouse on a hill, where the big boys made our small lives miserable.

We moved next to the country town of Sennett. The "healthy, pleasant and independent" life of the farmer seems now to have been definitely abandoned—at least by Lieutenant Will. The life of a small crossroads village carpenter, apparently, was much to be preferred. Also, the school and church were more convenient, not to mention the advantage of having a tavern so handy.

Our tiny cottage, with its rotting porch floor and broken windowpanes, its poverty smell, its tumble-down

children think about the inhabitants of Mars. Then I came to know that other world—to see it from the inside and to feel it as something very real.

From Whitesboro, Father moved us to the country a few miles from Auburn, New York. We lived in a ram-

fence and weed-infested yard, was on the outskirts of the town and not far from the country home of an artist. He was a palmer of animals. He was also a farmer and breeder of fine stock.

This artist-farmer and his motherly wife had lost their only child—a boy of my age—so it was not strange that they should notice the younger of the two lads who had come to live next door. They often said how much I reminded them of their own boy. They gave me a suit of clothes that had been his. And they caused a gate to be made in the fence at the lower end of our garden, so that I could run over to see them as often as I would.

These gentle folk did not fail to include my parents and brother in their friendship. They were particularly kind to Mother. Mother and Will would sometimes go with me through the garden gate. But Will seemed not to have felt the charm which was so alluring to me and which Mother encouraged with sympathetic interest.

I remember my father scarcely at all during our sojourn in that little old house on the edge of Sennett. My memories are nearly all of that neighboring home. It was there that I first came to know how beautiful a home might be. It was there, too, that I first knew the magic of palette and brushes and colors.

That gate—my gate, they called it—opened for me,

by HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

Illustrations by  
William  
Oberhardt

literally, into another world—that world of which I had until then only a shadowy conception. The wide, well-kept lawn with great shade trees and graveled drive, the quiet dignity of the house, the wonderful barns and stables, the carefully tended garden, the fishpond where water lilies grew and great trout would come out of the deep shadows to feed from my hand, the flowers, the peacocks spreading their jeweled fans, the family of proud little bantams and the white rabbits so tame they would come to meet me—and it was not a fairland; it was real. It was as real as my own world of back yards and alleys and taverns, of the ramshackle farm tenant house and the tiny poverty-smelling cottage of a hand-to-mouth village carpenter.

The wonder of it, the beauty of it, the feel of it, filled me with awe. That it was all mine to enjoy—that I was free to enter it whenever I wished—was hard to believe. That these gentle people who lived in this wondrously beautiful world actually wanted me to share it with them was difficult to understand.

Often my artist friend would come through the gate to ask Mother if I might go with him for a walk over the farm. Sometimes he carried a fly rod and creel, and we followed the brook from which the water in the garden trout pool came. And the brook led us through meadows where larks and bobolinks sang; through pastures where cattle grazed, and deep into the woods where squirrels played in the sunlight and shadow.

At other times, our walks were ordered by the business of the farm. We visited the grainfields, inspected the sheep, looked over the calves, directed the plowing





or haying or harvesting. Usually, on these occasions, I was lifted to the broad back of a farm horse for a ride. And once my friend gave my name to a newborn colt which he expected would some day win a blue ribbon.

Often my artist companion carried a sketchbook or color box and, sitting on a folding stool, made pictures of the trees and fields and cattle, while I lay on the grass and watched with breathless interest.

Most thrilling of all these adventures in this new world of mine were my visits to my artist friend in his studio. While he worked I would sit perched on a high-backed chair watching with all my soul, scarce daring to breathe lest I break the spell. It was magic there—sure enough. A magic that was like the magic of the fields and meadows, the brook and woods, the sunshine and flowers and birds—only it was something more. Something which I felt but could not understand, as I felt but could not understand God.

I can see now that beautiful room, the carved table, the cabinet in which the artist kept his paints and brushes, the pictures on the walls, the easel with its canvas, and my friend sitting there with a huge palette of colors and a handful of brushes. Occasionally he would step back to study his work and I would wonder what he was thinking about it. Then, as he again approached the easel, he would cast a quick, smiling glance at me with perhaps a word or two of comradeship.

Not infrequently he would gravely ask my opinion of the picture. Once he gave me paper and pencil and encouraged me to draw the head of a bull which looked out at me from the canvas on the easel.

I cannot pretend to say just how these associations with my artist-farmer friend helped to guide me through the years that came later, but I do know that through all my life the memory of those days has

Spring Brook Farmhouse, Ocsida County, New York, as it was when Harold Bell was born and (above) as it is today.

lived in me, vivid and real. And I feel very sure that in the heart of the young boy, the artist planted seeds of beauty and gentleness which did not wholly fail to bear fruit.

Make no mistake, my sons, beauty and kindness and gentle living are potent forces in a world which is so often ugly and cold and cruel.

To understand that "life is more than meat" is to master one of the secrets of successful living. The difficult part of this philosophy is to know what life really is.

I shall not attempt to tell you. You must find the answer for yourselves. I shall only say that, after sixty years of trying, I have concluded that whatever it is, life is inside, but that it is vitally related to things outside. Whether it develops from the outside in, or from the inside out, I cannot say.

I shall tell you later how these experiences with this gentle artist friend of my childhood were repeated with

another painter at a most critical period in my young manhood, so that my feet were set again in the way from which I had strayed. The first opened a gate for my brief boyhood visit to his world. The second opened the door of my understanding appreciation and gave me the assurance that, if I would, I too might enter in and make that world my own.

With these memories, it is not strange that the greatest desire of my life has been that, with all my mistakes and failures, I might still be permitted to help you, my sons, a little to the knowledge and the joy of the greatest of all the arts—the art of beautiful living.

One of the most critical stages of a boy's development, I think, is when he is learning really to know his parents. Up to this time I had accepted Father and Mother blindly, without question or understanding. I had wondered and wanted to know about



An early photograph of the novelist's mother.



"I became a peddler of furniture polish. It was good politics. I know, because I made it myself."

almost everything else in the universe, but I had never thought of inquiring into the personalities of my parents. They were not consciously, to me, separate and distinct individuals. They were parts of me, as my hands were parts of my body. I accepted them as accepted my arms or my legs. Then gradually I began to feel myself detached from them. I began to ask myself questions about them. I began to ask them about themselves and about each other. Most important of all, I began within myself to speculate as to what they thought—why they did the things they did,

and about their attitudes toward me. I began, also, to observe and to think about the various phases of life with which I was in contact; to experience definite reactions to my environment.

We had moved from the little old cottage on the outskirts of the village to another house. It was a larger but not a better one. But there was a barn, an apple orchard, a garden with several kinds of fruit, berries and grapes and a generous yard with trees. On the whole, it was the best home we boys had known.

Oh, yes, it was nearer the tavern, too. From the front gate we need only walk a hundred yards or so down the hill, cross the creek and go on another few hundred yards and there we were. No matter where we wished to go in the village, we must come to the tavern first. It was as if the institution were determined to occupy the foremost place in our lives.

It appears, too, that with this move we entered upon an era of better things. We acquired a cow, a pig and chickens and, later on, a horse. Jack was a poor old rack of bones, but still he was a horse. My brother and I were old enough to work in the garden, now, and to take care of the live-stock, which included milking and teaching the calf to drink; also, we chopped wood and theoretically kept the kitchen wood box filled. In summer we drove the cow to and from the pasture.

We began to earn a little money, too, driving our neighbors' cows to and from pasture and doing all sorts of odd jobs here and there. We went to school and church and Sunday school—Presbyterian, this time—and again, for a short while, Father sang in the choir. I pumped the organ.

But the gate which my artist-farmer friend had opened for me into that other world was closed. I have no more memories of him or of his beautiful home. My impression is that he, too, moved away. At any rate, he went out of my life as he had come into it, and for many years to come there

was for me no way by which I could enter again into that world which he had made known to me.

But though that gate was closed, I knew now that there was another world. And that was a great thing to know. Nor was the consciousness of that world permitted to die in me. It was kept alive by my mother. I could tell me many things of this period of my boyhood when we lived in that old house on the hill. But why should I bother to write about it? I am a normal boy knows for himself? There were winters and summers, school and vacation (Continued on page 102)

# Ham & Eggs -American style

by EUSTACE L. ADAMS

*are hardly ever right in France—  
but girls, American style, are ex-  
actly right there, and the world over*

A SUDDEN HUSH descended upon the east corner of the casino restaurant. In the exact center of that pool of silence sat an American of uncertain age who was engaged in a violent altercation with his waiter. His heavy-jowled face was crimson with rage; his hard gray eyes glared furiously at the garçon. And through the persuasive rhythm of the taptap band, his comments came to the ears of the other diners like a roar from the Bull of Bashan.

"Name of a little pink camel!" he cried in idiomatic French. "You call this—this thing 'ham and eggs, American style'?"

"Of a certainty, M'sieu," said the waiter uneasily. The American ran blunt fingers through his graying hair. He pulled his waistcoat over his respectable bulge. If he noticed the attention he had attracted to himself, he made no sign. With utter unself-consciousness he jabbed a fork at the concoction before him and permitted a stream of thick yellow liquid to dribble down into the dish. "Incredible," he murmured in a shocked voice. "Unbelievable. Garçon, regard this dressing. What does one call it? Curry?"

The harried waiter, deciding to bear with this only because of the crimson rictus in the patron's lapel, marshaled his dignity. "Our chef," he said coolly, "came to us from the Hôtel de Paris, in Monte Carlo."

"But the hen that laid those eggs," retorted the American bitterly, "came from Madame Tussaud's Wax works."

The waiter reached for the plate, but withdrew his hand in some haste as the emboldened diner jabbed at the eggs with his fork.

"The ham!" said the patron in a tone of such cold malevolence that the waiter started in alarm. "Where is it, I ask you?" He prodded viciously at a wafer-thin slab of pinkish meat.

"There," said the waiter triumphantly. "Is the ham!"



A young man at the outer edge of the silent area had, until this moment, been staring ardently into the receptive eyes of his vis-à-vis. Now, as the booming voice of the diner impinged upon his consciousness, he stiffened and listened intently.

"That," he declared, "could be only one man in all Europe. It's my boss, Paul Vilas."

"I never heard such a to-do in all my life," the girl said critically.

"I'd better go over and explain why I'm here," said John Black, rising. "This is no time to have him think I'm playing hooky from the Paris office."

"He looks kind of interesting," she said thoughtfully. "After he's killed four or five people and quieted down a little, I'd like to meet him."



"Louise and I are going to be married," said Vilas. "I will boss you turned out to be!" Johnny flamed. "Sending me off so you could make love to my girl!"

Illustrations by  
John LaGatta

John Black arrived at the ring-side only an instant behind the head waiter, who was now bowing low over his menu.

"Ah, M'sieu Vilas," purred the functionary. "Was there something?"

"There was!" exploded the Chief Correspondent for the Consolidated News Service, Inc. "Regard those eggs, Theodore. In twenty years on the Continent I have never seen such sacred ham and eggs. And right on your menu, by the long gray beard of my grandmother, it says—regard—ham and eggs, American style!"

"Fiens!" clucked the head waiter, whisking the offending dish away. "I, Theodore, shall interview the chef this little instant."

And he was gone. Paul Vilas sighed with profound melancholy and sat back in his chair. A buzz of conversation swept across the near-by tables. The brooding man looked up and saw John Black standing there.

"Hello, Johnny," he said, brightening. "What are you doing at Jean-les-Pins?"

"I'm here on a story, sir," began the youngest correspondent of the Paris office. "We got a tip—"

"Don't tell me," said Vilas hastily. "I'm on a vacation—first in five years. The only story that would interest me now would be about a good war. The way I feel now, I'd pick me a high mountain, sit on the top

of it and cheer while the slaying went on. Had your dinner? Sit down."

"I have a girl and—" Black blushed as the mustang eye of the other rolled up at him. "It's an American girl, sir—a girl I used to know in Indianapolis."

"Oh, an American girl!" echoed Vilas, mollified. "Bring her over. I'd like some real American talk. You've eaten, eh? Bring her over and I'll buy the drinks."

Wearily Vilas watched young Black return to his table, where the slim, golden-haired girl sat waiting. He had noticed her when he had first entered, even though he had not seen her face. It was her gown that had attracted his momentary attention, that and the youthfulness of her straight little figure.

She was wearing a dress of rich cream-colored lace that fell in long, graceful curves to the crystal buckles of her high-heeled scarlet slippers. From beneath her aureole of golden hair, the lights glittered on crystal pendants which matched the bracelets and necklace that so effectively accentuated the smooth, even tan of her skin. But it was the very sophistication of those cleverly chosen crystals that had caused Vilas to lose his first quick flash of interest. To his way of thinking, there was no charm in a sophisticated woman.

He saw the girl look up into Johnny's face. Now, for the first time, he could see her profile. She was very,

very young, not more than eighteen, he guessed. Her nose, delicately and impudently upturned, was delightful, he considered, after the hawk-like beaks of the Latins. And her mouth, scarlet with the most expert of pencils, was, withal, gay and eager and unspoiled.

Johnny was bringing her over. "Louise—Miss Frazier," he was saying, "may I present the most famous correspondent in Europe, Paul Vilas? He knows more kings and queens and politicians than—"

"Shush, Johnny," Vilas said, laughing. He was holding the girl's cool, slim hand in his and wishing, somehow, that things had been different; that he, in his twenties, hadn't fumbled life so. His mood of the evening suddenly sharpened into an aching nostalgia for the things and the places and the people he had known in his youth. His hard face was very gentle as he remembered to let her withdraw her hand from his. "You're just a child," he said, gazing into the deepest, bluest eyes he had ever seen. "You ought to be at home and in bed, by now."

"If THAT'S your big, bright thought for the evening," she said, with an impudent moue at the anxious Johnny, "I'll go over to the lounge and let some handsome stranger buy me a champagne cocktail." "You'll end up by paying for the drinks," said Vilas peacefully. "These Europeans are broad-minded that way. I'll buy. What'll you have?"

"I could do with a tasty bit of ham and eggs," she said maliciously, as she screwed a cigaret into a long crimson holder.

"Don't mention it," said Vilas, with a grimace. "With one click I could put my head on the table and enjoy a good cry."

"Let's have the drink," she suggested promptly. "I never saw a real cosmopolitan crying."

"A cosmopolitan?" he echoed. "That's no description of me. I'd sell all of Europe for a five-acre patch of Florida scrubland; that's how cosmopolitan I am."

His gray eyes confused her; she couldn't tell whether they were humorous or hard-boiled. Probably both, she decided.

"That's a wheeze," she pronounced at last. "Every time my boy friend, here, wants to sell me on his future, he holds you up as a grand and glorious example of a bright young man who can do in newspaper work. Listen: your office is in Berlin. You have breakfast at the Adlon with an ambassador. You fly to Paris for lunch with an international financier. You hop to Rome for dinner with Mussolini and—"

"Johnny should be a columnist," Vilas told her, "instead of a reporter from whom a mecon of truth is to be expected. I spend forty percent of my time on smelly, asthmatic trains, forty more in interviewing people who are as anxious for space as a Hollywood actress, and the rest in examining my bank balances to see if I have saved enough money so that I can retire to a little Florida grapefruit grove I've owned for several years. And that's been my program for more years than I want to remember. Now, you tell me what you are doing on the Riviera."

"I could be bribed with a champagne cocktail," she said obliquely. Then, when Vilas had given the order, "I'm on a binge. Father promised me ten thousand acres if I'd finish up at school without absolutely finishing the school itself. And he was rash enough to tell me I could do what I liked with the money, so here I am. She made a vague gesture with the cigaret.

"I think Miss Peck—she's my chaperon—is still hunting Paris for me. I told her I'd meet her at the hotel at four o'clock. But as soon as I found out that Johnny was here, I hopped the next Blue Train and—"

"I wired the worthy Miss Peck," interrupted Black hastily, as he met the hard impact of Vilas' eye.

"—and so I found Johnny," the girl went on calmly, "and told him to show me places."

"The only thing that Louise forgets," said the boy, "is that I have a living to make and a boss who'll give me the wind if I don't get my story."

"Exactly," said Vilas grimly.

"He won't fire you, darling," said Miss Frazier,

lip-sticking, "because I'm going to vamp him and make him fall in love with me."

"Proceed," Vilas told her. "But first, so you won't begin with a handicap, I suggest that you take off those crystal pendants."

Without a word of protest, she unscrewed them from her ears and tossed them to Black.

"They add a note of sophistication," explained Vilas, "that doesn't quite suit you. If I could, I'd have you change to something fluff and girlish. If we were in Indianapolis, now, I'd have you do your vamping while making fudge over a kitchen stove."

"You aren't so old," she said speculatively, "if you belong to the fudge era. Johnny, buy yourself a hundred francs' worth of chips and play a little boule. I couldn't do my very best work with you here."

Johnny sat where he was, looking confused and somewhat sulky.

It was rather nice, Vilas thought wistfully, to have this lovely child playing up to him. For the moment, at least, she made him feel young again. He had missed this sort of thing, this talking to young American girls. The women he knew were sophisticated, infinitely wise; they had a bright patina of worldliness that repelled him.

For all her make-up and her Paris-bought accouterments, this youngster wasn't really sophisticated at all; she was just a nice kid from home. Back in the States, beneath the warm, clean sky of Florida, for instance, she'd be— But he shook his head to clear away the vision. At forty, he decided, all men became a little addled.

A woman passed the table and hesitated briefly. Vilas glanced up and instantly rose to his feet.

"Sara!" he murmured incredulously.

Her gown was sleek and black. Her black hair, parted in the middle, swept back in two polished waves. Her black eyes, now wide and shining, were framed by lashes that needed no touch of mascara. Her lips were scarlet against the delicate ivory of her skin.

"Paul," she smiled. "When I heard the affair of the ham and eggs, I knew it would be you. How strange that we should meet here after all these years!"

Vilas, remembering, presented Miss Frazier and young Black to Princess Sara of Balkania. Only he, whose steady eyes saw what they looked at, noted Johnny's start of astonishment when he spoke her name. "I am joining de Montigny in the lounge," the princess said tentatively. "Perhaps you and your friends—"

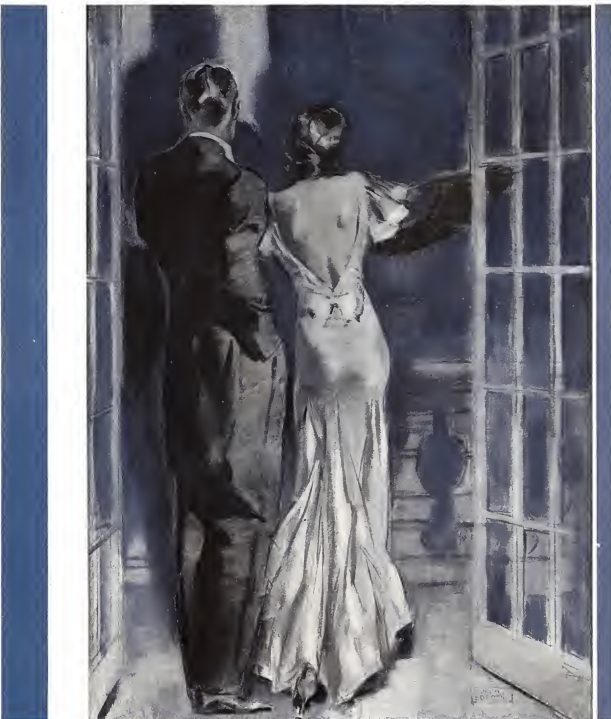
"I regret, princess," said Vilas, with characteristic bluntness, "but I do not care for de Montigny. His beard is objectionable; he looks like a monkey peeping out from behind a bush. I do not like his popped eyes, nor his choice of perfumes. He—"

To the amazement of the scandalized boy and girl, the princess laughed. Her long white hand touched the sleeve of the truculent Vilas in a gesture that was oddly tender.

"You have not changed, Paul," she said, in her soft, husky voice. "For me, I am glad. There are too few honest men. You will come to see me at the Provençal?"

"Where's the prince?" countered Vilas.

"He chose to remain a prince," she said cryptically,



*It was useful just to be near Sara, thought Vilas. You didn't have to explain things to her. She understood.*

"and to live in luxury. You, a newspaperman, did not know?"

"I have not read a dispatch for days," he apologized.

"I shall expect you soon," she said, turning away. "Mr. Vilas, Louise said breathlessly, 'tell me what that is. She is the most (Continued on page 86)'"



# Earthquake

by DAMON RUNYON



Illustration by Herbert Roeser

**P**ERSONALLY, I do not care for coppers, but I believe in being courteous to them at all times, so when Johnny Brannigan comes into Mindy's restaurant one Friday evening and sits down in the same booth with me, because there are no other vacant seats in the joint, I give him a huge hello.

Furthermore, I offer him a cigaret and say how pleased I am to see how well he is looking, although as a matter of fact Johnny Brannigan looks very terrible, what with big black circles under his eyes and his face thinner than somewhat.

In fact, Johnny Brannigan looks as if he is sick, and I am secretly hoping that it is something fatal, because the way I figure it there are a great many coppers in this world, and a few less may be a good thing for one and all concerned.

But naturally I do not mention this hope to Johnny Brannigan, as Johnny Brannigan belongs to what is called the gunman squad and is known to carry a black-jack in his pants pocket, and furthermore he is known to boff guys on their noggins with this jack if they get too fresh with him, and for all I know Johnny Brannigan may consider such a hope about his health very fresh indeed.

Now the last time I see Johnny Brannigan before this is in Good-time Charley Bernstein's little speck in Forty-eighth Street with three other coppers, and what Johnny is there for is to put the arm on a guy by the name of "Earthquake," who is called "Earthquake" because he is so fond of shaking things up.

In fact, at the time I am speaking of, Earthquake has this whole town shaken up, what with shooting and stabbing and robbing different citizens, and otherwise misconducting himself, and the law wishes to place Earthquake in the electric chair, as he is considered a great knock to the community.

Now the only reason Johnny Brannigan does not put the arm on Earthquake at this time is because

Earthquake picks up one of Good-time Charley Bernstein's tables and kisses Johnny Brannigan with same, and furthermore, Earthquake outs with the old equalizer and starts blasting away at the coppers who are with Johnny Brannigan, and he keeps them so busy dodging slugs that they do not have any leisure to put the arm on him, and the next thing anybody knows, Earthquake takes it on the lam out of there.

**W**ELL, PERSONALLY, I also take it on the lam myself, as I do not wish to be around when Johnny Brannigan comes to, as I figure Johnny may be somewhat bewildered and will start boffing people over the noggin with his jack thinking they are all Earthquake, no matter who they are, and I do not see Johnny again until this evening in Mindy's.

But in the meantime I hear rumors that Johnny Brannigan is out of town looking for Earthquake, because it seems that while misconducting himself Earthquake severely injures a copper by the name of Mulcahy. In fact, it seems that Earthquake injures him so severely that Mulcahy hauls off and dies, and if there is one thing that is against the law in this town it is injuring a copper in such a manner. In fact, it

is apt to cause great indignation among other coppers. It is considered very illegal to severely injure any citizen in this town in such a way as to make him haul off and die, but naturally it is not apt to cause any such indignation as injuring a copper, as this town has more citizens to spare than coppers.

Well, sitting there with Johnny Brannigan, I get to wondering if he ever meets up with Earthquake while he is looking for him, and if so how he comes out, for Earthquake is certainly not such a guy as I will care to meet up with, even if I am a copper.

Earthquake is a guy of maybe six foot three, and

"I will hold this doorway apart until next Puncake Tuesday," Earthquake says, and at this time he is doing a very nice job of same.

weighing a matter of two hundred and twenty pounds, and all these pounds are nothing but muscle. Anybody will tell you that Earthquake is one of the strongest guys in this town, because it seems he once works in a foundry and picks up much of his muscle there. In fact, Earthquake likes to show how strong he is at all times, and one of his ways of showing this is to grab a full-sized guy in either duke and hold them straight up in the air over his head.

Sometimes after he gets tired of holding these guys over his head, he will throw them plumb away, especially if they are coppers, or maybe knock their noggins together and leave them with their noggins very sore indeed. When he is in real good humor, Earthquake does not think anything of going into a night club or a speak-easy and taking it apart and chucking the pieces out into the street, along with the owner and the waiters and maybe some of the customers, so you can see Earthquake is a very high-spirited guy, and full of fun.

Personally, I do not see why Earthquake does not get a job in a circus as a strong guy, because there is no percentage in wasting all this strength for nothing, but when I mention this idea (Continued on page 124)

# Mending our ways under the AMERICAN Plan

IS IT impossible for Americans to correct quickly and intelligently the weaknesses in our industrial system—or must real improvement come only through painful panics, strikes and other more violent upheavals? Here our most famous social historian describes, in the second of her series of crucial articles on "The American Plan," how one New England mill is already applying an exemplary technique for solving present-day problems. No American executives or workers can afford to miss these articles if they believe our American plan should survive.

THERE WAS more than one of the gentlemen who took part in the making of the American Plan who insisted that "we, the people," never could govern ourselves. And from that time to this, so appalling have been our mistakes, their doubt has been frequently and loudly revolved. Examine these misadventures and you will find that in the main they have been due less to the inadequacy of the tools provided for self-correction than to our shiftlessness in using them.

Our usual excuse for this shiftlessness has been that evils correct themselves. They do. Slavery died—by war. Speculation does—by panics which send men and women to the street. It is Nature spewing out of her mouth the thing which violates her aspirations.

Yes, we can depend on evils correcting themselves in the long run. We can also be sure that a day will come when "we, the people," will agree that a Plan which must correct itself by periodical wars and panics is too expensive to support. Our faith gone, we will look for a substitute.

Will it come to that? Most certainly it will if we do not attack evil with more intelligent determination. And if we do not learn to attack when and where the

thing starts, in towns, in factories, centers of all sorts where a few hundred or a few thousand people are gathered in working out their social, political or economic undertakings. It is only at the source that we effectively control rising evils. Let them thrive, and by the time they reach Washington, they are too vast, formless, powerful to control.

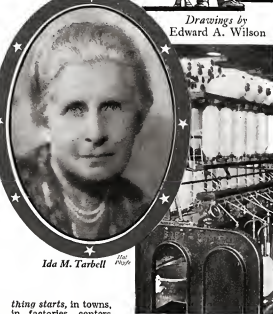
Washington has been no more able to control the present depression than a ship a typhoon. The thing laughs at us. We allowed it to grow; why should we whimper because now it overwhelms us?

No, the kind of government we are trying to run depends on continual, watchful correction from the bottom up. It is you and I who must be sound if we expect the Nation to be sound. Nothing is more appalling than the popular notion that evils can be neglected at the source, then cured by national laws. It is as futile as our idea that happiness depends on money.

We will agree, I take it, that present-day confusion and suffering is largely due to an industrial system which we have allowed to swell until it has overshadowed everything else in the country—hypnotizing



Drawings by  
Edward A. Wilson



Ida M. Tarbell  
The Plan



Below: Roving machine at the Naumkeag cotton mill, Salem, Massachusetts.

by IDA M.  
TARBELL

Author of "Owen D. Young—a New Type of Industrial Leader"

## FOREWORD BY MISS TARBELL.

The plans men make for running their affairs, whether they are as small as a village grocery or as large as the nation's budget, depend for health upon the courage and resourcefulness with which they are corrected and remolded to carry ever-changing loads.

The makers of the American Plan under which we have been operating now for 143 years understood this. One of the virtues of the Plan they turned out was providing tools for self-correction—the right of free speech; opportunity to experiment; the power to investigate, to make laws, and to create Constitutional amendments. These are the tools which "we, the people," were to use when we were in trouble.

This second article in the series, "The American Plan," describes an experiment in self-correction which, both in spirit and in technique may well serve as a model for all our activities.



our social, political and educational activities until often these are little more than plant and cringing handmaids, when they should be the heart and the control of all man's activities.

Nevertheless, whatever evils industry has wrought, there have always gone on and are going on today inside this great machine steady efforts to mend and remold.

Take the all-important matter of how to repair, what we may call the technique of correction. I doubt if anyone can find a better model of how to do a piece of work such as balancing a Federal budget, for instance, than a demonstration in technique made in the last twelve years in one of the last places to which, of hand, I myself would look for wisdom, and that is a New England cotton mill. I say the last place, since the cotton industry of New England for a hundred years has depended for its living on low wages,



THE SPINNING WHEEL

high tariffs and impregnable traditions.

When early in this century cotton began to feel the pressure of changing economic conditions, it did not change its ideas. It went South, where cheap labor was to be had, begged for higher tariffs, clung to its traditions.

But if the cotton industry refused by and large to seek within for correction, there were—as there always are—individuals willing to face the facts, and undertake it. The particular factory whose technique for handling human difficulties seems to me suggestive in any and all of our affairs, is at Salem, Massachusetts—Naumkeag; it is called.

Naumkeag, an institution with ninety-five years of experience behind it began its career as a revolutionist. Ninety-five years ago, it was a settled thing in the cotton-manufacturing business that water power was essential to life, but the founders of Naumkeag decided to try steam, generated by coal, and settled themselves on the water front of Salem, where coal could be brought to their furnace door by barge.



Bottom Photo



Morris L. Cooke and his technician, Francis Goodell.

As the years went on, the mill weathered one after another of the trials that the mutations of trade visited on cotton as on other industries. It went through the Civil War and prospered; went through the dull period that followed and lived; was burned to the ground and rebuilt; went through all the changing conditions which new types of labor made imperative. For eighty years the plant went on without a strike, and then, in 1919, the entire laboring body, twenty-five hundred men and women, seventy-five percent of whom were organized, walked out.

I have never heard of just such a strike, one carried on with so much mutual consideration. The meetings of representatives of management and of workers were like agreeable, if very serious, tea parties! Certainly, there was no brawling, and when it was all over the leader of the workers said, "Neither side is today ashamed of or embarrassed by any act of its membership." Compare that record with—well, the struggle of, let us say, the Seventy-second Congress!

No such result would have been possible if the leaders at Naumkeag had not respected each other. The management in a cotton factory is a kind of established hierarchy, its responsible leader a man known as the Agent. Now, Naumkeag has an Agent trusted not only by the management but by the laboring body, a man who has been with the company some fifty-four years, working up from the bottom—J. Foster Smith. There are few problems in cotton manufacture, human or financial, that Agent Smith does not understand and eye with the patience and humor that long experience gives to a man of common sense and good will.

Moreover, he is an honored citizen of Salem. Partly due to his delight his fellow citizens by his carefully prepared literary papers, for J. Foster Smith has a keen interest in literature as well as in cotton, and he likes to pass on his reflections and convictions.

The leader of the workers at Naumkeag is quite as unusual in his way as J. Foster Smith: John T. O'Connell. No textile worker is Mr. O'Connell, but a plumber by trade, with a picturesque career of trade adventures behind him.

For many years Mr. O'Connell has been the Business Agent of the Plumbers' and Steam Fitters' Union, with headquarters in the Labor Temple at Salem. Everybody in town knows and trusts him, so when the operatives at Naumkeag first became restless it was natural that they should ask his counsel. It was he who organized them and became their Business Agent.

They could not have found a wiser leader, for he



Stitching room at Naumkeag. Under Mr. Cooke's were cut in all departments without the introduction of

had the feel of Naumkeag, knew that its long tradition of good will was a precious inheritance, that with its workers, largely citizens of long standing, it would not do to overstrain the situation. And so, in 1919, when the first real strike came at Naumkeag, there were two wise men of unusual experience and sense dominating the situation.

Out of the settlement arranged in a few weeks came an agreement that satisfied both sides. It had a novel feature—an agreement that if trouble arose, sixty days should be allowed for settlement before resorting to strike or shutdown. And in order to take care of misunderstandings at the start, they agreed that their representatives should meet once a month. What better understanding could a factory have had with which to face the Great Depression?

By 1929, J. Foster Smith began to realize that Naumkeag was not going to be able to hold its own against growing competition unless it could cut the cost of its product. Instead of following the usual course of management in ordering economies, Agent Smith laid his program before John O'Connell. We may imagine his



The testing laboratory where results of the cooperative method of factory management were examined for quality.



plan, expenses new processes.

saying, "Now, here, John, is the situation. Unless we can do something, we shall lose our place in the sun. What do you think about it?"

"Well," John O'Connell probably told him, "I shall have to study your figures."

And J. Foster Smith said, "All right; take your time." John O'Connell was willing to admit, from the figures Agent Smith laid before him, that economies were necessary. But he didn't like the way it was to be done. To turn out workers wholesale was bad for everybody—bad for Salem. Was it the only way?

What was this that he had heard about a method of proving by experiment whether a change in an operation is fair or not? He recalled that a friend had told him that there was a factory out in Ohio where the employees and employers had worked out joint management. They had found a way of proving the best and the most practical method of doing things. No guesswork—proof. And who was the man his friend had

told him about who had organized the work in that plant? He looked his friend up and was told that it was one Morris Cooke, a consulting engineer of Philadelphia. So John O'Connell took the first train to Philadelphia.

Morris Cooke, to whom Mr. O'Connell took his problems, has been one of the chief creative factors in developing what to my mind is the most important and pregnant contribution made in the last fifty years to the civilizing of American industry: the set of principles for its scientific management discovered by the late Frederick W. Taylor, one of the authentic geniuses of our times.

John T. O'Connell, who represented the workers.

It was in 1903 that the science of management first began to reach the public and to be subject of hot and bitter controversy. Morris Cooke, then about thirty years of age, had the bold and inquiring mind, the imagination as well as the practical experience in engineering essential to an understanding of the principles Mr. Taylor was trying to explain by a queer mixture of fine scientific exposition, infinite patience in application, and violent and contemptuous characterizations of those too stupid or too bigoted to try to get the meaning of what he was doing.

Mr. Cooke early became a member of what was called the "Taylor group"—engineers who led in applying the new principles.

Now, Morris Cooke is, before all, a man of warm human sympathies and understanding. He saw that the crux of the Taylor system was high wages and low unit costs; knew, if the outside industrial world did not, that Frederick Taylor spoke the truth when he declared that his sole object in retiring from money making—as he had done in 1901, never afterward receiving a cent of pay for anything that he did in the advancement of the science of management—was because he believed science ultimately would bring not only better wages but better lives to the workmen of the world.

But labor at the start saw in the Taylor system only another method of exploitation. It required many demonstrations, long arguments, before Samuel Gompers was willing to say to his followers, "Do not allow your employers to monopolize science. It is no respecter of persons. Let us profit as capital will profit by these new principles if you learn to apply them, and you can be sure that if they are sound, as seems to be proved, they will have the last word." But education is slow business.

All this Morris Cooke saw early, and he has spent his energy, particularly in the past twenty years, in "selling" scientific management to labor, and he was one of the first to see the danger of the same old rumor of what Mr. Cooke had done that had penetrated John O'Connell's mind when Agent Smith convinced him that Naumkeag must make fresh economies if it was to meet competitors, and led him, in spite of the prejudice still at large in labor circles against the Taylor system, to go himself and see for himself what it was. I doubt if he was a hard man to sell scientific management, to expounded as Morris Cooke expounded it. Alert, practical, experienced, imaginative, John O'Connell caught the meaning of (Continued on page 126)

"What do you regard as the world's Cosmopolitan asked ELEANOR MERCEIN something Basque or Spanish in reply. In-

most interesting city?" KELLY, rather expecting instead, Mrs. Kelly answered:

# The Little Town of BETHLEHEM



Eleanor Mercien Kelly, author of "Basque" and "Spanish Holiday"

Another trip in the Magic Carpet series in which many famous authors will tell you of "My Favorite City"

doubt in mind when annually, very early in the dawning of the great day itself, that younger I was wont to wake the echoes and the long-suffering elders of our house with shrill admonitory chantings of "Come all ye faithful" and "O little town of Bethlehem!" Certainly I have never since been able quite to dissociate the thought of that ancient and remote Judean village from a dreamy, beatific awareness of overstuffed stockings dangling before an American gas grate, awaiting my royal pleasure.

It is preeminently the children's city, Bethlehem, rellie of an age when all the world was young; a Peter Pan sort of town that has never yet grown up, nor ever will. You come to it from a very other world, a scant six miles away, by means of the Jaffa Gate; such a maestro of humanity as is to be found nowhere else in all the universe. Here desert sheiks elbow tourists from Chicago; Abyssinian monks stalk by with impassive ebony faces; Greek priests in their tall strange hats; barelegged haughty Bedouins; and every variety of Jew there is—old orthodox ones in their long pink or blue satin coats and queer fur headgear, no matter how hot the weather; young student priests with beautiful eyes, and ear-curls under their

wide flat hats; poor country rabbis in rusty black gaberdine and caftan; sleek prosperous merchants from New York or London; Jews with Chinese features from one of the Lost Tribes that strayed into Mongolia; halutzim, or farmer Jews, those devoted Zionists who have shown sufficient "talent for renunciation," as Emil Ludwig puts it, to abandon trade in an effort to reclaim their native soil for widely scattered Israel.

All this unamalgamated swarm of creeds and types and nationalities you leave behind—centuries behind—as you come down into the Vale of Hinnom, past a certain tree where Judas Iscariot hanged himself, across the Plain of Ephraim; and from the concealing elevation of Mir Elvay, get your first glimpse of a small white climbing town you have loved long since but, it may be, lost awhile. In the retrospect it has for me, that first view of Bethlehem, an effect of slight unreality, like one of the mirages seen on the central plain of Hungary—a quite credible and tangible city in the near distance, except that it appears to float just a little above the surface of the earth.

But that is, I dare say, a matter of fancy, of early association. As a matter of fact Bethlehem has its feet very firmly on earth, and rather prosperously so, thanks to the



Drawing by J. Clinton Shepherd

Evening Gateway

THE CHARM of it is perhaps a matter of contrast, combined with blessed familiarity: Bethlehem is so oddly different from any city of my experience, and yet so intimately familiar—thanks to a certain fat red book of Bible tales which used to stand on the lowest shelf of our playroom bookcase, between a shabby calico-covered Grimm, and the green-and-gold Norse wonderland of Hans Christian Andersen. Indeed, as a certain season of the calendar drew near, Bethlehem became the daily bourn of our ever-roving fancy, replete with gift-bearing Wise Men, and beasts who conversed intelligently with their betters, and other pleasant natural phenomena.

I confess that for a number of years—those innocent years when fairies and angels were creatures of much the same feather, and one was apt to confuse God-oligh a little with one's grandfather—I labored under the impression that Santa Claus was a citizen of Bethlehem; which error was no

The sheep market in Bethlehem today



pilgrim trade; which passed us by continually in carriage and car and motor bus, its megaphones alert over Rachel's Tomb and the Well of the Magi.

However, neither these modern distractions nor any other can long disturb the preoccupied tranquillity of David's City. They come and pass and come again, like the winds, and the rain, and the intense beating sun that in due season ripens the surrounding grain-fields—rare enough in that land of many stones to have given the town its name of Bel Lahm, the House of Bread.

Not that it is the tranquillity of idleness here; rather of constant and unburied labor. In the little open-faced Oriental workshops, in (Continued on page 86)

# I language of Love



AN UNPAINTED construction elevator shot downward forty-five stories through the gaunt steel skeleton of the new Courland Hotel building. At the bottom Frank Macgowan got out. He had been handling a drill up top with old man Eckert but it was Saturday afternoon and he was through now. Macgowan left his greasy denims on a peg in the tool shed, squeezed his heavy arms into a worn and spotted jacket, walked around a sand pile and a concrete mixer to the field office. Young Dorland, another riveter, was there too, waiting for his pay envelope. They grinned at each other.

Macgowan said: "We get a break. It ain't rainin' for once."

Dorland nodded. "I'm drivin' my old lady and the kids up to Newburgh."

Macgowan tore open his envelope and began counting the fifty-two dollars. He went out to Fifth Street, hesitated there an instant, and then turned eastward toward his Third Avenue lodging, over a paint store, in the tremor and shadow of the elevated.

At the head of a dark, plaster-scarred stairway the bathroom door stood ajar. He pushed it open and turned on the taps into a rough tub. It was marked with rust spots where the enamel had chipped. Then Macgowan went to his own dim oblong room to get his soap and towel and clean underclothes.

He spent a long time in the tub, sluicing the warm suds over his ponderous shoulders and into his red, glistening hair, passing his leather-hard hands over his

"If we're goin' to dinner, big boy, I got to telephone." "Tell yer mother I'll take good care of you," said Macgowan.

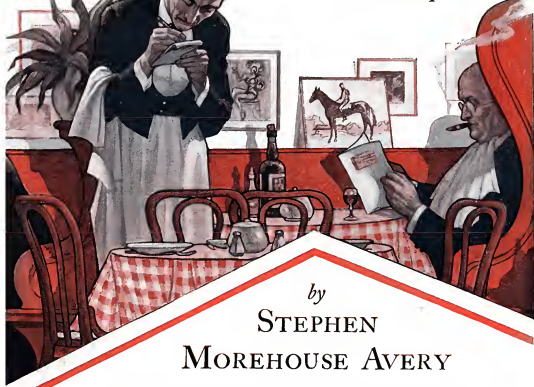
smooth white body. When he reached for the soap, a ripple of muscles went from the base of his neck down to the small of his back. He was thinking about Dorland and his old lady and his kids, driving in the sunshine out to Newburgh.

In front of the cracked mirror of his dresser Macgowan put on his new brown suit and his dark red tie, and combed his moist hair down flat. At last he cautiously drew an old wallet from under the mattress and jammed the fifty-two dollars into it. That made eighty-four.

On the street he paused again before wandering slowly down to the corner of Forty-eighth. He stopped

# I Love

A pick-up . . .  
a holdup  
. . . presto!  
a close-up!



by  
STEPHEN  
MOREHOUSE AVERY

In at Busby's lunch counter, and he and Al Burke had a drink of raw liquor together. Al couldn't wait for a second drink because he had to meet his wife at three-thirty. So Macgowan left Busby's, too, and walked vaguely west, across Park, Madison and Fifth.

Just this side of Sixth Avenue he saw a girl looking at cheap hats in an obscure five-foot window. Macgowan thought she was pretty with her gold hair and her red mouth and her light, smooth stockings. He stopped and pretended to be looking at the hats also.

He knew he ought not to, because he could tell at a glance that she was a nice girl, practically a lady. But he couldn't help it. Macgowan never knew how to go about getting acquainted with girls and maybe that was why—that was why—anyway, he just stood there. He couldn't help it. The girl was watching him out of the corner of her eye.

He said: "That there blue one's the swellest. You'd look like a dream in it. I wouldn't mind—" He couldn't get out another word. His face flamed and his hands doubled up into hard lumps in his trousers pockets. "I mean I'd—"

The girl turned upon him billegiently. "You got a nerve speakin' to me like that. Think you're goin' to pick me up, do you? Like I was the kind of a girl a guy can come along and pick up."

Macgowan cringed away from her. "No," he protested. "Honest I don't. And I ain't the kind who goes

along pickin' up girls neither. I just couldn't help it because I never seen a girl like you before and—"

"Well, you'd better beat it before I call a cop." She turned on her heel and walked on, pausing after a few steps when she glanced back and saw him following.

"I just can't help it," he said. "It don't do no harm, just my followin' to look at you, does it?"

She looked him over from his new brown hat to his shiny tan shoes, and then she smiled. "Well, I'm goin' over towards Broadway. If it gives you a kick to walk along with me, come on. If I ain't a pick-up, I ain't no prude neither."

AT THE corner of Broadway and Forty-eighth they halted. The girl watched Macgowan shifting awkwardly from one foot to the other, his fists twisting restlessly in his pockets.

"Say, what's eatin' on you, anyways? Ain't you got nuttin' to say for yourself?" "Well, if you won't think I'm fresh or somethin', I'm a fella who knows a lady when he sees her. But I was thinkin'."

"I'm glad you was thinkin', at least," she said. "You'd better think faster, 'cause I'm on my way to see Clark Gable 'n' Joan Crawford at the Capitol."

"I was thinkin' if you'd go to the show with me, maybe," said Macgowan. "I mean, if you got a couple spare hours. But somebody's waitin', I s'pose."



## Language of Love

He stood a full step away from her, his abashed blue eyes glancing up from his shoes occasionally to make sure she was still there, to make sure anybody could be as lovely as that and not vanish. He was afraid she might think he was looking at her beautiful mesh stockings, as if he were a guy who couldn't tell a girl like her from a bad one. But the girl didn't suspect him of it—because as like as not such a thought would never enter her head.

She said: "Well, a blue was goin' to meet me at the Capitol but I don't feel like waitin' for a fella like that, Mr. —?"

"MacGOWAN," he said. She had actually asked his name. "I'm just Frank MacGowan. I'm a riveter. Well, I'm an assistant riveter now, but soon—"

He jerked his hand out of his pocket to grasp the brilliantly manicured one she offered him. "Pleased to meet you, Mr. MacGowan," she said. "I'm Miss Singer. I'm Lola Singer."

"Pleased to meet you," he repeated. MacGowan was confused and shook hands with her again.

Starting across Broadway, he wondered if she would think him fresh if he touched her arm—because there was some things so perfect a guy better keep his mitts off of 'em. But maybe she'd think he didn't know how to escort a lady 'cross the street if he didn't. He glanced at her sleeve, trying to decide just where he should touch her. Lola solved the problem for him. She hooked her whole arm through his and snuggled against him as he shouldered into the crowd on the other side.

"I'll bet you're a grand bruiser, Mr. MacGowan."

MacGowan's barrel chest filled and he grinned. "But I never hurt nobody," he said. His thoughts were repeating "Lola, Lola, Lola," as though he must have a name for all this. Her Dream D'Orsay perfume was not a perfume to him at all. It was only a natural fragrance emanating from anything so beautiful. He was dizzy with it and felt that weakness in the pit of his stomach again.

At the ticket window he fumbled for his wallet. A ten-dollar bill slithered to the tile floor but Lola instantly retrieved it for him. "Two," he said.

The ticket girl sang out: "Balcony, orchestra, lounge, mister? No waitin' in the balcony for the next show."

"Which costs most?" he demanded.

"Fifty, eighty-five, one-fifty—balcony, orchestra, lounge, mister. How many?"

"Two lounge," said

MacGowan. He hitched his shoulders forward and straightened. "And make it snappy, miss."

A wooden soldier of an usher conducted them to the deep, comfortable seats.

Lola said: "You don't care how you spend your jack, do you, Mr. MacGowan?"

"No," said MacGowan. He wanted to say, "Not when it's for you," but he was afraid Lola might think him fresh. So he just said: "I got plenty, I guess. I got almost a hundred bucks. I'd 'a' bought you that blue hat—only I guess you ain't a girl who accepts presents from gentis."

"Oh, I don't know. I don't see no harm in it now 'n' then. When you've been introduced and all that. What's a girl goin' to do, Mr. MacGowan?"

He felt a throb of tenderness for Lola, an impulse to protect her from—well, from anything. Maybe girls, ladies like Lola, anyway, didn't have things so easy. They had ought to have a man to protect them and buy them blue hats once in a while.

"My first name is Frank," he said. "They call me Red."

"What?" Lola was watching the screen and some ankle of the comedy almost choked her with laughter. She gripped MacGowan's arm. "Oh, did you see that?"

"Because of my hair; I mean, that's why they call me Red," he went on, his arm tingling under her fingers.

"But your hair's Auburn, Mr. MacGowan. I'll call you MacGowan. How will that bet?"

"It'll be fine but—but I don't want to call you Singer. Like you was Dorland or somebody on the shift."

"I'll say Lola."

He endowed the name with such wonder and ardor that the girl glanced at him quickly to detect the mockery she half expected;

MacGowan drove his fists into the man's teeth. Lola screamed: "Stop it! Stop it! you're killing him!"

but there was none. The chuckle of amusement died in her throat.

She said: "I've been called a lot of things, big fella. Call me anything you like."

They were silent while the weave of Clark Gable 'n' Joan Crawford snared them gradually into illusion.

"She makes me think of me when I came to New York from Poplar Bluff," said Lola. "Only I never met no man like him. If I was to meet a man like him—"

MacGowan said: "Maybe he ain't so grand in real life. What's so swell about him?"

Lola teased him. "You got a nerve even bein' jealous of Clark Gable, MacGowan." But later, when the spell was most profound, when the luminous faces of Clark Gable 'n' Joan Crawford were at last lifted out of anguish and the language of love hung vibrant in the hush and dark, Lola leaned so that her hair brushed MacGowan's

shoulders and her fingers crept along the chair arm into his riveter's mitt. MacGowan could scarcely breathe for ecstasy.

When it was over Lola said: "Would you believe it, I used to dance in this the-ater once?" They went out through the lobby and found Broadway ablaze with light. "I sure did, MacGowan. I used to dance right in this very the-ater. I was good, only my arches let down."

"I guess you was wonderful," said MacGowan. "I knew you was somethin' out of the way when I first saw you, Lola. I said to myself, 'There's the girl you been dreamin' about, MacGowan.' That's why I had to talk to you. Ain't it queer how two people outa the whole world just happen to come together like that? I mean, that it should turn out to be just them two, Lola?"

Lola hadn't been listening until she caught the rising tone of his question. "What'd you say, MacGowan? Let's get out of this mob. I hate mobs, don't you?"

"I said," stammered MacGowan—"I said couldn't we have our supper together just this once? Couldn't you ring up your mother or your people and tell 'em?"

"SAY, MacGowan, you get right good ideas sometimes. But it's too soon to eat now. It's only just after six. I know where we can find what you need for an appetite in the meantime. But maybe you ain't a drinkin' man, MacGowan."

"I ain't," said MacGowan. "You needn't have no fear of me on that account, Lola. I bet nobody ain't seen me drunk more'n once in three months since I been on the job."

Lola stopped on the street and laughed inordinately, as though at some joke she had remembered. Then she sobered. "Say, fella, do you think I mind a man havin' a drink once in a while? Not that I take anythin' myself. Oh, just enough to wet your eyelash, maybe. For politeness, I mean. Shall we?"

MacGowan grinned an answer to her dazzling smile. "Shall we?" he repeated. "I guess we ought to, Lola."

The place was in Forty-ninth Street. They went through the cloakroom of what (Continued on page 80)

Illustrations by Jules Gotlieb

W. K. Kellogg  
of Battle Creek

I HE

# is Giving *the* Kids a BREAK

"JUST LEAVE me out of it," he said three or four times.

"But it's going to be told—so let's tell it accurately," I insisted.

"Well, then, please let me off with as little mention as you can," he almost pleaded. "All I want is just quietly to sign the checks. And if you call me a philanthropist, I shall object."

I promised—and so it is that I'm handicapped in trying to tell the whole thrilling story of W. K. Kellogg and of the fine things he has done for his community over in Michigan. But I am going to stretch my negative promise far enough to tell of this extraordinary man's dream of a future generation of better-born, better-fed, better-educated, better-opportunized children.

It is a dream in tune with the great vision of the White House Child Welfare Conference some time ago—a dream that will have more than a little to do with the great war of the future against the ignorance and neglect that have characterized the lower conception of the problem of child health and welfare.

I have said it is a dream. I called it by that name to Mr. Kellogg. "Well, I hope it isn't just a pipe dream," he smiled.

And that same afternoon when I went through the Ann J. Kellogg School, of Battle Creek, and saw the good results that were being obtained with more than a hundred underprivileged children, and then later visited country community schools and heard the great plans for health and a better opportunity unfolded by Doctor Stuart Pritchard, head of the W. K. Kellogg Foundation—well, I knew that it wasn't just a pipe dream. Here, I verily believe, is a great American

adventure just starting—an adventure that may lead us into a new world, where every child will be rightly born and correctly fed and decently educated.

It was President Hoover who first thrilled me with the idea of this New Generation of New Americans. I think the President and his White House Child Welfare Conference had a good deal to do with the actuality of the Kellogg Foundation, but this dream of W. K. Kellogg's goes back far beyond that.

His great cereal factory proves that. Here, with Doctor A. C. Selmon, an old friend who died only recently, he made real factory-health history for the whole country. In one wing of his large plant is a completely equipped day nursery for the children of women employees—as a part of the efficient plant hospital. Without charge any woman worker can bring her children—between the ages of one and five years—and leave them here under the care of nurses for the six hours that she works. (And incidentally, this six-hour day, inaugurated some time ago by the Kellogg Company, is one of the soundest and most imaginative moves ever made towards solving the unemployment problem.)

But to get back to the story of the Kellogg Foundation and this unusual man who is trying to hide deep in the background. "When I was a boy in school I was so nearsighted that I could hardly see the blackboard," he explained to me (and I am going to chance his ire in quoting him). "The teacher thought I was slow-witted because I was unable to read what was on the blackboard—and I was twenty years old before I found out what was the matter. A proper medical examination would have settled that the day I entered school."

"Since then," he went on, "I have thought a great many times of what science can do for underprivileged

*"To build better citizens and a better country we must have better-born, better-fed, better-educated children," declares W. K. Kellogg*



Little pupils at the Ann J. Kellogg School, where the problems of child health and education are being worked out in a new way.

children if they can be taken in hand at the proper time. Even the stubborn ravages of infantile paralysis can be greatly lessened by proper early treatment. All my life I have seen children—some very near and dear to me—who suffered misfortunes that could have been either permanently cured or, at least, greatly helped by correct medical attention at the time it most counted. This should be the heritage of every child in the world."

And then this

by FRAZIER HUNT

*When the real sun isn't shining, there's always the Sunshine Room to bring health to undernourished little bodies.*

seventy-one-year-old man from Michigan—incidentally, Doctor John Harvey Kellogg of the Battle Creek Sanitarium is a brother of W. K. Kellogg—said something that should be read by every rich man in America: "I don't want to leave my money for my children and grandchildren to quarrel over. Maybe we can work out some way whereby this money will really do some good to the children of today and tomorrow."

Then he added, "Doctor Pritchard will tell (Cont. on p. 92)





Set a spy to catch a spy, and watch drama follow—especially if one be the Yankee Mata Hari and the other the sinister Lady Green-sleeves of the South

# EATHOMS FIVE

An Exciting Episode in the Heroic Life of

ON A DARK street in Emmetsburg, Operator 13, disguised as a Negro stableboy, encounters Lady Green-sleeves. Looking at the glittering pistol in the white hand of this dangerous Confederate agent, Operator 13 feels a chill of fear. But suddenly horses and men are milling about them, and Operator 13 escapes in the confusion. Later, while the gray troops are trotting out of Emmetsburg, Operator 13 ties Job Stuart's horses to a tree and steals back to capture the enemy spy.

EVERY WINDOW, door or shutter in the Morris mansion was locked and bolted. There seemed to be no way of getting inside that Operator 13 of the United States Secret Service could discover.

Noislessly as a skulking lynx, she made the tour of the silent house, exploring keyhole, knob and lattice, and examining the interstices of shutter, blind, pane and door. She climbed to the pillared gallery and stole cat-foot along it, probing with slender fingers every window ledge, sill and threshold, nitting to and fro under sagging trumpet vines and clematis.

No sound came from within the mansion; the venerable town around her remained as still as its own graveyard. But the girl was as persistent as a cat at a rat-hole, utterly determined to get at that golden-haired woman of angelic eyes and stature who had sent thousands of Union soldiers to red destruction at Manassas, and who had so nearly delivered her to the military galleys.

Whether it was moonlight or starlight that filtered

through vine and tree-top, the darkness seemed more silvery-gray, and the heavy scent of phlox and lilies grew fresher. Dawn could not be very far away now. And, with dawn, the good farmer folk of Emmetsburg would be stirring in this fruitful Maryland countryside.

Gail Loveless lifted her rugged shirt and drew from its soft sheath the knife which was belted around her supple body. With the long, thin blade she probed the cracks of windows, shutters and doors; and accomplished nothing.

But the patience of one woman bent upon the undoing of another, knows no obstacle; and the girl's resolve to get into the house and take my Lady Green-sleeves, as well as Job Stuart's horses, to Frederick became a fierce obsession.

As she worked tirelessly at hinge and sill her overheated imagination of a Thespian pictured the amazing scene at Headquarters with herself the center of an incredibly dramatic climax, while astounded Generals clustered around her in respectful admiration and the whole army cheered.

To triumph! And what astonishing spoils of war to offer her! Bleeding, distracted country!—the most beautiful, most dangerous and most dreaded woman spy in the Confederate service; and the two favorite horses of the cleverest cavalry general in the world!

What spectacle could equal it in history except the pageant of a returning Roman conqueror bringing some lovely heathen queen in chains?

Her knife blade availed nothing; there was no getting into the aged colonial mansion that way. She paced the gallery on naked, stealthy feet, to and fro, to and fro, until it became plain to her excited brain that there was no getting into the house by any violent means or device within her compass. And dawn was very near.

Very well, then; she would wait until some early yawning servant opened a door, and then drag the golden one out of bed.

She slid down the trellis to the ground and hurried around to the orchard, where Skylark and Lady Margrave were nipping leaves from all the fruit trees within reach. Then she ran to the barn, where the doors had been closed again, but where there was no lock; and she entered, cast a quick glance at the big hutter, filled a bushel basket with oats, and ran back to her stolen horses.

Once more she returned to the barn, where were two zinc pails; and these she filled with water at the trough across the street and lugged them back to the orchard. She herself was nearly starved. She found and ate some fruit—great ripe peaches with dripping white and-pink flesh and a golden apple as sweet as honey. While she ate she pulled out the two letters she had

abstracted from the Morris box at the post office, and contrived to read them in the grayness of the October dawn. One of them, dated from Mercersburg, October tenth, was tragically brief:

Mrs. Augustus Morris,

Madam.

Two Confederate Secret Service agents, Colonel Williams and Lieutenant Dunlap, were discovered inside the Yankee lines at eleven o'clock last night, wearing Federal uniforms. At half past four this morning a military court found them guilty. They were hanged at 10:30 A.M. Inform Lady Green-sleeves, Miriam C. Rachel Lyons and Mrs. Phillips.

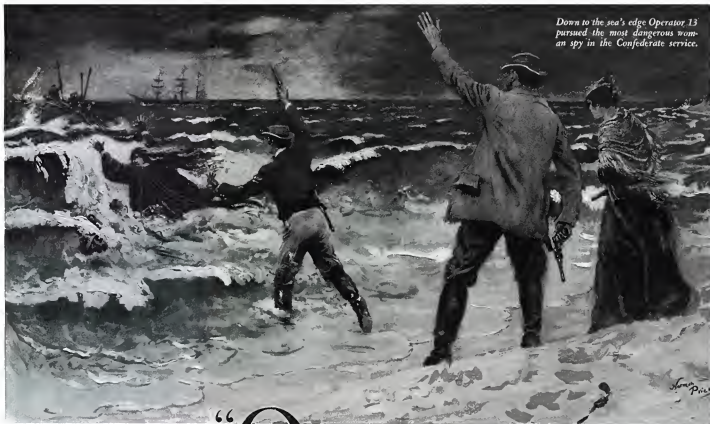
V. Chancellor

The other letter was briefest:

Lady Green-sleeves,

The blockade runner Miranda, at anchor off False Cape, will send a boat ashore for you if you signal with a white handkerchief in each hand.

Operator 13 needed to read the note from General Lee's chief of military telegraph only once to understand it completely. Either now, here in Emmetsburg, or somewhere on the long dangerous road between Baltimore, Norfolk, Back Bay and False Cape, she, or others, must stop and arrest the beautiful Lady Green-sleeves before she could take ship for England and bewitch a meddlesome ministry



Down to the sea's edge Operator 13 pursued the most dangerous woman spy in the Confederate service.

## “OPERATOR 13”

by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

already inclined to recognize the southern Confederacy as a new autonomous nation among the Powers on earth.

Dawn seemed very near; the air grew fresher; and already a mocking bird ventured a timid call-note or two. Not far away a convent bell sounded three strokes.

Even before the pale flare of instinct in the girl's brain had flashed into thought, she had thrust the two letters into her pants pocket, gathered from the picket fence a great sheaf of Madonna lilies, and was already legging it along Main Street and the crooked lane towards St. Joseph's.

As she came near she could hear, very faintly, the nuns singing in their chapel; and she hurried through the open postern, where an unextinguished lantern still glimmered, and made her way along the cloisters toward the refectory, where a candle burned and two novices moved like gray ghosts among the shadows. The room was fragrant with the odor of hot bread.

"Are the lilies for us?" asked one of them, a little startled, as the ragged Negro lad came panting to the open door.

"Yaas'm, lady—sister, ma'am. Mis' Morris done send 'em. Ax yuh kindly ef de sogders done scare yuh-all."

The other novice laughed: "Thank Mrs. Morris and say that no nun is afraid of Jeb Stuart."

Gall Loveless rolled her lovely dark eyes at the plate of hot bread. "Yaas'm, lady-sister. Lawzee me, how dem beaten biscuits du smell!"

"If you want some breakfast," said the other novice, "go into the laundry." She pointed to the door and Operator 13 opened it and entered. No candle burned there, but a gray light came in through the open gallery.

Almost immediately the novice came in with a plate full of beaten biscuit, molasses and bacon; and a cup of fresh milk. "Was Mrs. Morris frightened by the shooting last night?" she inquired.

"Yaas'm, lady," replied the girl, munching the bacon and hot bread which she sopped in the black-strap and devoured in ecstasy, her eyes rolling heavenward.

"I wonder if you know whether Mrs. Howe has returned?" inquired the novice cautiously.

"Yaas'm," replied Lucille.

"Is she going away again?"

"Dunno, ma'am."

A bell tinkled from somewhere within; the little novice folded her hands a moment, then crossed herself, turned and went into the refectory, her white veil floating like a cobweb in the wind from the closing door.

Instantly Operator 13 ran to the great wicker hampers

filled with soiled garments. Here were the habits, wimples, collarettes, coiffes and veils of the order, destined for the laundry or for dry cleaning. And among them was the habit of a Sister of Sainte Chryse, evidently a visitor at Saint Joseph's. The habit of this order seemed to be cream-white and brown, and hooded over the wimple like the capuchin of a Trappist, or of a missionary Carmelite father.

The girl hesitated, then seized this unfamiliar dress, the wimple and collarette, and white wool stockings.

Rows and rows of coarse, low-cut shoes belonging to the nuns stood along the gallery, awaiting cleaning. She found a pair to fit her, unhooked a rosary from the bunch that dangled from a hook under the laundry clock, and rolling everything into a hasty bundle, crept out into the gray light of daybreak.

Nobody in the street was yet astir; she arrived in the orchard once more, breathless, and fell to putting on the garments over her rags of a Negro boy—the coarse white stockings, clumsy shoes, white wool habit, starched collarette, bonnet, wimple, coiffe; and over all she flung the thin, nut-brown overcloak with its peaked capuchin which left her face in shadow.

Then, under this, she buckled her belt around her with the knife in its sheath behind and out of sight, and hung the rosary with its brass crucifix from the soft leather girdle about her right thigh.

Never had this young actress dreamed of playing so magnificent a rôle in any drama ever written. Never had she known such alarm as now penetrated her with a terror so utterly delicious that the combination of pleasure and fear seemed almost unendurable.

She knew that the end already was very near—that the final curtain already was twitching to descend. But what might be the impending finale no longer worried her, and she gave no thought to it in the glory of her overwhelming exaltation. She realized only that hers was the leading rôle; that this was her drama; this her great moment; and she meant, by God's grace, to make the most of it though Death sat watching her across the footlights.

She had been knocking for nearly ten minutes at the front door of the Morris house when a sleepy, half-dressed Negro maid opened the door and stood rubbing her drowsy eyes.

"I have a message for Mrs. Howe," whispered Operator 13.

"Mis' Howe in bald, lady," whined the black maid.

"Wake her and say a messenger from Mr. Gaston is here," murmured the girl.

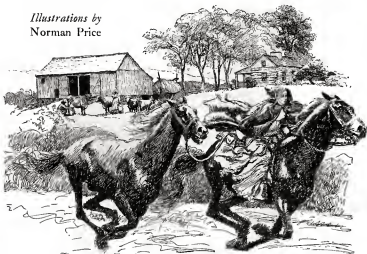
"Lady, ma'am, I dassent wake up Mis' Howe—"

The girl pushed her aside and stepped into the hallway. There was a coat-and-hat closet with a key in the door which stood open just behind the Negro maid. With abrupt violence Operator 13 pushed the maid into it and turned the key on her. She listened a moment, but the Negress appeared to be dumb with terror, for no African howl came from within the locked closet.

Through the open front door the sickly pallor of daybreak illuminated the carpeted hallway. Operator 13 did not entirely close the door; a little morning light still came through the crack. She walked forward to the foot of the stairs, and stood still, listening intently.

She could see nobody on the dusky landing above, but there certainly was a noise of something stirring up there. Then a bedroom door

Illustrations by  
Norman Price





*Operator 13 and her prisoner swayed together on the stair landing, tight-locked, wrestling.  
"I know you!" panted Lady Green-sleeves. "I'll see to it that you are destroyed!"*

opened: candlelight flickered over wall and ceiling. Instantly Operator 13 started to ascend the carpeted stairs. As she arrived on the landing, Lady Green-sleeves confronted her.

There was a startled silence; then Lady Green-sleeves

calmly inquired where the strange nun came from. "Your maid admitted me," said Operator 13. "I come from Saint Joseph's."

"You are not a nun of Saint Joseph's."

"No, madam, a visitor. I (Continued on page 118)

O. O. McINTYRE says:

"If I had a boy I should like him to awaken on  
Christmas morning and be joyous over a single gift!"—

# A Pair of Red-topped, Brass-toed Boots for Christmas



I WAS IDLING through the Bowery a few evenings ago and in the jingle-jumble of a pawnshop window I saw a row of those china shepherdesses that used to simmer across our parlor mantle. For several blocks I was assailed by a vague thought that would almost

flower and then tremble away. And all of a sudden Time swung back in charming clearness.

Those were replicas of grandma's shepherdesses—my first Christmas gift to her in the long ago. I paid a dime for them at the Brosius Bankrupt Store. I thought them the most beautiful things I ever beheld, and today I am thinking of them as emblems of the wholesome simplicities the world has suddenly lost.

It seems to me that most of us have bungled Christmas. To me as well as to my wife, it has become something of a horror. Instead of planning for its innocent pleasures, we find ourselves trying to slip off somewhere *sub rosa*, with instructions to those left behind to forget our forwarding address.

Christmas has aroused the most terrifying inhibitions. Many of us are afraid to give presents for fear they will not be "nice enough" and will actually offend. Modernists have stripped children of all the illusions about Santa Claus, which is a pity, I think. No childish belief furnished so much joy. Why in the world, I wonder, was it taken away?

In the demure harmony of Innocence, so tender, so blithe, what possible harm was there in believing the benign figure of rosy-cheeked cheer, Kris Kringle, would come reindering over the clouds on Christmas Eve? No childish thrill could possibly surpass the radiant expectancy of standing before the hearth waiting with beating hearts. What a hot flush to memory!

After all, Lincoln believed in Santa Claus. So did George Washington, and innumerable others who grew up to be splendid men and women. Even now, in



My first Christmas gift to grandma was a couple of china shepherdesses.

middle age, when I go rustling through paths of recollection, the most lucid impressions cluster about writing letters to Santa and hanging up stockings. In no time at all I find myself giddy.

There is always a fullness about rearward prairie. It places one in the category of has-beens, out of step with the times. Yet those of us who know the Christmas of thirty years ago have a right to gumble.

A Christmas ago, for example, I was unhappily cast as an unexpected visitor at a very rich home, dragged there by a friend. In an enormous nursery a spoiled child was whimpering among the most extravagant array of toys I ever beheld. There were electrical trains spinning over a network of rails; complete fireman and cowboy costumes; a jazz-orchestra outfit from basement to golden saxophone in miniature; a punching bag on a portable platform, and so on.

And yet this terrible modern child had made the entire household unhappy because he had not been presented with a pony and dogcart. His nurse tried to cajole him by experimenting with the many mechanical wonders, but it was all hopeless. I liked to turn him across my knee for a hearty larruping.

I could not help thinking of my first memory of Christmas on a Missouri farm and how supremely happy it was. My sister and I believed thoroughly in Santa Claus. We had sent him innumerable letters up the brick chimney.

Before daylight, in our flannel nightgowns, we tiptoed down the creaky stairs to the musty parlor—opened only on Christmas and when the preacher called.

We tiptoed across the room to our stockings in a breathless hush. Santa had been there!



Look! Santa! Santa!

In the faint smitching glow of an almost-dead grate fire hung our stockings. We tiptoed across the room to them in a breathless hush. Santa had been there!

In my stocking was an orange and half a dozen sticks of candy in a sack of pink netting. On the floor near by was a pair of red-topped, brass-toed boots. In sister's stocking, too, there was an orange and candy, and on a chair a bright red hair ribbon, a copy of Louis M. Alcott's "Little Women" and a knitted fascinator.

We smothered our joyous emotions and slipped back to our beds, to lie awake in wide-eyed happiness until we heard Jake, the hired man, rattling the kitchen stove—the signal for the beginning of another day.

Then we rushed down the stairs and gave vent to our glee. Grandpa and grandma came, and we danced around them. It never for a second occurred to us that Santa had not satisfied all our longings. After all, he had been there; had climbed down our chimney; had remembered us.

I donned the boots and skittered out into the frosty morning. Old Clay raced up from his bed in the barn, the contagion of my spirits exciting him to furious tail-wagging, leaping in the air and barks.

I remember that I went to bed that night wearing the boots until cramped feet awakened me and I had to take them off. Then I slipped them under my pillow.

Perhaps in maturity we are all apt to give exaggerated prominence to inconsequential details which stipped our youth. Yet we cannot help feeling that in that green leup of exuberance—crude as it was—we were happier than children today.



Illustrations by Lucile Patterson Marsh

If we look back upon the modern spectacle with its furious voltage thirty years hence, it may seem then as naive as our day seems now. But I don't think so. Life has been outrunning itself and must pause for breath. Thirty years from now, the present will be, I firmly believe, a pathological memoir.

Without knowing it, we have turned the final screw in the cycle. We have come back to the day when little Robert is going to be thrilled on Christmas morning by a "Daisy" bobbed, a poke of candy—and nothing else.

All this may sound harsh. But it does not mean taps are being sounded for the world's happiness. Too much of living has been irrelevant, and it has required a catastrophic shake-up to make us realize it.

If I had a son—and it is the most regretful thing of my life that I haven't—I should want him to experience the Christmas we used to enjoy in our sleepy little town that has nestled snugly on the banks of the Ohio for a hundred years. I should like him to catch something of the real spirit of "Peace on Earth—Good Will to Men" which a high-speed civilization has almost crushed out.

And most of all, I should want him to believe in Santa Claus. For—take it from this tottering veteranian—he was and is a swell gentleman.

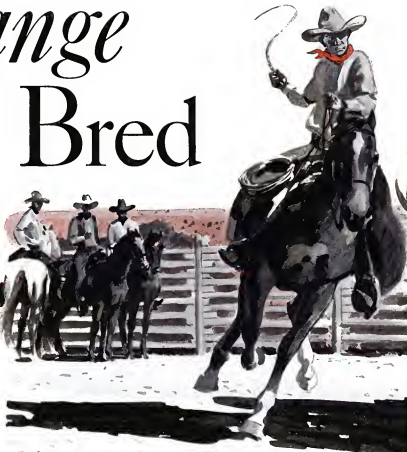
I should like the simplicity of Christmas to impress on my son the fact that there is much more to this miracle we call life than the illusory hullabaloo that has hypnotized our youngsters the past twenty years.

Finally—and with all the humility of which the human heart is capable—I should like him to awaken on Christmas morning and be quite joyous over a single gift—a pair of red-topped, brass-toed boots. I have a feeling life would mean much to him with this appreciation!



# Range Bred

Glory cut in fast, spurring her pony against Murdershot's flank. She was not trying for the rider, but for the flank strap buckle.



**L**AS CRUCES, little old cow town though it was, always drew a good crowd for its rodeo; but today the crowd was a whooper. It overflowed the grand stand, and pressed a thin dense line of people around the whole circle of the wire which hemmed the arena. Because the crowd was never entirely still, the younger of the forty or fifty cow-country riders within the dusty ten acres found it hard to forget that they were in the focus of ten thousand eyes. But the old contest hands lounged nonchalantly in their saddles or on the chute gates, indifferent to the impersonal crush outside.

The announcer's voice was blaring out over the loud-speakers: "Chute number five—Pete Reese of Tucson, coming out on the next bucking horse." Behind the bars of chute number five the red shadow-striped shape of a bronc named Murdershot jerked and heaved as the bucking strap cinched on his flanks, and his hoofs battered the pincking. The forty or fifty riders—mostly cowboys, but with a scattering of girls—were the crack ropers and bronc men of five states. Many of them had witnessed a thousand rodeo events; but they were quiet now, almost to a man, watching the saddling chutes. Knowing their game, they knew things about Murdershot which the crowd did not.

Murdershot was from up back the Pipe Rock country—he had never felt rope until he was five years old—and he had been in the man-fighting game only a little time. Before he had got on Jake Hutchinson's contest string he had been saddled perhaps half a dozen times, and sometimes ridden and sometimes not, but with the flanker—the thin strap rigged behind the

cante and cruelly cinched so that the fighting bronc went wild and bucked beyond himself, kicking at the moon.

In the few times he had been contested something had always gone wrong—he had smashed his rider's knees against the chute gate; he had popped a cinch; he had fallen and crippled his rider. Nobody knew yet whether the horse could be ridden or not, under rodeo rules. But every rider who had seen the red outlaw in action had him marked as a buckner who would be famous, in another year.

This was the unknown quantity which Pete Reese of Tucson was now about to ride—or try to. Pete Reese was a tall youngster made of whalebone and rawhide, and his face was weather-tanned leather. The riders, lounging in their saddles, waited in silence to see what he would do.

And of them all, not one waited with a more watchful attention than Glory Austin, who sat near the chutes on a borrowed buckskin pony. Unless you were a horseman you might not have noticed her there, a slim, straight-sitting girl in black broadcloth and silk. Her soft dust-colored hair and her cleanly made, olive-tanned features, heavily shadowed by her broad-brimmed hat, did nothing to make her conspicuous. And even if you had been near, her heavy-lashed gray eyes might have failed to catch your attention, for there were gates behind them that were closed to you and me.

Glory Austin was not entered in the bronc riding; her own trick riding work was done for the day, and done well. With the money won, she should have felt relaxed

and comfortably weary. But with Pete Reese about to ride, she waited with sharp attention.

Glory Austin had known Pete Reese only a space of months, but she had known the first time she had seen him that he was one in ten thousand—perhaps one in the world—so far as she was concerned. But for another reason this ride was, to Glory Austin, different from any other Pete Reese had ever made. Glory had never seen the red horse Murdershot until today, but if anybody could read the whole soul of a range-bred horse just by looking at him, Glory could. And she had recognized that Murdershot had been foaled to make a name as a killer. She did not believe it was by accident that Murdershot had somersaulted himself onto his rider at Cheyenne.

The announcer's loud-speaker was bawling: "Pete Reese is about to come out now . . . He's easing into the saddle . . . One of the boys is up on the chute to give a last haul on the flank strap."

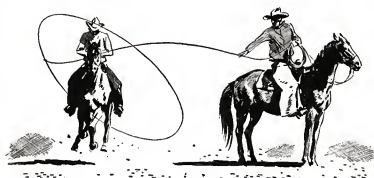
Lois Bart, Glory Austin's partner—they pooled and split their winnings—put her horse alongside Glory's. Lois Bart had a (Cont. on p. 99)

by ALAN LE MAY

Illustrations by Fred Ludekens



Showing that woman's place is in the cow country







by MARY RANDOLPH

**F**AMOUS characters were always coming to the White House and now came one of my favorite human beings, Will Rogers!

I happened to be in the Executive Offices on business, near one of the telegraph instruments, when his message came from Philadelphia: "Am I really invited to the White House, or is somebody kidding me?" "Kidding you nothing," clicked the reply. "You had better take the first train or you will be late for dinner."

"Hurry, man!" said the Chief Usher. "Go upstairs and put on your dinner coat. The President is already in the dining room!"

"Dinner coat, huh?" said Will. "I wore this coat," looking down at his neat blue serge, "all over Europe!" And so saying, he started for the State dining room, where, duly announced, he made his apologies for being late in his own inimitable way.

The next morning Mrs. Coolidge met him near my desk. "Oh, Mr. Rogers! I want you to meet my secretary, Miss Randolph."

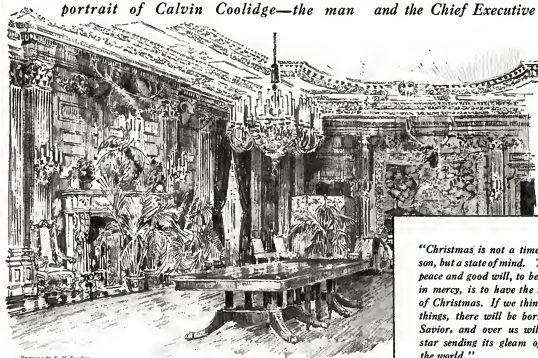
The sight of that wide smile and twinkling eye was cheering.

"Glad to meet you," said he. "I don't care," I replied; "that was a wonderful pony. He could turn on a ten-cent piece."

# Inside the White House

In concluding her intimate memoirs of the days in Washington, Miss Randolph completes portrait of Calvin Coolidge—the man

when the Coolidges "were with telling strokes her and the Chief Executive



Drawing by E. H. Sargent

The magnificent State Dining Room at the White House.

"I am glad you remember that pony," said Will. "I kept him as long as he lived—until he was old and blind."

Many interesting people came and went—among them the first Canadian Minister to anywhere—the Honorable Charles Vincent Massey, brought to the White House to present his letters of credence by the British Ambassador, then Sir Esme Howard.

The condition of the house, which sheltered the President and in which were received so many distinguished guests, had for some time given concern to the engineer officer in charge of the building.

This was the year 1927, and the great beams used in the reconstruction of it in 1814 were known to be worm-eaten and unsafe. Of tremendous length, extending as they did from side to side of that huge house, the strain put upon them by supporting the enormous roof was terrific.

And not only this, but in one section, at some date in the past, a large water tank had been installed in the attic; and in placing this, one beam had been cut away for quite a distance to about a quarter of its original thickness. Only the mercy of Providence kept this particular beam from breaking in the middle and letting the roof down on us all.

"Christmas is not a time or a season, but a state of mind. To cherish peace and good will, to be plentiful in mercy, is to have the real spirit of Christmas. If we think on these things, there will be born in us a Savior, and over us will shine a star sending its gleam of hope to the world."

CALVIN COOLIDGE

Rudolph Forster, executive clerk at the White House.

An appropriation had been made for repairs to the White House; but for some reason Mr. Coolidge seemed reluctant to have the work begin, although the sharp reports and groaning of the wood at night gave evidence of the urgent need of immediate attention.

One day Colonel Cheney, then Military Aide to the President, and an engineer officer, came to my alcove, and his eye happened to fall upon a certain section (Cont. on p. 128)



President Coolidge and President-elect Hoover leaving the White House for the Inauguration ceremonies at the Capitol, March 4, 1929.

# Black Sheep, Black Sheep

Illustration by  
W. Smithson  
Broadhead



"Remember, I'm in your place," Vane told Elsie. "I'll do everything I can. I shall come back."

by  
**WARWICK  
DEEPING**

*Can even the curative  
powers of love ever  
really heal the wounds  
made by broken faith?*



## The Story So Far:

FROM ROME to Taormina in Sicily, back again to Rome and then to Beaulieu on the Riviera, Henry Vane had followed the route taken by Elsie Summerhays, whose own travels were determined by her employer, Mrs. Pym. Vane, a shy and solitary ex-convict, had made the acquaintance of the young English governess at a tourist hotel in the Eternal City, and as their friendship progressed he had begun to hope that his loneliness need not last forever. But the story of his past—a tragic tale involving a faithless friend and a hot-headed murder—had frightened Elsie in Taormina, and being compelled to leave suddenly with Mrs. Pym, she had been unable to see him afterward to ask his forgiveness, though she left a contrite note and followed it with a letter. Then, before he could catch up with her at Beaulieu, disaster had overtaken the girl—in a crisis brought on by the news that her mother was very ill in London and by the cruelty of Mrs. Pym in

giving her a check instead of cash for the trip across the Channel. After making frantic efforts to cash her check, Elsie had gone to Mrs. Pym's room in the Hôtel Splendide and attempted to take money that was rightfully hers, but had been surprised by her employer and after a violent scene handed over to the police, and so it was that no lovers' meeting awaited Vane in Beaulieu but only a chance encounter with the Pym child, Sally, who told him what had happened.

WHEN VANE left Sally he felt that he must do something at once. What a devil of a mess, and how paradoxical! Elsie the offender at the feet of the impeccable Mrs. Pym! He told himself that he had arrived at Beaulieu twenty-four hours too late. But was he too late? Had not life pushed him onto the stage just when the play was becoming real?

Shrinking from his greater tragedy, Elsie had found

himself involved in a little tragedy of her own, for it would be tragic to her, a thing of tears and of terror. A trivial affair? Yet no affair is trivial when society begins to treat you as a creature to be shut up in a box.

He entered the Hôtel Splendide, no longer shy of it. He was a person with a purpose. He had the confidence of his compassion.

"Monsieur le Directeur is at dinner, Monsieur." Vane produced a card. "I will wait in the lounge. Give my compliments to Monsieur le Directeur, and say that I shall be extremely obliged if he will see me."

He added a fifty-franc note to the card, and his business was hastened. In ten minutes, a *chasseur* came to inform him that the director would see him in his private room.

Vane found that polite and intelligent person in evening dress, standing behind a bureau. He came to the point at once.

"I am much obliged to you, sir. I am a friend of Miss Summerhays; yes, the governess in Mrs. Pym's service.

I have heard about the episode. I shall be grateful if you will give me the facts."

The Frenchman observed him with polite mistrust. "Monsieur has some authority?"

"That of a friend."

"It is an unfortunate affair, Monsieur. I regret it."

"I gather that Miss Summerhays was in desperate need of money. She had been called to England."

"That is how I understand it, Monsieur."

"And this—lady, Mrs. Pym?"

The Frenchman grinned. "Not a sympathetic person, Monsieur. No, Monsieur understands me. He will treat with discretion—?"

"Absolutely."

Monsieur le Directeur nodded. "I think the young lady—lost her head. Yes, it should never have happened, but Mademoiselle having lost her head—and Madame her temper! Voilà, le feu d'artifice! Malheureusement, Madame demanded the police. Mademoiselle could not deny having taken the money, or the

## Black Sheep, Black Sheep

fracas between herself and Madame. I applied ice, but no, Madame was vindictive and Mademoiselle dumb. I telephoned for the police." His elbows and shoulders expressed regret.

"I gather that the *gouvernante* had had provocation, Monsieur, but when a woman loses her head! Yes, an offense had been committed, and Madame was insistent. But after the arrest I telephoned the English consul. The ladies are English subjects, and I wished to do what I could for the *gouvernante*."

Vane expressed his thanks. They shook hands, and Monsieur le Directeur bowed him out of the room, looking relieved over the smoothness of the interview.

WHEN VANE arrived at the consulate at Nice, the clerk to whom he addressed himself was entering the morning's letters, for the day was still young.

"Is the consul in?"

"No, not yet."

"When do you expect him?"

The clerk looked at the office clock. "At any moment, now. Have you an appointment?"

"No. I have come to see the consul about Miss Summerhays."

"Miss Summerhays? You mean the English governess who was arrested two days ago?"

"Yes."

The clerk looked with interest at Vane. He was about to request him to sit down when a large man with a black beard entered the office and seemed both to fill and to possess it. He was dressed in gray, and at his heels followed a little Yorkshire terrier who peered at Vane through a mop of hair.

The clerk stood up. "This gentleman has called, sir, about Miss Summerhays."

Mr. Grylls said, "Ha!" and observed Vane with a pair of tranquil and wise blue eyes. "A friend of Miss Summerhays?"

"Yes."

Mr. Grylls said, "Come into my parlor," and picking up the small dog in his large hands, he introduced the creature to Vane. His blue eyes had a humorous gentleness.

"This is Tou-Tou, or the Empress Catharine. Just as autocratic. Well, you wicked little thing, say how-do."

The dog extended a paw to Vane, and Vane shook it gently and understood that he was going to find in Mr. Humphry Grylls an original and helpful soul, one who did not stand upon ceremony.

Mr. Grylls sat down with the dog on his knees, and Vane introduced himself.

"My name's Vane. I only heard yesterday about this affair when I arrived at Beaulieu."

"Offense against property and the person," said Mr. Grylls, pulling the dog's ears. "Very disgraceful, my dear sir. Any offense against property is so final."

"Have you seen Miss Summerhays?"

Of course Mr. Grylls had seen Miss Summerhays, and the lady with the golden hair, the Pym woman. He referred with oblique antipathy to Mrs. Pym. "May I take it that you are prepared to be a tactful person? And before we go further, what credentials do you produce?"

"I'm—just a friend."

Mr. Grylls said, "Ha!" and grimaced at Tou-Tou. "I am ready to do anything to help."

Mr. Grylls, still addressing himself to Tou-Tou, seemed to regard that hairy little creature as the wisest person present. "Anything to help. Tou-Tou is a practical lady. Well, let us be practical. How much do you know, Mr. Vane?"

"I saw the manager of the Splendide."

"An intelligent mechanism in perfect trousers. Did he say the poor child had lost her head?"

"Yes, he did."

"And Madame le Pym has the head of a gold pin. Absolutement. And poor Miss Tête Perdue is in prison. I will tell you the story as she told it to me."

With one big hand stroking the dog's head, he gave Vane a vivid account of the affair.

"So you see! Madame fobs the girl off with a check and conceals her money. Unfortunately, I was elsewhere; I had to be elsewhere. The poor child rushes about like a bewildered hen. Everyone and everything falls her. She finds herself in Madame's room. She finds money. Exasperation—well, certainly. She will take what is hers in this crisis. And then—*voilà*—Madame appears at the wrong moment. A scene—yes, a fracas. These affairs can happen so easily."

Vane said, "I understand that Miss Summerhays' mother is dangerously ill. And that, I suppose, is why—?" He was aware of little gleams of light under Mr. Grylls' black eyebrows.

"Yes, the human motive; utterly justifiable, perhaps. That is what makes the case damnable. You see, the girl wants to be in England, and they have caged her out here."

"Isn't bail possible?"

"They won't grant it in a case like this. The French are so absurdly logical. The girl is guilty. In France you are always assumed to be guilty, but in her case she admits that she took the money."

"So she has to sit still, while her mother—?"

"Exactly. The mother seems to have no relatives and about sixpence in ready cash."

"She will be put up for trial?"

"Yes. I understand the interrogation is tomorrow."

"She will be tried at once?"

Mr. Grylls looked at him tolerantly. "Perhaps in three months. France is logical, and leisurely."

"Three months!"

"Quite a little sentence in itself."

"And what sort of sentence will they give her if she is convicted? Surely the circumstances—"

"Extenuating circumstances. But an offense against property! She is liable to five years—and more."

Vane's face seemed to sharpen. "What? Preposterous; damnable!"

"Well, perhaps two years, perhaps a year. It will depend upon the temperament of the Assize Court and on her advocate and on her appearance. There is the question of money for her defense."

"I'll put up that."

Mr. Grylls' eyes gave an approving snap. "Excellent. I'll get hold of the best man I can find. Meanwhile—"

Vane understood him, and the immediate pathos of her crisis. "Yes, her helplessness in the matter of her mother. Would it be possible for me to see her?"

"Oh, yes, I think so; most certainly so. The police do not refuse me what is reasonable. But if I am able to produce you as a person of authority—"

A SMILE showed on Vane's face. "May I exaggerate a little? You can suggest me as a friend who wishes to—"

"Miss Summerhays' fiancé?"

"I hadn't. But in a crisis. I mean, I hadn't yet put it to her."

Mr. Grylls seemed to smile in his beard. "Let us assume the probability. Even the French are open to sentiment, though they may label it something else."

Vane's recollection of the French prison was that everything about it had been whitewashed. The room into which he was finally led was small and naked, with a wooden table and three hard-bottomed chairs standing on a red-tiled floor.

The guardian remained by the door. "*Asseyez-vous, monsieur.*"

Vane eyed him tentatively. The fellow looked good-tempered, and Vane's hand felt for his wallet. He sat down on one of the chairs by the table and spoke politely to this minor official.

"Monsieur, when Mademoiselle arrives would it be possible for you to wait in the corridor?"

The man smiled upon him sagely. "Unfortunately, Monsieur, it is not permitted."

"No? Mademoiselle is my fiancée. It is natural that I should wish to see her alone. Possibly you can exercise your discretion."

It was a good word, and the edge of a neatly folded

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crisp hundred-franc note reinforced it. "Well, to oblige Monsieur. I will give Monsieur five minutes."

Vane thanked him, and sat down. At any moment Elsie would appear in this chilly, morose, depressing room. What would she look like? Would she be very different from the Elsie of Taormina, the Elsie who had run away from reality?

Suddenly the door opened. He saw two figures, a large woman in uniform, and beside her Elsie in her English clothes, a shrunken and threadlike Elsie.

He stood up. He was aware of her eyes fixed upon him. "You!" And then he realized that she had come to this room without any knowledge of the identity of the person whom she was to see.

The door had closed on the large woman. Vane heard himself speaking, "I saw Sally yesterday; I came at once."

SHE stood just within the door and looked at him almost stupidly. Her face was both harrowed and expressionless, for already she was showing signs that stupor, that dissociation upon some of those who pass for the first time into the cage. Vane could remember just such a torpor smothering him. He glanced impatiently at the official, who opened the door, and removed himself and his chair into the corridor.

Vane saw Elsie turn her head as though any movement or sound startled her. He drew back a chair for her.

"My dear, you need not explain things. I know."

Her eyes rose to his, questioningly, defensively. The pupils were large, a kind of swimming blackness. Her lips quivered. "I did not know it was you."

Slowly she sat down; her hands lay in her lap; she stared at the table. She was like a bloodless thing, without substance or strength.

He understood her stupor, that horrible feeling of being other than your self, or as though your self had become dissociated, and he knew that during the few moments he had purchased all the movement and the action could be his. He had to rouse her from this stupor.

He sat down on the other side of the table. He spoke quietly and deliberately. "Let me talk for both of us. We have been allowed five minutes alone. I came here with the consul, and he is your friend. Now I want you to realize that I understand everything. If I had been in your place I think I should have done what you did. I should have been with you earlier, and this would never have happened, but your letter missed me and followed me to Rome."

She looked at him like a child. "The money; it was the money."

"Yes, I know. Don't let us talk about that, Elsie. It's the present that matters, and the future. I want you to let me be part of it."

His voice, his gentleness, his self-control seemed to soothe her. Her eyelids and lips trembled.

"I did understand; I did—really. You must have thought me such an empty fool. But everything was wrong that day. Things do, don't they? Just when you're not ready? They take you unawares. I—I lost my head, because it was so sudden."

His eyes smiled at her. "I had to tell you. It would have been pretty beastly if I hadn't. But let's put that aside. I know what's terrifying you now."

Her stupor had passed; her face was alive and poignant. "It's Mother. I wanted to get to her so terribly. This helplessness! I can't go to her, and she may be dying. It's so—so horrible."

Vane had produced a notebook and a

pen, and he opened the notebook. "Give me the address."

"Number 27, Pulteney Street. It's off the Fulham Road."

He wrote it down. "I'll go at once."

She looked at him half questioningly, as though she had not understood him. "You mean you are going to England?"

"Of course, I'll do everything that can be done for your mother. I want you to leave it to me."

Suddenly she became wholly and passionately alive. She seemed to fall forward over the table, and before he realized what she was doing she had grasped his hands and was kissing them.

He was profoundly moved. "My dear, you mustn't do that!"

He tried to withdraw his hands, but she held them fast, her face pressed against them. She was weeping.

"Don't take them away, don't—please! Oh, how different you are from what I was! I didn't understand, then."

He looked at her dark, bowed head, and her hair seemed all blurred. He was conscious of feeling tender towards her and grateful to her for the revelation of this tenderness. He bent and softly kissed her hair.

"Elsie, I'm not going to harrow you, dear. I'll just do everything I can. I shall be over there, and I shall be here. Remember, you are not going to be alone. I shall come back and wait."

"Oh, I'm so ashamed. When you wanted me, I ran away."

"There, there! There's nothing to be ashamed of, darling. This sort of thing may happen when one cares too much. Life catches one breathless."

Gently he withdrew his hands, and taking her head between them, raised it and looked into her face. The eyes were closed, the lashes wet.

"Remember, I'm in your place. I'll do everything I can. I shall come back."

She opened her eyes. She said nothing; she just looked at him, and neither of them noticed that the door had opened, and that the prison official was closing it, keeping his back turned.

"The five minutes, Monsieur."

Vane stood up, smiling at Elsie. "Remember, say to yourself, I am not alone."

She repeated the words: "I am not alone."

In London, Vane put up at the Grosvenor. He dined early, and then, hailing a taxi, was driven to Pulteney Street. Number 27 was a high, narrow house in yellow brick with stucco embellishments over the door and windows.

The blinds were down. Vane noticed that the second-floor windows were dark. A flight of gray steps led to the front door.

It took him some seconds to find the bell, and as he stood waiting he thought of his mother, his mother sitting in the park with the autumn leaves falling. He remembered Mrs. Summerhays' stillness, her air of tired and gentle fatalism. Suddenly a light was turned on in Number 27's hall. The door opened.

He raised his hat. "Mrs. Bloom?" The woman's face seemed to hang out into the night like something attached to a stalk. Her hair was untidy; her breath perfumed. "Who is it?"

"I have come to see Mrs. Summerhays. I have come from abroad on behalf of her daughter."

Mrs. Bloom put a hand to her forehead. She was in a state of emotion. "Thank the Lord someone's come. I've bin nearly off my 'ead. I 'ave."

"How is Mrs. Summerhays?"

"How? She died this morning. Yes, poor dear. And I've been off my 'ead, not knowing what to do."

She retreated into the passage and let Vane in. He was aware of the woman's air of tousled and inflamed distress.

"I'm very sorry. You see, her daughter couldn't come. She's ill. My name's Vane."

He spoke to her gently, and his gentleness produced in Mrs. Bloom a sudden moistness. She became very wet about the nose and eyes.

"Oh, dear sir, I 'ave 'ad a time. 'Er all alone, and me with no girl in the 'ouse. It's upset me terrible, because she was the sort of lady you couldn't 'elp getting fond of. And I felt all along that she wanted to die."

Vane nodded. He said, "I'm sure you have done everything you could for Mrs. Summerhays. What was it—exactly?"

"Pneumonia. She was all maxy like at the end. Are you a relation, sir?"

"I'm Miss Summerhays' fiancé."

The news seemed to console Mrs. Bloom. "There, now, isn't that nice? It's a mercy you've come, sir. And the poor young lady. 'D 'ave 'ad to send a telegram, and really it's beat me 'vat to put into that telegram. But you'll be taking charge, sir."

"Yes, I shall arrange everything."

She peered up at him. "Would you like to see 'er, sir?"

He followed her up the stairs, feeling how strange it was that he should be going to look at this dead woman who was Elsie's mother.

Mrs. Bloom opened a door and hung back. "You'll excuse me, sir, but I can't stand more corpse today."

What an expression! She had switched on the light and he slipped past her into the room, and became aware of all sorts of objects and impressions: a narrow white space on a pillow, the room's stuffiness; the remnants of a fire dying in the grate; a forgotten tray with a feeding cup on it; a slate-colored dressing gown hanging over the back of a chair. On a table on the other side of the bed were medicine bottles, an orange, a watch, a couple of letters.

Vane felt curiously shy and self-conscious. He moved on careful feet round the bed, with his eyes on Mrs. Summerhays' face. He behaved as though she were sleeping. He picked up the letters and discovered Elsie in them. He put them back on the table.

A SENSE of the utter loneliness of the room oppressed him. He was conscious of pity, vague fear, a realization of life's insecurity. He sat down on the chair with the gray dressing gown hanging over it. He covered his eyes for a moment with his right hand and suffered the silence of the room to sink in deep.

And then it occurred to him that he was sitting where Elsie might have sat; that he was responsible for this room and all that was in it—the dead woman, her letters, her poor little belongings. Not only would he have to deal with the Mary Summerhays who was dead, but with the things that survived her. It was due to him. He glanced round the room and noticed a wardrobe and a chest of drawers. What did one do with a dead woman's clothes?

Again he looked at the white face. He asked himself a question. Was it a tragedy? Who could say? No one but the woman who lay there.

Even in that poor bedroom with its human debris the remnants of a woman's contest with life, he was impressed by the purity of the face on the pillow. It occurred to him that she would never know that Elsie was in a French prison. Also, feeling his responsibility, he opened

one of the drawers of the chest, and found it meticulously neat, all its contents in order. Even in this back street, Mrs. Summerhays had kept the remnants of her life in order.

He opened a second drawer and found a letter lying waiting for the person who should open the drawer.

"To my Daughter."

He hesitated, and then, realizing that it might contain details that would guide him, he opened the letter. It was very brief and simple.

Elsie:

If anything should happen to me I wish to be cremated.

I should like all my clothes to be given to Mrs. Bloom. She has been very kind to me.

My will is in a black hand bag in the bottom drawer.

My dear, I am very tired, and it is not difficult to die. You have been the one creature in the world who has given me some happiness—and comfort . . .

VANE READ no further. He slipped the sheet back into the envelope. He knew now what it was necessary for him to know. He looked again at Mary Summerhays. He was moved to speak to her, though she lay dead.

"Be at peace, Mother. I, too, have suffered. She shall not suffer on my account, I promise you."

Then, before leaving, he found the black hand bag and extracted Mary Summerhays' will. It was in a long envelope, and contained a letter from the firm who had acted for her, and Vane now knew to whom he could apply. He slipped envelope and document into his pocket, and, escaping from Mrs. Bloom's emotionalism, he walked back to the Grosvenor.

It was very late, but he sat down to write to Elsie.

My Dear,

Your mother died this morning, quite peacefully. I gather that for the last day or two she was only semiconscious, so that even if you had come she might not have known you.

She left a letter for you which I dared to read. Forgive me, but it was as well that I did read it, for it contained some of her last wishes. I did not read all of it. I am forwarding it with this letter of mine through Mr. Grylls.

There is a patness in all this that is mine as well as yours. I would say to you, "Try not to feel bitter," but I do not think there is any lasting bitterness in you. None of our violences help us to live.

I have everything in hand. I shall be with you again very soon.

Remember, no loneliness.

He went downstairs and posted the letter. He also wrote to Mr. Grylls:

Mrs. Summerhays died today. There is a letter in the post to break the news. You may agree that the letter will be more gentle.

Afterwards he read Mrs. Summerhays' will. She had very little to leave: a thousand pounds or so in government stock and her furniture. All of it went to Elsie.

When Mr. Soames put his head into Mr. Blagden's room and said, "Mr. Vane's here, sir, to see you," he could have added, "And he looks a changed man, sir." And when Mr. Blagden saw Vane come into the room he remembered that other occasion when Vane had appeared

to slip through the wall like a ghost. This was a different Vane.

"Hello, Harry. I did not know you were back."

They shook hands, and Vane's grip was more positive, though he did not know it. "I'm over just for a few days. I had to come over to do something for a friend."

"You're looking jolly fit."

"I am fit." He sat down and brought out the copy of Mrs. Summerhays' will. "I don't want to waste your time, Blaggy. You are a busy man these days, but I'd like you to glance through this. Yes, it's a will, and another firm's affair, but it's mine, who pocketed it and sat looking at Mr. Blagden's inkindness."

He passed the document across to Mr. Blagden.

"A will? Had a good time, Harry?"

"Yes. I've ceased to be dissociated."

Mr. Blagden read the will, and found it, according to legal standards, simple and straightforward. He passed it back to Vane, who pocketed it and sat looking at Mr. Blagden's inkindness.

"I'll see the people who drew it. How are the kids, old man?"

"Oh, just kids. Come dine with us."

"I'd like to."

There was a pause. Mr. Blagden was interested in the resurrection of Henry Vane, in this air of second youthfulness, in the level voice and the reinforced grip. "Any plans, Harry?"

Vane looked at him a little shyly and smiled. "Yes, probably. I may settle abroad. Not quite sure yet. One gets sick of hotels. A *pié-à-terre*. Yes, probably."

Blagden did not ask any unnecessary questions. "What about tonight? We're free and shall be alone."

Vane made a movement of the head. "Six months ago I should have been afraid of your wife, Blaggy. I'm not now. Thanks, old man."

It was raining when the Train Bleu dropped Vane at Nice, and the train was busier than the sea. He had wired Mr. Grylls and that most unofficial official was waiting at the barrier. Vane was surprised that he should have taken so much trouble.

"I did not expect to see you here."

Mr. Grylls did not say that life became more interesting when you did what was not expected of you; he got into Vane's hotel bus with him and talked about the weather and the world's financial crisis. But as they were preparing to get out he gave Vane a piece of information.

"I think we are going to be lucky, my dear sir. Lady will be tried next month."

"Is that lucky?"

"We'd say so if you had been as long in France as I have."

HE REMAINED to have tea with Vane, in the lounge of the Hôtel du Palais. He took his tea without milk, and from somewhere slices of lemon arrived on a saucer. Mr. Grylls looked at them intently, as though the yellow circles had an esoteric meaning for him.

"That's one of the problems that worries me, Vane. Did the Pharaohs of the third dynasty know of lemons? I must have had my slice of *citron* even in those days. By the way, I have arranged for you to see her tomorrow. You'll find her serious and sad and calm. She has taken the thing strangely well. I could have got her bail, but she refused it."

"She preferred to stay in there?"

"It may seem a curious attitude, but it has its virtues. I suppose a prison can be quiet and orderly. It lets you sit still and get your bearing, and life for her has been a rather breathless business."

Next day the official word descended and was kind. Vane was allowed to see Elsie in her cell alone, and he saw her as Mr. Grylls had described her, serious, calm, sad. When the door closed behind him she rose, walked to him and just—stood. Her stillness was the stillness of shy acceptance. It seemed to ask for nothing, and yet to offer everything.

He put his hands on her shoulders and gently kissed her forehead. "My dear, it's good to see you like this. I got back last night. Everything—is finished." He looked at her tenderly. "Do you want me to tell you? No, I don't think there is anything that will hurt. You could not have altered anything."

"Do you think she suffered? But then of course you could not know. I'm glad she left her clothes to the woman. I can't yet realize that I shan't see her again. I haven't thanked you yet."

"Oh, yes, you have. I'm here."

"I must owe you a lot of money."

"Not a penny."

"Please! I know you know I'm without anything at present. I've had to borrow from Mr. Grylls, but Mother had a little money. You've kept an account?"

"No."

"But that's wrong of you, very wrong."

"Is it? Can't we look at it from another point of view? If you marry me when all this is over—I haven't asked you properly—but I'm not pushing my own affairs at the moment. After all, a man can choose to be responsible."

"Oh, my dear." She returned to her chair and sat down. He waited. "May I tell you something?"

"Yes."

"You remember that day at Taormina? I went up to the ruins on the hill thinking there was no one else in the world like you. You gave me such a sense of security." She paused, and he smiled.

"And then the idol crashed."

"No. It was I who did not understand. But now I know there is no one else in the world like you. I'm so—so happy."

For a little while there was silence between them.

Then he said, "Elsie, then everything's quite different, and so utterly different to me. No, I can't say much. One can't, you know. But I'm happy, because there's a meaning in life. That's all."

She raised her head and looked at him. "How lonely you must have been."

"Lonely? Yes. But there is something else. Grylls told me that he could get you out of here till the trial."

"I'd rather stay here. You see, I believe in things. What I mean is, I have a belief—in God, and being here is like being by myself with all those other things for a little while. Almost the convent idea."

He nodded; he understood her. "A little secret time sacred to yourself. Yes, after months of Mrs. Pym."

Her eyes thanked him. "Yes. How good of you to understand. You see, it is very quiet here. There is no one to stare at me. I'm so sensitive about that—sometimes. And I know they are going to find me guilty. I may be in prison for a year. Yes, Mr. Grylls warned me, but I think I knew. I used to wonder and worry about things, the why and the how, but now I know that things just happen."

Perhaps Vane had never disliked bottled humanity so thoroughly as he disliked the crowd in that French Assize Court. It was a restless, chattering crowd, out for sensation.

A gross person in a greasy frock coat sat down on Vane's pocket, and heaved

**FIRST IN AMERICA... now in EUROPE**

# Half-Face Beauty Test proves Woodbury's

**FINEST OF ALL COMPLEXION AIDS**



THE ROTHSCHILD HOSPITAL... one of the largest in Vienna, where Dr. Sussman is a distinguished member of a distinguished staff.

In Vienna . . . city of beautiful women, Dr. Theodor Sussman conducts first of European Tests.

It's news! . . . when anyone can show Vienna, or any other Old World capital, anything new about beauty. Or beauty care. They were noted for their exquisite women before America was even discovered.

Yet . . . here's what happened—in Vienna . . . under the supervision of Dr. Theodor Sussman and his assistant, Dr. Betty Trebitsch. They assembled Viennese women of all types for the Half-face Test. (The same beauty test conducted last year in America by the leading dermatologists of 14 cities.)

Every day for a month, each woman washed the *right* side of her face with Woodbury's Facial Soap. The *left* side with her own accustomed beauty aids. Every day the doctors compared the two sides. Read their report:

"Dry and scaly skin became soft and smooth. Scales, parchedness and wrinkles disappeared. The sallow complexion gave way to a fresh pink. The left side of these faces (cared for by other methods) remained unchanged.

"In cases of oily, and even *very* oily skin, the use of the soap eliminated the excessive shine.

"Where a skin showed large pores and pimples, these dried out after a short while and disappeared completely; the large pores flattened out and disappeared; while the other half of the face (cared for by other methods) retained its former appearance."



DR. THEODOR SUSSMAN . . . head of the Dermatological Department of the Rothschild Hospital.



BARONESS KATHIE HEINE-GELDERN . . . descendant of the great poet Heine, was one of the participants. She comments:

"I have participated in the Half-face Test and have found Woodbury's Facial Soap to be superior to my regular toilet ritual. It is truly a revelation what this soap can do without the aid of expensive creams and lotions."

Records of the Vienna clinic show that 40 cases of blackheads, 36 cases of coarse pores, 33 skins with pimples, 11 faces with wrinkles, 14 sallow complexions, 19 dry skins, 22 oily skins . . . were helped or entirely corrected on the side of the face washed with Woodbury's Facial Soap . . . while these conditions remained unchanged on the other side of the same faces, cared for by other methods. These records only confirm the results obtained in the nation-wide clinic in leading American cities.

Give your skin this simple beauty treatment which has proved itself more effective than Europe's most expensive beauty aids. Begin tonight to wash your face with Woodbury's! You won't need to wait 30 days to see results. Almost instantly your skin will show new life—and loveliness.



**FREE SAMPLE** Send this coupon now for liberal cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap **FREE**—enough for a week's treatment. Or send us coins to partly cover cost of mailing and receive charming week-end kit containing generous samples of Woodbury's Creams, new Face Powder and Facial Soap.

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 725 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio  
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Name

Address

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himself into position. He had a mouth like a red wound in a tenuous black beard. He kept clearing his throat and spitting carefully between his boots.

He addressed Vane. "Plenty of good stuff on the market today."

Obviously, he was there to enjoy himself. On Vane's right hand were two girls who looked like *sidinettes* taking a day off. They giggled and fidgeted.

Everybody talked and perspired. The place was insufferably hot, and full of a green-gray light. The windows looked dirty. There were rows and rows of faces, more faces in the well of the court-officials, the jury, the gentlemen of the law, the judge. This presiding official was a little lean man with an irritably intelligent face; he had a gray tuft of hair on his chin like a tusk.

Into this human showroom came Elsie Summerhays, rather like a figure in pale wax, to be stared at by the crowd, appraised, discussed, gaped at. Vane understood that she would shrink from being stared at, and it seemed to him that her face was different from all the other faces. It had an essential purity; it seemed to float; it was both asleep and awake.

He was aware of her eyes searching for him, and when they found him they remained fixed on him for some seconds. She smiled. She sat between two agents, her hands in her lap, her face tranquil.

Here was the first case, and it was simple. There was no sex in it, nothing to please the crowd. In this cinema show the face of the accused registered no tormented emotion. It was just a white sheet.

Vane watched Elsie's face during the examination of Mrs. Pym, and all that he saw was a flicker of gentle irony. She looked weary, tired of the heat and the faces, and the wranglings of Monsieur Pernot, the *avocat* Vane had engaged through Mr. Grylls, and his flamboyant advocacy.

There were other witnesses: the valet and the *ferme de chambre* from the Splendide, and even Monsieur le Directeur, intelligent and careful, and the two *agents de police*.

The crowd grew more restless; it began to fidget and talk like a bored audience at a public meeting, and yet Vane gathered that the sympathy of the crowd was with Mrs. Pym. She was a live animal; she had flavor; she could answer back. There was no fight in that rather plain and quiet young woman who sat as if she were in a church.

VANE BECAME conscious of feeling very tired during Monsieur Pernot's oration. It was histrionic and emotional, and when Monsieur Pernot was emphasizing the extenuating circumstances Vane got the impression that as a Frenchman Monsieur Pernot was not interested in them. A miserable thousand francs and a scuffle between two women! A silly, trivial business, she thought the public. Oh, pass it on, pass it on, and let us have something more provocative! And Vane, observing the bored faces of the jury, and the sharp countenance of the judge, understood that there could be only one end to all this talk.

But when he heard the verdict and the sentence, he was conscious of a shocked anger. One year's imprisonment.

It seemed so absurd, so illogically logical, the product of the machine. He was watching Elsie. He saw one of the agents touch her arm. She rose from her chair, looked across at him, smiled.

Then passed through a door in the wall and disappeared.

Mr. Humphry Grylls could not alter the action of the machine, but he could and did persuade the authorities to send Elsie to serve her sentence in a prison that was run on the lines of the *Maison Correctionnelle* at Fresnes. Mr. Grylls called it "La Maison Masquée."

In this prison were confined persons whose sentences did not exceed a year. The régime was cellular and silent, and at chapel or when exercising every prisoner wore a mask. The prisoner's identity was veiled; she could not be stared at or recognized; the penance was her own penance, to be suffered in secret.

ON HER FIRST night, when all the lights were out, Elsie sat on her bed, and fear came to her in the darkness. They had locked her in; she had no key; other people kept the key. For three hundred and sixty-five days she would be a clockwork figure responding to routine, a mouse in a cage, a creature who had not the right to say yes or no to the people who controlled her.

Control! She undressed and got into bed, and as she lay there in the darkness and the silence she had a sensation as of being held down in the bed. Other people's hands. They would not let her move. And so vivid and compelling was the suggestion that she lay cold and still, the victim of self-imposed paralysis.

It was a transient palsy, but it so scared her that she lay for some minutes quite still, listening to her heart beating hard and fast. She had a feeling of not being herself. She was a bloodless, will-less thing stretched out in the darkness.

The phase passed, but it left her cold and shivering. She wanted to call to somebody, to God, but when she sat up in bed and tried to pray her conscious self was helpless as a reeling sky. She felt shut in with her fear. She found herself repeating certain words. "I can't get out. I can't get out. No key."

Then gradually her consciousness seemed to clear. She began to externalize her fear and to comprehend it. She understood that she had lost control of all the life that was outside four walls. Things might happen out there and she was helpless. People might come and go, remember or forget, care or cease to care. Three hundred and sixty-five days.

She was in love with a man, and her love seemed to be the only thing that was left to her. It was all that she was and might be, a blind and sublimated tenderness, the very essence of her serious soul.

Supposing she should cease to matter? From that moment fear took to itself shape and substance. It was to live with her all through those days. It would sit beside her and walk with her and lie beside her. It was to produce in her a kind of self-abasement, shrinking from the urge to possess. It would make her feel plain and foolish and insignificant. How could she hold that which she loved?

What did a man ask for in a woman? Three hundred and sixty-five days!

She would feel that during every day some part of his caring for her might fall away and drop like fruit from a tree. This fear made her inarticulate and self-accusing. She accumulated secret shames, moods of negation. No, she must not clutch or try to influence him. She would just sit very still, and wait.

Three hundred and sixty-five days. . . . On the next day she had a letter from Vane. She kept it unread as something precious until the evening, and then she found that he had used that beautiful word, "Beloved."

She was conscious of a thrill. She sat motionless with her eyes closed, letting that word sink deeply in.

She read his letter. It was a kind of confessional, and when he told her intimate things about himself he explained that he wanted her to realize that he understood. He described his own first year in prison, showing her how one might be wounded and how one could avoid those wounds. He said:

I came to understand that there was solace in surrender. I had broken the social compact, and society had a right to its retribution. I did not look upon my sentence as an act of revenge on the part of society. I had taken away life. It was right that society should compel me to give up so many years of my life.

Sometimes circumstances are too strong for us. We are caught in a moment of weakness or of overmastering emotion, and we are whirled over the edge of things. I spoke to many men in prison and very few of them had planned to do the thing that they had done. Often the very crime was a passionate attempt to right some other selfishness or foolishness.

Very few men are fraudulent for the sake of the mere cash. Life and our own vanity may involve us. We may strike or do things in a panic. We stampede like frightened animals.

To you, my dearest, none of this applies. You lost your head for the sake of your heart.

I want to say things to you, because to a sensitive nature society's condemnation is always a shock. One is in disgrace, and it may seem a dreadful disgrace. One broods; one sits and stares.

Outcast. The feeling that things can never be the same. All one's thoughts are turned inward. Introspection, a dreadful feeling of loneliness, of being different, inferior. One may have moments of terror, moments when one feels shut up in a box. Sudden rages or, even worse, days of dreadful apathy. You wish to die. You hate yourself. You feel furnished. Torpor. Nothing matters.

My dearest, I went through it all. I am not telling you this in order to exhibit myself. I only want to warn you against some of the illusions, for to you they would be illusions. I do not want you to suffer, because in a prison one can create one's own sufferings. And because I love you; because my life seems to have been re-created through you. Is that a little thing to say?

I want you to think of what you would wish our life to be, where you would wish to live it.

Shall it be down here in the sun? Think, my dearest, think. Shall we have a corner of our own somewhere here? Would you be homesick for England? Yes, I have been dreadfully homesick sometimes, but we could cure each other of that.

But my dearest, no feeling of self-negation, no feeling of having sinned against things.

Next week I shall see you. Every week I shall see you. Fifty-two times. That's wonderful.

# Cordelia Biddle *today*...Cordelia Biddle *nine years ago*. Her skin lovely now as then —How does she care for it?



CORDELIA BIDDLE IN 1923, when she was pronounced one of the twelve most beautiful women in America. She cared for her skin with Pond's Two Creams.

**Mrs. T. Markoe Robertson,**  
the former Miss Cordelia Biddle, is the mother of  
two boys in their teens. She tells frankly just  
how she keeps her youthful freshness.

CORDELIA BIDDLE TODAY, lovelier than ever! She says, "Pond's Two Creams completely care for my skin."

**I**HAVE never stopped being interested in doing things! I swim and ride horseback and dash around as much today as when I first came out.

"And I have never lost interest in caring for my skin! I keep it fresh and vital by the same rules I followed years ago."

As she tells you gaily about her way of life—her way of caring for her skin, Cordelia Biddle looks amazingly like the very same lovely young thing who talked about keeping the skin "exquisite" with Pond's just nine years ago.

As you look at that clear transparent skin, you simply refuse to believe that Cordelia Biddle spends most of her life in the open.

"My rules boil down to two things," she says. "Keeping my skin clean . . . And protecting it."

"Pond's Cold Cream takes care of the first rule. It is deliciously light. Goes right into the skin, and takes out every speck of dirt."

"You can't swim and golf and skate and ride horseback, season in and season out, and keep a nice skin unless you use some *protective*."

"That's where Pond's Vanishing Cream comes in. I don't know what's in it. But I do know my skin has never got rough and out-of-doorsy."

*For a Simple Home Beauty Treatment . . .* Here's the famous Pond's way that is used by hundreds of women: First, *cleansing*—Pond's Cold Cream followed by the soft, absorbent Pond's Tissues; then *stimulating*—Pond's Skin Freshener patted on briskly; then *protection and finishing*—Pond's Vanishing Cream—and to it your powder clings for hours!

**Send 10¢** (to cover cost of postage and packing) for choice of **FREE** samples.



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Please send me (check choice):  
Pond's New Face Powder in attractive glass jar. Light Cream ☐ Rose Cream ☐ Brunette ☐ Natural ☐  
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Tune in on Pond's, Fridays, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. Music rhythmized for actual dancing . . . Leo Reisman and his Orchestra—WEAF and NBC Network

## Ham & Eggs—American Style (Continued from page 51)

beautiful woman I've ever seen. Is she really a princess?"

Johnny spoke in an excited whisper. "She's the reason I'm down here!"

Vilas roused himself with an effort. "Why?" he asked tonelessly.

"Boy howdy! You have missed a story! She persuaded the prince not to hook up in that deal with Rumania and Czechoslovakia, and the politicians did her dirt. Only three days ago they succeeded in having her marriage annulled and bounced her out of the Balkans. The prince gets a couple of million berries out of it and is sitting pretty in Balkania, his only worry being in choosing whom he'll make his new princess."

"The tip we got in the Paris office was that Princess Sara was coming here and that she's hopping mad and ready to tell the whole story about the goings-on between Balkania and the other powers. What a yarn that'll make! Who's this de Montigny?"

"Just a rich bird who lives at Cannes," Vilas said. "He wanted to marry her for years before she became princess."

"And you called each other by your first names!" breathed Louise ecstatically. "What perfect English she speaks!"

"She was an American, once," said Vilas.

"Listen, Mr. Vilas, she knows you and this is a whole of a story," Johnny said excitedly. "Don't you want to handle it?"

"It's your story," said Vilas flatly. Then, to the girl, "Shall we dance?"

Vilas and Louise were standing on the terrace, watching the gleaming lights of Antibes across the mirrored blackness of Golfe Juan. From the almost-empty restaurant came the soft music of the Argentine band, whose sweeping crescendos and abrupt, unfinished endings left Vilas strangely stirred and uneasy. "Indianapolis," said Louise dreamily, "seems a million miles away."

Into the man's eyes leaped a picture of a clean, vital city, a city still young, not tired with the accumulated burdens of the centuries. An American city, where people hurried about their business, talking his own language.

Another picture came—that of a place far from any city, where, beneath soft, smiling skies, a weary man might live out his life in peace. There was no jazz there, no throbbing, restless beat of accordions; mocking birds sang in the spice-scented orange groves. A sleepy little town, Largo, and not really pretty, but even its name gave you a sense of peace and contentment.

"... and it seems to me," Louise was saying, "that if I were a man I'd want to live exactly the life that you have here in Europe. You know everyone worth knowing; you've been everywhere; you're a real cosmopolitan."

There was a joke somewhere, he thought dully. He was sick of European politics, European people, European everything, yet she was admiring him for the very things he wished to put out of his life. But in some fashion that he was too weary to figure out, she was putting something back into him that he needed; youth, perhaps, when he had thought he would never know youth again. He was very conscious of her standing there in the glamorous night.

Afterward, looking back, he couldn't remember how she came to be in his arms. But his arms were tight about her and her young, eager face was turned up to his.

For a long, long moment the world reeled dizzily. The soft pressure of her

lips was intoxicating; he forgot that he was tired, that he wanted the peace of quiet places, that he was twenty years older than she. And presently, shaken by the swiftness of the thing that had come upon them both, he released her, took her gently by the arm and led her into the safety of the crowded casino.

Three afternoons later, Paul Vilas shook the tepid water of the Mediterranean from his eyes, scuffed through the tiny breakers and came to a stop at the edge of the bench, glancing at the solid ranks of sun-bathers who thronged the narrow, narrow crescent of white sand. Then he slowly made his way toward the scarlet-and-yellow parasol beneath which Johnny Black and Louise Frazier were sitting in earnest conversation.

Vilas halted a dozen steps away and eyed them uncomfortably. They were both so young, so eager, and Johnny, at least, was so very much in love. But the older man had been educated in a hard school. No man had ever smoothed his path, or stood aside that he might scramble up the ladder of success more swiftly. Johnny, he assured himself, was much too young to understand; before his earning power would be sufficient to support a wife, he would have fallen in and out of love a dozen times. Vilas squared his heavy shoulders and stepped toward the parasol. "Hi, you youngsters," he called, "move over and let an old man get out of the sun!"

Johnny looked up with start. Vilas' eyes narrowed as he saw the boy's hand move quickly away from the girl's. But he sat down beside Louise and relaxed gratefully in the shade.

"I've flopped, Mr. Vilas," said Johnny miserably. "I've laid an egg on the biggest assignment I've ever had."

"How?" asked Vilas calmly.

"The princess won't tell me a thing! She talks to me about everything, it seems, until I try to remember what she said. My God, what a woman! She's the most beautiful thing I ever—"

"Oh, she is, is she?" interrupted Louise leily.

"Yes, she is! She's glorious, but she treats me like a silly kid. Asks me about Mr. Vilas, here, and talks a lot, but never says a thing. I'm going to have tea in her apartment this afternoon and—"

Louise yawned and moved closer to Vilas, who had closed his eyes and was lying very still. "Well, run along, child," she said dispassionately, "or you'll miss your big moment."

Vilas heard Johnny's discouraged sigh; heard the boy's feet slither away through the sand. He tried not to remember Sara's note, neglected three days, now. He tried not to remember the reproach in her dark eyes when their glances had met across the gaming tables at Nice, the evening before.

Five years ago, a note from her would have brought him from the most distant corner of Europe; now, they were at the same hotel and he had avoided her.

He felt guilty about Johnny's story, too. The biggest piece of news in years. Why, he wondered, was he not aflame with eagerness to get it on the sabbath? Instead, he was calmly letting the kid bump his nose against the stone wall of Sara's silence when he could have got the story himself within an hour.

He wondered why Louise was so quiet, sitting there beside him. The memory of that single kiss was still bright in his

mind, all the brighter, perhaps, because it had not been repeated. During the three afternoons and evenings when he and Johnny had shown her every casino from Monte to Cannes she had been gay, enthusiastic, but elusively aloof. And Vilas, despite his hungry longing to crush her firm young body with his arm, had made no effort to break down the invisible barrier she had raised.

"What's the matter, Louise?" he asked now, looking up into her thoughtful face. "Are you really in love with Johnny?"

She hesitated. Then, quite simply, "I used to love him once. He was a half back at Purdue, and he seemed pretty wonderful. But now I've grown up and I'm upset in my mind about him."

Vilas smiled indulgently. Her veneer of worldly sophistication had vanished and she looked very young indeed. He resolved to give Johnny one more chance.

"He's a BRIGHT kid, Louise," he said. "Most youngsters in this racket come over here full of enthusiasm and oozing ambition from every pore. In a year they're flat-fingered from holding bar glasses and I have to fire them. If Johnny'll keep out from under café tables, he'll have a job some day."

"That'll be fine," she said, without enthusiasm, "but we'll—we'll—" Her voice trailed off. Then, suddenly, "But compared with you, he's just Johnny Black, a kid I've always known! He could never be like you if he lived to be a million. He'll always trip over curb-stones and say 'Boy howdy!' when he's excited and let head waiters bully him."

Her hand was close to his. He knew it was absurd for him to be thrilled by the mere act of taking her fingers into his. Only once before had he really been in love; even that had been somehow different.

"Listen, my dear," he said shakily. "I'm forty years old, more than twice your age. A few days ago I'd have thought that being so much older would make a whole lot of difference. Now, it doesn't seem to matter. I've learned a lot of things, my dear, knocking around the way I have, and I'd try to use what I've learned to make you happy—and—"

He hesitated. Then, characteristically: "Oh, hell's hot cinders! I'm no good at putting things into words! But I do want you to marry me. Will you, Louise?"

There was no coquetry, no sophistication, in his deep blue eyes as she looked down into his face. Her fingers were still in his and he was holding them tightly.

"Of course, Paul," she said softly. "I wanted you to ask me from the very first. Maybe I ought to confess that I sort of—sort of made you."

He laughed happily and tried to think of something to say, but nothing came to his mind. So they just sat together, their fingers intertwined. After a long time Louise spoke.

"I wish I could feel a little easier about Johnny. He's really a sweet kid and I think he's always loved me."

"He'll probably mind it a lot at first," Vilas conceded. "Then, like most youngsters, his age, he'll get over it and fall dizzily in love with someone else."

She thought that over in silence. Presently: "Tell me, Paul, where are we going to live?"

"For a month," he told her, grinning boyishly, "we'll just go traveling. We'll go to Madrid to see how Frank Seabury is getting on with the new government. Then we'll go to Rome, to Budapest,



DR. JULIO BRAVO  
of Madrid, Spain

"She had tried *everything* for her skin trouble..."

DR. BRAVO, the noted skin specialist, says,  
"Then I prescribed\*"

**S**KIN SUFFERERS, here's an extremely typical example of how fresh yeast acts to correct bad skin.

This case is one of many from the records of Dr. Julio Bravo, important member of the Spanish Academy of Dermatology. In his words:

"Last year an actress came to consult me with a stubborn skin disorder of the face. She told me she had tried all sorts of remedies without result.

"As the patient was chronically constipated, I advised yeast...three times a day.

"In a very short time her condition improved and the skin eruptions were arrested. I have seen this patient frequently since. She confesses that yeast has corrected her constipation and greatly benefited her health."

There's no magic about fresh yeast. It simply has remarkable powers to stimulate, "tone" and cleanse the entire system... ridding it in a natural way of the poisons that lead to complexion

blemishes, poor digestion, headaches—"run-down" health.

And as you eat it the first result you notice is better elimination. That's because yeast actually *strengthens* your intestines, at the same time softening the wastes in your body so they can be more easily cleared away.

Won't you try it? Grocers, restaurants and soda fountains have Fleischmann's Yeast. Eat three cakes a day—one before each meal, or between meals and at bedtime—just plain, or in water (about a third of a glass).

For free booklet on Yeast for Health, write Dept. Y-H-1, Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Dr. HYNER, noted authority of the University of Bratislava, states: "Fresh yeast is universally recommended by doctors for... skin troubles... arising from putrefaction in the intestines."



#### \*IMPORTANT

Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in vitamins B, C and D—the kind famous doctors advise.



(Above) "MY OWN DOCTOR advised Fleischmann's Yeast to clear the impurities from my system," writes Miss Emily O'Brien of Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

"I was suffering from indigestion—felt miserable—was sluggish—and began to have eruptions on my face. I was horrified..."

"After eating yeast ten days I had no more indigestion. No headaches. And I could hardly believe it as my complexion began to clear. My experience bears out what doctors say about yeast."

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to Prague. And then," he continued, a note of anticipation creeping into his voice, "we'll take the Europa home. My resignation has been on file in New York for six months, now, and we'll go to my citrus grove in—"

The expression in her eyes stopped him. "But we wouldn't stay in the States, would we?" she asked. "Just think of all the fun we could have over here! All my life I've wanted to do just the things we've done for the past three nights. It's been too wonderful!"

"I'm tired of the newspaper business," he said uncomfortably. "I've saved enough money so I can retire and—"

But she was not listening. Her voice cut in, vibrant with enthusiasm. "Listen, Paul, Dad has a perfectly tremendous drag at Washington. I'll bet he could get you appointed consul or ambassador, or something, to some marvelous place over here. I'll cable him tonight. You'd make a wonderful ambassador, even if you are likely to kill a king's beard if you get mad about something!"

HE LOOKED away, his eyes cloudy with misery. Perhaps, he thought dully, if she could see the quiet little town of Largo . . . But he knew better. She was young, avidly reaching out for things that, to him, had lost their savor. Now her fingers were pressing his in sudden excitement. "Here comes Johnny," she said. "I hate to tell him, but we'd better get it over with."

Vilas was relieved to have some other and more tangible problem to face at this moment. It was obvious that the boy had failed again. His face was drawn with disappointment. He dropped to the sand beside Louise.

"Swell reporter I am!" he blurted. "I got nothing but tea and a lot of conversation, mostly about you, Mr. Vilas."

"Listen, son," said the older man, meeting the issue squarely, "Louise and I are going to be married."

Johnny's face went white, then crimson.

"Oh, Johnny," said the girl, reaching out to touch his hand, "I'm sorry if it makes any difference to you, but we just couldn't help falling in love. You don't really care much, do you? You'll be chasing all over Europe, seeing wonderful things, meeting wonderful people, and some day you'll meet a wonderful girl, a girl like the princess, and—"

Johnny's face was twisted as he glared at Vilas. He scrambled to his feet and stood there, shaking with fury. "A swell boss you turned out to be!" he flamed. "Sending me off to get a story so you could make love to my girl! You knew damn well I couldn't get the story, but you just wanted to be alone with Louise."

"Vilas sat still, not avoiding the boy's raging eyes, letting him have his say."

"What's the old gag—May and December?" he sneered. "Well, go to it, but listen: you can have my job and jump into the lake with it, see? I'm through right now."

"Black!" snapped Vilas harshly, his gray eyes cold and bleak. "What you think of me, personally, is your business. Maybe you're justified; I don't know. But you're on a story and you're not quitting until you're tired or relieved of your assignment. If you sink away, you'll be blacklisted with every paper in the States. I, personally, will see to it. Understand that? You're to stay right here till you get that story."

"Johnny!" begged Louise, her young face very flushed and glowing in its earnestness. "Please listen, Johnny! You know how much I care for—"

She hesitated and began again. "We sort of

grew up together, Johnny, and I guess we just got used to each other. But I love Paul, and we're going to have a wonderful life together. He's going to retire from newspaper work and get himself a grand job over here in one of the big capitals and—oh, Johnny, I never knew there was anyone like Paul except in books!"

Vilas' face was more gentle as he said evenly: "Take a deep breath, Johnny. Don't decide about quitting until morning. I'm going to leave you two to talk things out. I'll meet you in the casino at ten o'clock."

Too restless to endure another moment at the crowded boulevards, Paul Vilas gathered up his counters and wandered out into the cool, clean air of the terrace. Beyond the railing a full moon drenched the blackness of the Golfo Juan with an unreal flood of crimson. Tiny wavelets, splashing on the flat beach, made a sound that was infinitely soothing to his tired mind. Aimlessly he descended a flight of stone steps.

Oddly, he was not surprised when a voice called to him in the semi-darkness. "Paul!"

"Sara!" he said. She was standing in the shadow of the terrace, all alone. "What are you doing here?"

"De Montigny is waiting for me in the baccarat room. I'm trying to decide about something. I'll go up presently."

It was restless just to be near her. You didn't have to explain things to Sara. She understood. He lighted a cigar for her. In the vivid splash of flame her face was sad. Vilas was still studying her when the match went out. He had something to tell her. It wasn't going to be easy, but it wasn't in his nature to shirk an unpleasant job.

"I want you to congratulate me, Sara," he said.

She was silent for a long time, but at last she said: "The American child, Paul?"

"Yes." She said gently. "I'm sorry, Paul, but I can't congratulate you. You will both be very unhappy."

"She is very lovely, Sara," he said slowly, "and she makes me feel young again. I hope you're wrong. I hope I can make her happy."

Her voice shook a little. "Paul, aren't you homesick, as you used to be? Don't you want to retire to that Florida grove?"

"Please, Sara!" he said sharply. "I've given that up. She—she's too young, too magnificently alive, to be buried. I've no right to let her out of the world. Later, perhaps, in a few years—"

"My poor Paul," she said softly. "Your citrus grove has moved from where you can find it to the very end of the rainbow. You'll have to begin life all over again, Paul. You'll have to begin to lead the life of a young man unless you wish to break the American child's heart and make her as old as you."

Suddenly Vilas remembered that he had danced uncounted miles in the past three nights. He had not gone to bed before sunrise since he had met Louise. Other nights, limitless nights, when he would dance until dawn, stretched out ahead of him. God! How tired he was! Louise, and young Johnny, too, had loved it. They weren't tired; they could dance forever, it seemed. How long would he be, already tired at forty, be able to keep pace with Louise? What would happen when he became too weary to go on?

"If the prince hadn't stolen most of my little fortune," Sara went on in her calm, restful voice, "I should like to buy your little grove in Florida. I remember what you used to tell me: The sun is

hot in the daytime and the nights are always cool. There is not too much to do. You have time to sit aside and remember things that you thought you'd forgotten."

"Don't, Sara!"

"I'm not so young, either, Paul. I'm thirty-eight, and the troubles I've had have made me very tired. There is, after all, home, I should like to go home. I should like to wear an old dress and low-heeled shoes and—"

"Sara!" he cried. "Sara, we loved each other once. Let's start life over again, you and I. I can't marry Louise. It would be wicked. After a while she'd hate me. And I'd be tired of living. There's an Italian liner leaving from Villefranche tomorrow morning. Let's take it. We'll have the captain marry us."

She made no answer. He went on recklessly:

"We're going to do it, Sara! Never mind the details; I'll take care of everything. Just one thing you must do. You'll have to let young Black interview you. It'll be a great thing for him. I'll assure his future with the syndicate and I'll have done my duty by the office, and to him, and—yes, and to Louise!"

Her hand was in his. Very solemnly he bent over and kissed it.

The asthmatic taxicab shuddered to a stop just as the lighter was cast loose from the quai. Louise Frazier and Johnny Black raced across the porch, but it was too late. Black, glancing toward the jetty, studied the outline of a great liner at anchor in deep water.

"That's the boat, all right," he muttered. Once again he pulled a crumpled paper from his pocket and glanced at it.

My dear Louise (he read): Take good care of Johnny. I'll be an easier and happier job than caring for me in my declining years. You are a sweet child, and you love Johnny, so marry him as soon as he gets his well-earned raise for the swell story he wrote last night. I'll send you a wedding present from the States. I'm leaving on the Rex tomorrow.

Paul Vilas

"Do you see him?" asked Louise, as the little boat drew slowly away.

"No, but—"

From the forward end of the tender came a sudden thump, followed by a deep voice raised in angry expostulation.

"NAME of a name of a name!" The idiomatic French came clearly to the ears of the two on the wharf. " REGARD that trunk! Is it that you must play le tennis with my luggage? For two francs Tu—Allez! Allez!"

Simultaneously their eyes flew toward the sound of that remembered voice. They saw a middle-aged man, dressed in a baggy gray suit. A chapless cap was perched at a truculent angle on his grizzled head as he berated the clumsy porters.

Standing just behind him, and looking on with a quiet smile of understanding amusement, was a slender woman whose features, beneath the dark sun-glasses that obscured her eyes, were vaguely familiar. She wore a sport dress of a familiar vintage, flat-heeled shoes and a soft, close-fitting hat.

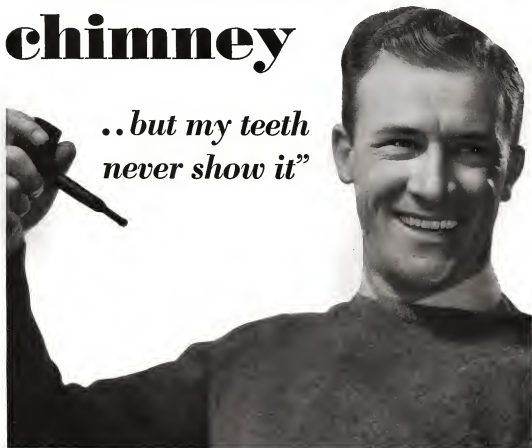
"Paul!" Louise called uncertainly. But Paul Vilas neither heard nor saw the smartly dressed pair on the sea wall.

"Well," said Louise shakily, "I guess that's that!"

She felt a firm pressure on her arm. Slowly, thoughtfully, the two turned and reentered the waiting taxicab.

# "I smoke like a chimney

*..but my teeth  
never show it"*



It is probably welcome news to men who smoke, as well as women, that Listerine Tooth Paste has amazing ability to remove not only tobacco stains but other unsightly discolorations from teeth.

All tooth pastes do not do this. Some achieve fair success. Listerine Tooth Paste does it superlatively well. We have the enthusiastic word of a good many hundred men and women for that.

If you haven't tried Listerine Tooth Paste, do so now. See the improvement in the looks of your teeth after one or two brushings. Look at them at the end of two weeks and

you will wonder why you were ever content with the results of other tooth pastes.

Your own examination will show you that your teeth are cleaner, whiter, healthier, and that your gums are firmer and sounder. It will be a source of satisfaction to you also to realize that when you use Listerine Tooth Paste, your breath will be

sweeter. That is to be expected. It contains some of the deodorant essences of Listerine itself. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

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**PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSHES**

At 25¢ the tube, Listerine Tooth Paste saves you approximately \$3.00 per year over tooth pastes in the 50¢ class.

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HANDKERCHIEFS, BOSS, OR HAT	SHIRKERS, OR MOCASINS	OVERALLS OR LUMBER JACKET
WEATHER, GLOVES, OR KNICKERS	HOUSE SLIPPERS, OR SHOES	ONE OR TWO DRESS SHIRTS
PIJAMAS, OR UNDERWEAR	RUBBERS, OR GALOSHES	NECKTIES, SHIRTS, OR CUFF LINKS
RATPORE, OR RAINCOAT	BEAT, SUSPENDERS, AND	SPARE PLUGS, TREE CHAINS,
COLLARS, OR MUFFLER	GARTERS (ALL 5)	OR JACK

## Listerine TOOTH PASTE . . . 25¢

# Language of Love by Stephen Morehouse Avery (Continued from page 63)

pretended to be a rotisserie and found themselves in front of a long bar crowded with men drinking beer. Lola led him into one of the booths along the wall.

"Scotch," she told the waiter. "Plain water on the side."

"I'll be havin' the Scotch, too," said Macgowan. He sat with Lola in the booth and they joined hands. "Go ahead and drink it," he told her when the waiter had set down the small glasses. Lola had just sipped, as if it were an adventure. "It won't hurt you, Lola."

"Won't it make me cough?"

It didn't seem to make her cough, that drink or the next one. Macgowan had four but the stuff was cut to nothing and he scarcely felt it. Macgowan was not thinking about the liquor. He was thinking about young Dorland and that little house he had over in Corona.

And he was thinking about the day Bobby Starbuck had gone off the shift because his wife was going to have a son. They had all razed Bobby. They said they bet Bobby's son would have red hair and they wanted to know if the iceman was red-headed. Then it turned out to be a girl and Bobby said he was glad of it and punched Hank McNannery in the nose.

Macgowan told Lola about that and she sat there without saying anything until at last she asked: "If you had a wife that had a girl baby, what'd you do, Macgowan?"

Macgowan blushed all the way down to his collar. "I guess I'd hit Hank McNannery in the nose," he said. He had no idea why Lola was gripping his middle finger so hard. Her eyes were closed and a couple of tears squeezed out of them and turned black with mascara. Macgowan began to gulp and blink also, without any particular reason.

Lola said: "Well, if we're going to dinner, big boy, I got to go telephone."

"Tell your mother it's okay and I'll take good care of you," said Macgowan.

Lola made her way down beyond the long bar to a door marked "Ladies." There was a washstand in there and a mirror. Lola took out her compact and began repairing the damage her tears had done.

"You big sap!" she muttered. "Bawlin' like that over a ham-fisted mick!" Then she began to cry again.

AFTER A WHILE she had her face smoothed out. It was a pretty face, but it showed all the struggle of maintaining a pretty face, too, a little off-guard frown between her eyes, the tight corners of her mouth. In a way, it showed a seven- or eight-year history of Lola, the little-town girl who could dance, and Broadway and hopes of her name in lights or marrying a millionaire or something, and the first flop and a pulled tendon, and the mick who hung around girl shows, and richer but worse mick, and still worse mick not even rich, and always a pretty, bright face no matter what.

The door of the ladies' wash-room was kicked open and a girl Lola knew came in. She said: "Hello, Francine." Francine said: "Hello. What's the matter? What'd you expect to get out o' that red-headed cock heaver out there?"

"Lay off him," said Lola. "He could clean this place out with one hand. And he'd do it if I ask him to."

Francine went out and Lola put a nickel in the pay telephone on the wall. She got her number and began talking in a low voice. "Joe? Is Sam there

with you? . . . Listen, Joe, I got a big Irish sap that's got a hundred on him. Do you think it's worth it? I don't think it's worth it for only a hundred, do you?"

There was a long pause, and then she said: "Well, you'd better be careful about it because he ain't no set-up. You'd ought to get Sam and Rocco, too. At the garage at ten . . . What, Joe? . . . No, I can't make it sooner. I might as well get a feed outa him first."

She hung up the receiver, muttered something inaudible at the telephone. Then she went out.

Macgowan took hold of Lola's arm a little more confidently as they turned back into Broadway. He was complaining about paying fifty cents apiece for that alleged Scotch. "It ain't the money I mind," he said. "It's the principle. Maybe, you hatin' mobs so much, Lola, we ought to get us a taxicab."

"We don't need no taxicab for goin' two blocks," said Lola. "You men always want to get a girl in a taxicab, right away. You men are all just alike when it comes right down to it. What chance has a girl got? She gets herself in a taxi to go a couple blocks and the next thing she knows she's in Atlantic City." Macgowan was hurt. "I was never to Atlantic City in my life," he said.

They turned east into Forty-sixth Street and came to Bannerman's Grill. Half through the door Lola turned abruptly and bumped into Macgowan in an effort to get out.

He said: "What's wrong? Ain't this the place?"

Lola's gaze was beyond him, back in the room. She seemed reassured. "It's all right. I thought I saw a fella in there I don't like, but it ain't him."

"It better not be him!" muttered Macgowan.

Lola laughed and pinched his arm as they went to a table. "Listen here, gorilla, when I want any protection, I'll let you know. I can take care of myself."

Macgowan ordered soup, a mutton chop and pie, but Lola wanted very little. He said: "I'll take more'n a piece of lettuce to keep them roses in your cheeks, Lola."

He couldn't see what was funny about it. Lola seemed to laugh at nearly everything he said.

"A girl has to choose between her complexion and her shape," she said. "And they don't sell shapes in a box."

"I don't see what you'd want with a different shape, Lola."

"Well, you would if I ate mutton chops and quarters of pies . . . I'd like you perfect, anyways." Macgowan blushed for a minute. "Could you believe it we was only introduced this afternoon, Lola? Us talkin' about your shape! I feel like I knew you from the cradle, and I guess you do too. I mean about me. Don't you? It's 'cause I always had a kind of an ideal and you're it. You may have an ideal, too, for all I know."

"My ideal tonight is a big, red-headed mick. Now, shut up. If you really knew me, you'd be scared to death."

"I'd know there was a good reason for whatever you done," he said stoutly. "I couldn't believe nothin' bad about you, Lola, even if I had caught you at it. If a man knows women pretty good and they got blue eyes like yours, he can see right into their hearts."

Lola said: "Well, I couldn't believe nothin' bad about you either, big boy."

He began to tell her about all the men on his shift, especially about young Dorland who had the little house in Corona.

"It has a front yard and there's grass in it, Lola. Do you know, Dorland pays only forty a month for that house, grass 'n' everything. He's a riveter's assistant, too. I mean, he gets the same as me, and Dorland says he has plenty on it. I was ast to their anniversary and it'd done your heart good to see 'em."

"Dorland says there's another house like what they got on the same street. What he said was, 'Red, you had ought to get yourself a girl like I got and rent that house while you got the chance.'"

Lola pushed back her coffee cup. "Are you proposin' to me, Macgowan? 'Cause if you are, don't. I'd be as much use in your house in Corona as a hoot owl in a canary cage."

"Well, I didn't think you would do it, Lola," he said hurriedly. "I ain't like that fella we seen in the picture and I got to grow on you. What I thought was that after a couple years, with us goin' like what we did today—"

SHE TRIED not to laugh but she couldn't help it. "I'll tell you what I will do, Macgowan. It's nearly ten o'clock, and I'll let you walk home with me. And in the first dark doorway I'll give you a kiss."

"Will you?" There were moments when Macgowan was almost handsome. His eyes were so clear and full of light. They left Broadway and turned west on Fifty-second Street.

"It's almost over to Ninth Avenue where I live, Macgowan. Here—this doorway will do, I guess." She led him into the doorway of a tailor shop, putting up her mouth to him.

Macgowan held her hands against his breast and kissed her gently, the kiss of a bridegroom at the altar. His face was alight. "I guess I'm just dreamin' again, Lola." A street lamp opposite showed him the strange look of her face. He felt her hands tremble. "What is it, Lola? You said I—"

"Of course. Only I didn't expect you to do it like that. I ain't been kissed like that since—since I run away from home, I guess."

Suddenly she put her arms around his neck, and this was a different kiss altogether. It shook them both. Macgowan's arms swept her up, and it was all Lola's fault. He kissed her mouth and her eyes and the curl of bright hair on her forehead.

He said: "I love you, Lola." Clark Gable never said it any better. "I'll never love nobody like I do you. I can't stand to turn you loose."

Out of the pavement he was still bringing her to forgive him. "I guess I hurt you, Lola. I forget how big I am. I promise never to touch you again."

Lola was staring down at the pavement, indecisive. He thought she was going to be angry, but she looked up and said: "What's the matter with you, anyways, Macgowan? I started that. You didn't. Lemme alone a minute whiles I figure out somethin'. Maybe I don't want you to go with me no farther."

He made no plea and she stood there staring up at him, thinking. Somethings was dyin' in her eyes and he couldn't do anythin' to keep it alive. She was tired. He could not see the soul weariness that was in her, but tiny lines of tiredness came into her face.

She said: "Oh, come on, then. I must be goin' soft or somethin'. You can go a block or two more."

They passed the drug store on the corner of Eighth Avenue. They passed the

# Have another cup? make it 5—if you like—of DATED coffee

FIVE cups of coffee every day, if you like . . .  
Wouldn't this be wonderful news to every  
coffee lover?

But it's true! New scientific findings *prove* it.  
The normal healthy adult has a "coffee tolerance"  
of 5 cups a day—drinks this amount with ben-  
efit . . . *If the coffee is fresh.*

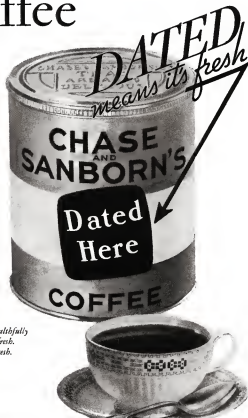
It's the rancid oil in *stale* coffee that often inter-  
feres with digestion . . . that is a frequent cause of  
headaches, sleeplessness and "nerves." And unless  
your coffee is dated, you can't be sure it is fresh.

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coffee. So you *know* it is fresh.

Rushed fresh from the roasting ovens. The date of  
delivery on every pound. And none allowed to remain  
on your grocer's shelf more than 10 days.

If you want 5 cups a day—drink it! Chase & San-  
born's is good for you because it's fresh. The dating  
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*Have another cup—it's good for you! 5 cups a day is healthfully  
stimulating to the normal healthy adult if the coffee is fresh.  
With Chase & Sanborn's Dated Coffee, you know it's fresh.*



## SCIENTIFIC AUTHORITY

Present scientific knowledge establishes the facts that the normal healthy adult has a coffee "tolerance" of fully 5 cups a day and that this amount of coffee for the average person is healthfully stimulating.

"Tolerance" means the ability of one's body to receive and utilize and enjoy without the slightest bad effect. But—that coffee must be fresh! The regular drinking of stale coffee has bad effects on the digestion.



bootblack stand and a row of grimy old houses. Ahead, about two-thirds of the way towards Ninth Avenue on their side of the street, a dim light bulb burned above the door of a garage. A sign out over the sidewalk read: "40c a Day—or Night." Underneath in smaller letters was: "Owner's license must be shown."

Lola began to talk rapidly and nervously, teasing Macgowan about his red hair. "I'll bet you got a temper like a traffic cop that's had his car run over on a cold night, Macgowan."

"You shouldn't hold a man's hair against him, Lola. I ain't even been in a fight since February."

They were within a few steps of the garage door. Lola halted and playfully reached up and pulled off his brown hat. "C'mon up to the light and let me see how red that mop really is, big fella."

"You said it wasn't so red when I ast you, Lola. You said it was aub—"

The blow came sideways from the garage door and struck the back of Macgowan's head with a sickening sound, a tire iron or something.

He pitched forward on his hands and knees, butting into a green city refuse tin at the curb. He felt no pain but his head was full of lightning flashes and balls of fire, rising and bursting.

Convulsively, Macgowan drew his knees in under him. Strangely he noticed first that his new suit was torn and bloodstained at the knee, and that was his first impulse to anger. Squirming around on his haunches, he saw three men in the doorway of the garage.

One of them came at him again with the tire iron but the woman ran at the man and held his arm. There was a confusion of voices and the man with

the tire iron was hitting at her and cursing. The woman was Lola. Macgowan remembered everything in one flash. He saw the man yank free and slap her, and from Macgowan's barrel of a breast came a guttural sound, primitive and terrible.

He grabbed the refuse tin and pulled himself up in time to meet their concerted attack. His head sank down between his hunched shoulders. His arms were swinging beams. He knocked the tire iron into the middle of Fifty-second Street and yelled at the pain in his hand. Fists, futile fists, were all over his head and neck. Macgowan held one man by his coat lapel and bludgeoned him with a huge iron fist until the thing was limp all over. It fell into the gutter.

The two others drew back, white-eyed, one of them yanking frantically at his hip pocket. Macgowan drove his fists into the man's teeth. The man's head cracked against the wall repeatedly.

Lola screamed: "Stop it! Stop . . . you're killing him!"

Macgowan looked at her, puzzled, and let the senseless creature sink down. He turned around to find the third man.

The third man was on his knees, babbling in Italian. Macgowan dragged him to the gutter beside his companion.

Lola still held Macgowan's hat in her hand. He tried to smooth down his hair and wipe his hands. All the red at the rims of his eyes was gone now.

"I didn't lose my temper, Lola. Honest, I wasn't mad. If you should ever have seen me when I was mad—but you can't ast me to let a guy slap my girl's face, can you? That ain't losin' your temper."

He took Lola's arm and led her down the street and around the corner of Ninth Avenue. She was crying.

"Well, you'd ought to do the same thing to me, Macgowan. I knew they were there. I brought you. I was in on it. We was after your hundred bucks."

He looked at her, blinking. He said: "I'll give it to you. I didn't know you wanted it. Only it's only about seventy-eight-forty now. I seen you try to keep that guy off me, Lola."

"I didn't want him to kill you, that's all. I was in on it, I tell you."

"I guess you couldn't help that. I guess they had you in their power. I knew it wasn't really you who done it."

"Won't you believe me when I tell you straight, Macgowan?"

"I won't believe nothin' bad about you, Lola."

She looked at him with her eyes full of that light again. "You mean—nothin' at all, Macgowan? No matter what? Even if it's true?"

"Nothin'," said Macgowan. "I know how women are."

She said: "Is that offer you made me still good, Macgowan? I mean, the house in Corona and grass and all?"

He opened his arms and she flung herself into them with a cry. For a long time she was in his arms, murmuring something once in a while.

"The only gentleman I ever met. You're the man of 'em all, Macgowan. Kill me if I ever ain't straight. I ain't never meant to do nothin' really bad. Gimme the chanse, Macgowan, and I swear I'll make you a wife that Dorland's girl ain't in it with."

"I guess we better get us a taxi, Lola. We don't look so good and we got a lot to do."

"Whatever you say, Macgowan. And I don't care even if I wake up in Atlantic City."

## He Is Giving the Kids a Break

(Continued from page 65)

you some of the plans we have—but leave me out of it.

First, I was conversed through the Ann J. Kellogg public school—a beautiful living memorial to Mr. Kellogg's mother—which is to be used as the nucleus in this great scheme that ties up adult health with child health and education, for the handicapped child as well as for the normal child. Here, on the same spot where Mr. Kellogg has learned his A B C's more than sixty years ago, the most extraordinary school in America has been built. Almost half the five hundred thousand dollars that the building and equipment cost was given by Mr. Kellogg, and he is pledged to furnish seventeen thousand dollars annually to meet the expenses of the special health services and instruction for some two hundred physically or mentally backward children among the total enrollment of seven hundred.

It's going to be hard to write about what I saw that afternoon I spent in this school without getting a little sentimental. You know, right now, lots of people seem to feel that America has finished her days of spiritual leadership and inspiration, and that we're just coasting along on our great record of the past. Well, you who believe that, come up to Battle Creek with me and go through this unbelievable school. Why, you would hardly call it a school—it's a combination of school and clinic and hospital and a great social laboratory.

I saw little children with twisted, shrunken legs take their exercise in a specially built pool, and I saw twenty kiddies at a time singing and laughing through their sun-bath. And I forced a lump down my throat when I watched mentally subnormal children being taught

a simple trade that would make them at least partly independent citizens. And I conversed with a "difficult" little girl who had suffered from nerves and had been talked out of them, and now was as happy as a bird in the spring; and I shall never forget a tall, slender boy of eleven who just didn't get along at all—until it was found he was under-nourished and after a few months in the Open Air Group, with extra milk and cod-liver oil and afternoon naps, he was started on the highroad to health and happiness.

A practical laboratory for the Foundation is this Ann J. Kellogg School. What is worked out here will be transferred to other units and other developments. It will prove of immeasurable benefit in finding out just what can be done for handicapped children, but the great dream of the Kellogg Foundation is to eliminate as far as possible the physical and mental handicaps of children.

"We want to go back of the child—before the child is born—to the parents," kindly Doctor Pritchard explained to me.

"We wish to insure the health and normality of the child by insuring the health of the parents. If we can have even a generation of healthy-born children—and then keep them healthy by proper food, education and environment—we'll have a much smaller problem regarding under-privileged children."

"But how are you going to make healthy parents?" I asked.

By the help of the family physicians, the educators, the nurses and the nutritionists, the people will be taught the value of health teachings, race betterment, eugenics and preventive medicine and its economic worth to the community," the doctor explained. "No matter

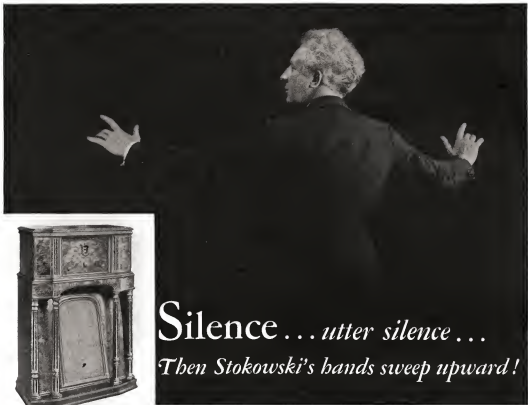
how great the Kellogg Foundation may be—and Mr. Kellogg is very wisely letting it prove its value before he places any great sum of money into it—we must concentrate our efforts on a few communities and units. If we scatter our fire we will be nowhere, but if we pick out a few counties and work away there on health and education for a reasonable number of years, we believe we can show such definite and tangible results in healthy, normal children that many others will follow our example.

"You know it's hard to believe—but it's true—that slum children in cities are healthier than children in the average country community. Poor city children and their parents have had the benefit of visiting nurses, free clinics and medical and dental inspection in their schools. Country children have had none of these. And so it is that we are turning our initial attention towards the country."

"As a start, we have taken Barry County here in the heart of Michigan as our field of endeavor. Here is a rural community with no large towns or cities. It is a good average farming country. Its general education facilities and child health and welfare are no better and no worse than the average in rural America."

"As a result of our initial survey we decided that first of all we must improve the school conditions. We found the majority of the country schools still centered in the one-room, inefficient and unhealthy one-room country school-house—the little old red schoolhouse that sounds so well in song and story but is vastly more sentimental than wise."

"Our first problem, consequently, was to eliminate this single-room, isolated school and get the children into modern,



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scientific and healthful consolidated schools, where the education, health and school environment could be handled more easily. But rural Michigan was burdened with debts and heavy taxation, and the farmers were in no financial shape to bear additional burdens. To help meet this problem of new schools, the Foundation arranged to pay one-third of the total cost of the building and equipping of consolidated schools, and assumed the health supervision for a number of years. As a result of this contribution, this community is gradually doing away with many of its country schools, and fine new centralized school units are taking the place of eight, ten, sometimes fifteen isolated schoolhouses. "Here in three new consolidated schools modern methods of teaching and training will march hand in hand with a definite health program. At the beginning of each school year every child will be carefully examined by the physicians of the local medical society—and everything will be looked after."

"The subnormal or badly crippled child will be sent either to the Ann J. Kellogg School at Battle Creek, in the adjoining county, or to a special school or institution of the state. Already Michigan allows two hundred dollars a year for the special care of a crippled child."

"In the work of the W. K. Kellogg Foundation the family physician is first considered. He is helped in every way possible. The special school examinations are taken care of by members of the local medical society. The Foundation

aims to emphasize the value of the family physician in the community, and all measures proposed by the Foundation are submitted to the Barry County Medical Society for consideration and approval.

"If little Johnny or Mary needs a better diet or some special attention it will be explained to the parents by the family physician. There will be a direct and constant contact between the school and the child and the parent. If the child is normal we will keep him normal and if he is handicapped we will do everything within the broad grasp of science to remake him into a normal and healthy individual."

"But how about the unborn child?" I questioned.

"That's where we hope to blaze a wider trail so that others will follow," came the answer. "With financial aid from the state and the government and the Rockefeller Foundation, we will establish in the county a permanent medical unit consisting of one doctor and three trained and carefully picked nurses, who will work in cooperation with the local physicians. The doctor will be the general health supervisor of the county. His three women assistants will be more than nurses; they will be social advisers and health enthusiasts."

"Each nurse will have a district that she will cover in her car. She will get to know each family and its particular problems. She will have the record of every school child in her district and during the summer months as well as the school year she will keep in touch with the family

and see that whatever is needed to improve the health of the child is done. If there is no money for the special examinations required, or for operations, the Foundation will help the family physician to take care of them."

"But more important than all that—the nurse will see to the health of the unborn child. Expectant mothers will be her extra-special care. She will see that all expectant mothers have medical advice and care that only the wealthy in the cities normally have. She will have a great deal to do with bringing in a new generation of healthy-born and normal children."

"We will concentrate on Barry County and then expand to include two adjoining counties, so as to form a real working unit. The plan is not limited to race, creed, or geographical boundaries."

Well, this sensitive, almost shy man of seventy-one who made all this possible doesn't have to worry about its being just a pipe dream. It is the sort of brave and daring determination to find and help build a new world that Columbus had. It is an explorer's job he is doing.

He is thinking straight about it all. To build better citizens and a better country, we must have better-born, better-fed, better-educated, better-privileged children.

I hope that Mr. Kellogg lives to see the first of these better-born children. And I hope he lives to see them better fed and better educated. Then I hope he lives long enough to see them become better citizens and better mothers and fathers in their own right!

## The Silent Stars Go By (Continued from page 37)

dresses for Dorothy and a huge jack-knife for Michael. She felt apologetic toward them for the simplicity of the gifts, yet they seemed not to mind. And evidently they were liking her parents. For, before the exercises were over, Dorothy was sitting close to the tall mother, and Michael, next to her father, was looking up proudly into the strong bearded face of the man, apparently for his approval.

They all rode home in the two-seated cutter behind the fat old horse, their hilarity intensified by the anticipation of hanging up their stockings. And home, not at all strangely, was that familiar old wine-and-ale house in which her own childhood had been spent. Again she held that wistful hope of wanting Michael and Dorothy not to dislike it, not to make fun of the plain old place.

But evidently they had no intention of so doing. They entered it with interest, looked inquisitively through all the comfortable rooms, especially the low-ceilinged upper floor and the garret with its accumulations of queer old things.

Mother set out a lunch on the kitchen table and, with much laughter and chatter, the family perched around the homely old room while they ate.

And the silent stars went by. In the days that followed with inconspicuously rapid changes of time and season, they were all making garden, were out with their sleds, were having bonfires, were at picnics on the creek bank, roasting potatoes in ashes.

With growing surprise she saw how thoroughly Michael and Dorothy entered into the life, when a comrade her father was making of Michael, what devotion existed between her mother and Dorothy.

The family did everything together, as always. Their contacts embodied much of the heart, something of the soul. Life in its simplicity was rich and full.

And now she began to be troubled.

Some vague sense of responsibility for Michael and Dorothy asserted itself; some obligation that, as she had brought them here, so must she return them. In this dawning of the sense of her duty to them she became more maternal than childish; was, suddenly, all mother.

She began again to return to the mystery of her first baking of cookies under Mother's instruction, Michael in the intricacies of putting together a piece of machinery under Father's supervision.

"But I don't want to go back." "Neither do I." She became worried; did not know how to break the illusion. "But you must. This isn't your life."

They seemed stubborn, standing their ground with consistent refusals.

"I don't want to." "I don't either."

"But why don't you want to?" "I like it here. I like everything. Don't you, Mike?"

"Sure, I do. I like it lots better than back there."

She was confused, not knowing what to do. She looked about for aid in deciding the troubling question. And looking so, she saw her mother smiling down at her.

"See?" Her mother spoke compassionately. "Don't you understand? It's the spirit of the home that counts—not the things in it." Even as she spoke she was slipping away.

The woman tried to call out to her mother, but the gentle face grew faint and far away. Only her arms were still

encompassed in loving embrace. And suddenly her face became the face in the picture at the foot of the bed, and her arms were the arms of the Christ.

The woman was vaguely conscious that people were bending over her, that the doctor had his fingers on her wrist. She

was aware that he was saying very low, relief in his voice, "All right now."

Neal was there at the side of the bed. "Janet, you're better!" All the concern of a worried man was in his eyes, the love of a devoted one, the protection of a strong one.

She went out to him in sympathy. She wanted to touch his hair, but she had no strength. She wanted deeply that he should understand a very lovely thing. But she could not put into language that which was merely ethereal and gossamer-winged.

The children—where are they? she asked weakly.

"The children," Neal said hurriedly. "She wants the children."

Michael and Dorothy came into the sick room with exaggerated tiptoeing, a little frightened. To the woman they looked so little yet, she felt a deep desire to care for them, to give them more of herself, to carry on the comradeship she had so recently known.

"What is it you want, Mother?"

"Are you better, Mother?"

She gave them a brief, wan smile and whispered: "We had a nice time—back there—didn't we?"

They looked up at their father in startled inquiry.

He slipped his arms around their shoulders. "Don't worry," he explained. "Her mind wandered a bit, I guess. She's better now."

The woman looked up at the three standing there in close contact. She must tell them all a wonderful thing—something about the big things of life; something about the little home they four were going to have—somewhere. She searched her mind weavily for the heart-warming experience she wanted to describe. But she could not shape it into definite form. All she could remember was that, always, above one's deep and dreamless sleep the silent stars go by.

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**W**HAT you can get these little masterpieces for this year is going to be an eye opener to you!

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phere for comparatively little with two exquisite pink and gold sets . . . the Cutex Marquise Set . . . and the Cutex Boudoir Set, both très élégants, with bakelite trays.

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So let no maiden you're fond of scamper to her Tree this Yuletide without finding one of these Cutex gems tied to a prominent branch.

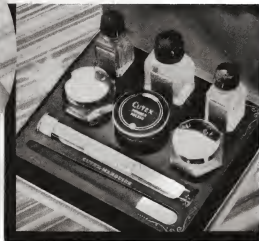
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## The Little Town of Bethlehem (Continued from page 59)

the deep-shadowed arcades, in every humble domed interior one glimpses through an open door, people are being very busy, and at just the sort of work children like best to do—carving things out of olive-wood or pebble shell. Cheap souvenirs for the pilgrim trade, with Bethlehem written on them; or crucifixes, or naïve little holy figures.

It is the cleanest town east of Suez, and that fact also does not suggest idleness; the small square houses whitely plastered, stone door- and window-sills (for wood is valuable in Palestine) scrubbed to immaculateness, the insides washed in pale blue or rose. There is an air of cheerfulness, of modest well-being, quite different from the curious fatalistic indifference of Islam. You realize suddenly that for all its Arab look and setting, Beit Lahm is not an Arab town, it is Christian.

**Y**ET the Eastern idea of beauty prevails here, which is always color. To happen upon a wedding—and it is a fact that even transplanted Bethlehemites obey the old Biblical injunction to take a wife only from among their own people—is an amazing feast to the eye not afraid of visual indigestion. The bride still wears a robe, or skirt, of heavy homespun silk, purple, with vertical stripes of green, widened by gores of scarlet, olive, and orange; her girdle is a brilliant cashmere shawl, folded sash-fashion, and her jacket of crimson plush, stiff with multicolor embroideries. Only in Bethlehem and two other towns of the Levant at the back, another conical headdress draped with a veil, called *hennin* in medieval Europe.

Nor is it only in dress that citizens of Bethlehem retain their ancient ways, despite the constant influx of Western improvements. Young mothers—much too young—carry their infants about slung in a shawl at the back, another supported by a tumpine across the forehead. At birth a child is covered with salt, arms tightly bound to its sides, and strapped around and around with winding tape into a sort of cocoon. It remains salted so for a week, and swaddled for six months; which is believed to be strengthening to the constitution.

Methods of agriculture also have resisted Western influence. About Bethlehem, where there is rather an excess of man power—and of woman power and child power, too—the grain is still reaped by hand, and winnowed with the wind; and what is lost in the fields is not wasted, being still the perquisite of those who have no Persian art in the days when the widowed Ruth gleaned there amid the alien corn and was loved by the rich man, Boaz. Judea does not take kindly to modern labor-saving devices. What do such gain but time, and to what better use can time be put than labor?

All the winding narrow streets and lanes eventually lead up or down to the Church of the Nativity, the oldest church left in Christendom, built in A.D. 327 by Emperor Constantine, the convert. The Crusaders established a fortress near by to guard it. In the market square outside the church are drinking troughs for pilgrims and for the animals who bring them.

The present door of the fane is very large, so that tall pilgrims must bow the head on entering. Inside there are double rows of columns, and many hanging lamps in the Oriental fashion. Below, in the crypt, a star set into the pavement marks the exact spot in a

rock grotto where the Nativity is believed to have occurred. Here during Christmas week young mothers of the town bring swaddled babes to lay in the marble manger.

If I were to spend a Christmas Eve in Bethlehem, I think I should prefer to spend it out with the shepherds on the hills, wherever they drive their flocks together when night falls. Hyenas and jackals still abound—the untamed wildness of this long-settled ancient region is an unfailing surprise—so that two shepherds must always guard while the others sleep; and they set their spans of watching by the course of a chosen star.

Stars play a very important part in one's impression of Palestine. I have asked many people what they remember best of that country, and almost invariably they answer, "Stars." The sky seems peculiarly close there, and imminent; though why this should be I cannot say, since it is not a very high place. Perhaps one is so aware of the great beauty of Palestine stars because it is almost the only beauty the country has—stars, and wild flowers, which try their best to carpet the stones; only one has to look rather closely to see them.

I wonder whether it is the very bareness of the bleak upland that may account for the strong spiritual growth characteristic always of Palestine. Men have such need of beauty that they must make it for themselves, where none is . . . The land puts a queer spell upon people; what Cabell calls a "geas." Many have spoken of it.

Here was the young David, wakeful on the night before he smote the Philistines, heard "the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees"; and it was during long banishment from this unlovely yet strangely beloved land that he made his poignant plaint: "Oh, that one would give me drink of the well of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate!"

I wonder if returned Crusaders may not have echoed this longing sometimes, after crusading days were done?

They came, many of those "iron riders out of the West," from pious knightly motives; others in order to better their circumstances; others because the bugles blew and the drums beat and they were young. But they remained, in their hundreds, for different reasons perhaps; even unto the third and fourth generations. Europe in the early Middle Ages was still a benighted chaos, compared with the suave civilization of the East.

**P**ILGRIMS, LURED thither by the Star—for though redemption of the Holy Sepulcher was their shibboleth, it has always been the birthplace of the Messiah which held what our newspapers call "heart-interest"—carried back with them into the rough life of the West things more important than rare Damascus silks, and intricately worked metal, and the art and precious stones. So it was that simple Bethlehem, lacking to this day any special culture of its own, became the birthplace not only of the greatest constructive philosophy of living the world has known, but also of what we mean by modern civilization.

If the Crusaders left ineradicable traces upon Europe's history, they also left their mark upon Palestine—not merely the tumbled towers and battlements one comes upon throughout that much-fought-over terrain, but also traces less obvious. Bethlehem boasts that most of her population are the descendants of

Crusaders; which may account for the subtly different look it has from any other white Arab city set upon a hill.

Haunted country, all those treeless barrens in the Jerusalem region; haunted for us Franks and Angles not only by ancient prophets and warriors and mighty men of Israel, but by mighty men of a later time, even such ghosts as Allenby may have left there, and Lawrence of Arabia. Each to his own . . . Myself, I have awakened more than once in the small hours, to hear from afar off olifants sounding down the wind, the clank of armor upon steel, the dread rallying cry of Saladin's followers: "Yalakh! Islam!"—or was it only a dawn-prayer out of some distant minaret?

Vivid indeed the pageantry of Outremer as it whirled and eddied round and about Bethlehem. Echoes must have stirred her, fostered there beyond the sheltering hill of Mâr Eysa, of the desperate culminating struggle for supremacy between Richard of England and his great foe, Saladin; of short winter truces when knights of both armies made friends with one another.

She had watched from afar—six miles was a greater distance in those days than in these—the siege of Jerusalem, its capture and recapture. Eyings had come, long ere that, of how stout old Raymond of Galilee besought his fellow knights not to go to the rescue of his own lady, besieged in her distant castle of Tiberias, declaring that it was only another wily paynim ruse to scatter their forces, and of how they did go, nevertheless, and died on the field of Hattin, as became the Flower of Chivalry, even to the last knight. So began the slow downfall of Christian dominion in Outremer . . . All this Bethlehem knew, going quietly the while about her quiet affairs.

At the final last, when a menace greater even than Islam swept suddenly down upon them out of the farther East, and when remnant was left in Palestine of the Knights Hospitallers and Knights Templars forgot their own differences to stand shoulder to shoulder with great-grandsons of Saladin, their old foe, and were defeated most terribly together at Gaza—when the merciless Persian horde overran Palestine like an unsmitten flood, so that of Moslem mosque and Christian church alike not one stone was left upon another—it was Bethlehem's fate alone that escaped destruction. And why? Because the Kharemsian vandals had chanced to notice, in a dim old Byzantine mosaic over the altar place, that the three Magi pictured there were Persians.

So, long after the turbulent dream of Eastern Christendom had faded almost from memory, Bethlehem remained on guard over her holy place; waiting for new defenders of the faith to come to her. As they had come, hundreds and thousands of them, and are still coming; drawn by the same lode-star as the Magi and the Persians, to the spot where lies upon holy soil, surrounding the birthplace of our civilization with modern defenses in the way of schools, and hospitals, and asylums—more enduring fortifications, no doubt, than the Crusaders knew how to build . . .

I have visited Bethlehem only once in my life; I think I shall not go again. There is no more up-to-date and cosmopolitan Bethlehem with which I have no concern. I want to keep my picture-book memory of it as nearly intact as possible; a page to turn to whenever there is need of a draft from David's well.

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**BEAUTY**—Bright eyes, a clear, fresh skin, come naturally when you are *internally clean*! You have sparkle, life, charm—you are no longer a person half-awake. Start Sal Hepatica now! Note: Sal Hepatica is a great help in the reducing diet.

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SOME days you feel *well*. Everything turns out right and everybody likes you.

Other days you feel "low"—grouchy, half-alive, nothing goes right—and other people have all the fun.

When you feel like that, it's time for Sal Hepatica. It's time to get rid of the poisons and wastes that are clogging your system. Until you're internally clean, you won't know what it is to feel sparkling and healthy.

Instead of envying other people their

joy in living, buy a bottle of Sal Hepatica. Tomorrow morning stir a teaspoonful or so of Sal Hepatica into a big glass of water, and drink down the sparkling mixture!

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Don't think that Sal Hepatica is "just a laxative." Sal Hepatica offers the same benefits as do the European health springs. And doctors recommend the saline treatment for run-down, half-sick patients.

Sal Hepatica does *far more* than any ordinary laxative can do! It *cleans the blood stream of poisons*! It tones up the system. It gets at the causes of colds, digestive disorders, headaches, rheumatism, skin blemishes.

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Whenever you wake up with any symptoms of constipation—take 2 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Promptly, greatly, the wastes will be flushed away.



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To relieve congestion which causes so many headaches, take a teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water and repeat in 15 minutes if not relieved.



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The first step in clearing a cold is to flush out the system with 4 to 6 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Continue before breakfast to keep free of congestion.



**BAD COMPLEXION**  
To keep the blood stream clear of impurities that often cause blemishes, take 1 teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water—for a week, or as long as necessary.



**RHEUMATISM**  
As an eliminant, flush the system with 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Keep free of acidity by taking 1 to 2 teaspoonfuls before meals and retiring.



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## Range Bred by Alan Le May (Continued from page 73)

mop of red hair, and she wore a green silk shirt and a gold-filigreed belt to set it off; her hair for the spectacular make her a striking figure in any man's arena.

"It'll be a hot one on Pete," Lois offered now, "if that broom-tail dumps him." She chuckled. "I'm sure crazy about that man! But maybe a good spin on his neck might do him good!"

Glory Austin said nothing. For a moment she wondered what had ever persuaded her to go partners with this girl, so different from herself. Then she forgot Lois, as the gate swung.

"Here he comes!" A galvanizing silence held everywhere for an instant as Murdershot gathered himself, whirled, and shot into the open blast of the sun.

GLORY'S TRAINED EYE saw the savage twist of the tall red bronc as she slammed into his pitch. Murdershot leaped low to the ground and zigzagged, snapping himself like a quirt. Pete Reese was almost unseated on the second jump; on the third and fourth jumps he was fighting to stay with the horse.

But though the horse had as good as lost him with those terrific side-whipping snaps, Glory saw that Pete was riding Murdershot's neck with his tape-covered rowels—raking him high and handsome every jump. Murdershot bawled—the throaty scream of a fighting horse crazy with anger—and the crowd began to roar, for Pete still rode. Ten seconds end an official ride, and now the whistle screamed, signaling in the pick-up men.

It was the job of the pick-up men to swing Pete out of the saddle. Ordinarily, it is not a hard job for a practiced man to pick up the rider, but with this horse it was different. He was halfway down the field now, and his erratic twistings made it tough for the pick-up horses. Jack Evers, hating on the right, jammed his pony in close.

Murdershot whirled in mid-buck, stood on his head, and his heels smashed out at the hazing horse. Jack Evers' horse staggered, and stood still, quivering. Jack was sitting with his head down, half doubled up in the saddle.

Murdershot's whirl had changed his course, and Jack's pick-up partner on the other side of the bronc was caught as he closed to make his try. Murdershot cannoned broadside into the pick-up pony. The pick-up horse and rider went down.

For once in Glory's life a horse had her afraid. She was obsessed by the idea that Murdershot would not be satisfied with losing his man, but would stop and trample him. The red horse was insane, crazy in the manner of a fighting wolf; his smash at Jack Evers showed that.

Glory did not realize that she also was racing down the field, her pony hovering on the heels of the bronc, until Lois' voice reached her from behind, frantic with warning: "Glory, you fool, stay out!"

Glory did not stay out. There were other horses coming up, but the nearest on her side was fighting his head and his rider; and now there opened for Glory a brief opportunity. It wasn't a big chance, and it involved no heroism. It was just one of those split-second chances in which a rider can bring a hard-earned skill to bear in the moment in which it is most needed.

Glory cut in fast, spurring her buckskin pony against the flank of the red buck. She was not trying for the rider, but for the flank-strap buckle, sure from long experience that Murdershot would straighten out, once he was free

of the biting flanker. She leaned far out and grabbed at the loose end of the strap.

Murdershot swung away, half dragging her from the saddle; then surged back, his heels smashing at Glory's pony. The buckskin staggered, as Jack Evers' horse had done a few seconds before, and the breath jerked in Glory's teeth. But the flank strap was cut loose.

The worst of the crazy fight went out of Murdershot suddenly. He bucked still; but a new rider coming in on the left—Tom Hansen this time—was able to close in. Hansen picked Pete out of the saddle; Pete swung across the rump of Hansen's horse, and was on the ground.

Glory pulled up, and sat breathing deep on her shaking pony. She saw Pete Reese on his feet, looking around as if uncertain where his ride had taken him.

"I put two men out of business," Tom Hansen said, "getting you off that pony. Somebody cut loose the flanker—or by golly you'd be on him yet!"

"Who threw that flank strap off?" Pete demanded.

Lois Bart had ridden in between Glory and Pete Reese. Now she turned to Glory, and winked. "I did," she said.

That was the way it always was, always had been ever since Glory and Lois had thrown in together as partners. If there was any scrap of credit to be had, it went to Lois Bart, now and always. As presently Pete Reese, also, would belong to Lois.

Glory Austin rode back to the chutes slowly. She had returned the buckskin pony to the cowboy who had lent it to her and was turning away, when Rowdy Kate Hutchinson came up, clamped a mighty hand on her shoulder and walked her away from the other riders. Big old Kate had long ago ended her own riding days, but she had married a bucking-horse string; and her bass-voiced bellowings were esteemed necessary to half the rodeos of the West—as necessary as her broad, towering figure, with its battered hat and rough clothes.

"Honey, where you hurt?" Kate asked. "I'm not hurt!"

"The hell you ain't!" Old Rowdy Kate was rough and noisy, but she babied the rodeo girls. "The trouble with you Austin, you ain't willing to let on you're human. You sure ain't much like your partner. I've known Lois Bart to leave herself be carried out of the arena—right past the grand stand, of course—when I couldn't find a scratch on her. And here's another thing! The next time you try a show-off! A rodeo I want to see—"

"I'm through with rodeos," Glory said. "What's this, now?"

Glory Austin flared up surprisingly. "I'm through, and I'm through for good. I'm sick of the whole business! I don't care if I never see a rodeo again."

"Why, child, what's got into you?"

"It's show-off!" Glory said fiercely. "I was born and raised on the working ranges, and I don't know anything except horses, and that's what pulled me into the rodeo game. But the crowds, and the everlasting making a show of it—that spoils it all!"

"All of us come from the working range," Rowdy Kate pointed out. "Where else would a body learn to ride?"

"That's just it," Glory said. "The riding and roping is honest and real. But this showmanship stuff makes a sham of the whole thing."

Rowdy Kate studied her in some bewilderment. "Too much Lois Bart," Kate decided. "And on top of that,

you're gone on Pete Reese, that's the trouble with you! Don't go trying to kid me, either—I know. He started working on you 'way back in the middle of last season, the first time he ever seen you. And he could have scooped you in easy as dabbling a rope on you—or you him, if you'd known it. Then you threw in with this Lois Bart, and she sets right to work prying him loose."

"They don't make 'em like Pete," Glory said steadfastly.

"Let me tell you this: the rider don't live that's worth a good snap in the pants with a rosal! I know, honey, I know." Glory said, "It isn't true Pete blows his money on toots in Old Mex. Mexico gets his money, all right, but it's land and cattle it goes into."

"I expect you and I are about the only ones know that, honey," Kate agreed. "The kid'll be a big man in the Southwest some day—or sure would if your belief in him counted in the score. About the pick of the crop, such as it is. But I'm sorry you're gone on him so."

Glory Austin surrendered; you couldn't hide anything from old Kate. "I can't help it, Kate."

"I know." Rowdy Kate had watched the riders come and go. She had known a hundred Lost Arrows, and perhaps one or two other Glory Austins. Glory's father had been a cattle king; and Kate perceived in the girl a valid aristocracy, of a kind never known to any other country than this western country—an aristocracy of thousand-mile ranges, dusty, bellowing herds and wild horses.

Yet Kate understood how the spectacular, free-and-easy Lois Bart could rope and the whole parade of men—or even take a man away from Glory Austin. Behind Glory's eyes gray gates could close. But Lois Bart's eyes were different—warm, sideling eyes; behind them were no gates at all.

"Men are all saps," Kate said, "and that little hooker is too fast for you, kid."

Glory did not seem to hear. "I've got to get out of all this. I can't ever forget him, Kate, if I keep seeing him around."

"Maybe," Kate admitted moodily, "that would be the best thing. Though if it was me—" She broke off abruptly.

THE COLOR had gone out of Glory's face again, and now Kate could make out the hoof scar on the tough black broodcloth below Glory's knee; it had a wet look. Kate rapped the top of Glory's half-boot with the butt of her quirt; Glory flinched and the leg gave under her.

"Uh-huh," Kate said, holding her up. "I knew I seen that bronc whale you. Prob'ly split wide open!" Kate swept an arm under Glory's knees and picked her up.

"Let me down! I tell you I'm—"

"Yeah; you're all right. You told me that already." Kate shouldered her way out the riders' gate. "Now, will you shut your fool head, or will I bust you one?"

Glory Austin walked into rodeo headquarters that evening trying hard not to favor the leg Murdershot had kicked. There were seven stitches in that leg, and from knee to boot heel the whole thing seemed numb except in the aching beat of the pulse, but she wouldn't limp.

Tomorrow would be the second of the three days, and one of the exhibition features would be a special ride by one of the girls, on a horse that had distinguished itself the first day. Whoever wanted the ride had to draw for the horse tonight, and it was like drawing for

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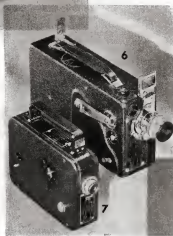
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money, for twenty-five dollars went with the ride, scratch, grab, or thrown; with seventy-five dollars more if the ride qualified.

The girl who rode would have her stirrups hobbled out of their free swing, making it easier to stay, and there would be no flank strap. Under these conditions Jake Hutchinson had named Murdershot as the logical horse.

Rodeo headquarters had been set up in Billy Weston's saddle shop. When the rodeo people were gathered there they overflowed down the little frame structure. Just now, though, a big dance was going on over at Miners' Hall, and nearly all the riders were over there—including Pete Reese. Jake Hutchinson was here, however, with Rose Moran, a buxom girl who rode the broncs by main strength; and Bess Oliver, a dark, hawk-faced girl, flat and hipless as a cowboy.

"Where's Lois Bart?" Jake asked. "Glory, you going to draw for Lois?"

"I don't run Lois Bart," Glory said. "Go ahead and put her in the draw, if you want. I figure to draw for myself." "That isn't right," Bess Oliver contended hotly. "Glory and Lois is partners, and they split the money. Why should they get two draws for their money and we all get one?"

"I don't know nothing about that," said Jake. "This is the way we always do it."

As it turned out, it made no difference; Glory Austin drew Murdershot, as somehow she had known she would.

Three cowboys tried to date her for the evening before she got away. She turned them down.

She went back to her room at the edge of town. Most of the rodeo people booked space in the hotel, but in Las Cruces Glory was always taken in by a half-Mexican woman who had once worked for Glory's mother. The old adobe was clean and unpretentious; its little windows looked out upon the desert.

Lois Bart had not come in. In her cool room, faintly lighted by an old-fashioned lamp, Glory Austin suddenly felt terribly alone. Until there was nothing to do but go to bed with the ache of her injury she had not realized how much she had hoped to meet Pete down at headquarters.

She went to bed and allowed herself to weep a little, until the breeze off the desert brought her the far-off whimper of a coyote. Then she felt better, and presently went to sleep.

Lois Bart came in at two o'clock, exuberant and noisy. Glory was sitting up by the time Lois had lighted the lamp.

THAT old adobe room was kind to Glory Austin, unkind to Lois Bart. In the yellow kerosene light Lois looked tired, and a little hard. But Glory Austin, with her soft dust-colored hair about her shoulders, had the glow of soft platinum and old gold. In this room she was a different, soft-lined, white-shouldered Glory—a Glory such as Pete Reese had never seen.

"Where was you?" Lois demanded. "Pete Reese hauled me to the dance."

"Well, of course, Lois. I never yet knew you to miss a throw of your loop."

Lois Bart grinned and stretched luxuriously, shaking out her red hair. "Pete'll be all right, once I get shoes on him," she said. "Can I help it if he runs after me? What do you care?"

"I don't care."

"Say, I heard you drew me that Murdershot ride. That's swell! I can ride that bronc from—"

"You heard wrong," said Glory.

"Huh? Why, Rose Moran said you

talked Jake Hutchinson into letting both our names in the hat, and you drew—"

"I drew Murdershot for myself."

"For yourself? Say, you don't want to ride Murdershot?"

"That's the way the draw went."

"Draw? Since when have they made a rule against swapping draws? We're partners, ain't we? I'll ride that—"

"I think," said Glory, "you'll do nothing of the kind."

Lois Bart changed her tactics. "Look here, Glory. I'm not saying you can't ride. You can take a tough broom-tail and make a good Indian of him quicker than anybody can. But this rodeo riding is different. There's no use—"

"Don't worry about splitting the hundred," Glory said. "I'll qualify, all right."

"It isn't that. I heard you got hurt this afternoon. I heard you had to have your leg sewed up."

"A little hoof-cut isn't anything," Glory said stubbornly.

"Glory, that isn't fair! That isn't what we agreed to when we went partners. I'm supposed to do the bronc riding and you're supposed to do the other stuff. What will people say if—"

"You're worrying about missing a chance to astonish Pete Reese," Glory said disgustedly.

"Well, maybe I am," Lois admitted. "I'm the one that can make a show of it, ain't I?"

They argued while Lois was undressing, and they still argued after the light was out, Glory sticking doggedly to her right to make the ride. But in the end it was Glory who gave in. She gave in because she was weary and disgusted, and the Kick Murdershot had given her such a miserable time.

She was sick, but mostly because she was hurt of the whole policy of show-off that was Lois Bart's stock in trade. And she had begun to see the motive behind her own stubbornness for what it was—which was nothing more than a desire to make a flash ride for Pete's benefit.

"Take the horse and ride him to hell and back, if you can," she said at last.

"Attagin!"

To win second-day money in the trick riding took everything Glory Austin had. After it was over she found it so hard to dismount that she feared she would stumble and go down if she tried it; so she sat her father-plashed pony near the chutes, waiting for the hammering in her hurt leg to ease. It was time for Lois Bart to make her ride; Murdershot was already in the chute, and the announcer's loud-speaker was blaring: "Yesterday you saw Murdershot fight a good man to a standstill. Today . . ."

With her eyes set on the distance, trying to make sure that her head was going to stay clear until the effect of her hard riding had worn off, Glory Austin did not see Pete Reese come up until he was at her stirrup.

Pete's height made her feel as if she were on an undersized pony, which she was not. As he looked up at her, she had a sudden impulsive desire to let herself feel out of the saddle into his arms. But she sat stiffly, poker-faced.

"Say, look here," Pete said. "I heard you got hurt yesterday. What kind of fraud is that?"

The gray gates closed behind Glory Austin's eyes. "Just one of those rumors, Pete."

"I knew that," he said, "when I saw your trick ride. You sure rode like a streak. But last night I kind of worried. I looked all over for you."

"I was well hid," Glory said. "I was at rodeo headquarters."

"Well, I missed you, then. And this morning, after I heard you'd given Lois

your Murdershot ride, I thought you must be hurt for sure."

"Well, we figured Lois could do better with it than I could."

"I never heard such bunk," said Pete. "You can outride Lois or any other girl that ever saddled a bronc, and you know it. I'll say more than that: you can outride me, or any man."

I wouldn't last long on Murdershot, I guess

"If you couldn't, nobody could," Glory said nothing, and after a moment Pete went on. "Still, I don't know, I don't blame you much for shying off of Murdershot. I don't trust him much."

"You don't blame me for—what?"

"Shucks, I'm afraid of that horse myself. Seems like the finker puts him clean out of his head. If you were coming out on that bronc with a flank strap, I'd sure raise hell. Don't know but what I would anyway."

Glory Austin demanded outright, "Pete, you think I'm afraid of that bronc?"

"Sure not, child! But anybody has a right to be. I'm afraid of him myself."

GLORY LOOKED AWAY. She didn't notice that one of the judges was shouting for Pete, or that he moved away, until he looked around for him and he was gone. A crazy notion was hammering into her head, beating upward from the mark Murdershot had put on her. Pete Reese thought that she was afraid—afraid to ride the red bronc, with no flanker, and hobbled stirrups; and the notion hurt worse than the wound.

For a moment Glory Austin felt infinitely discouraged, and a little sick; it seemed to her then that nobody understood anything she did, ever, and never would. Then, abruptly, her temper broke.

Glory Austin's temper was slow in starting, but now it snapped as if a cartridge had exploded in her head. It suddenly came over her that she had stood enough from Lois Bart and Pete Reese and rodeos, and from them all; and all in a moment she went crazy again.

She spurred the steel-dust pony close against chute number five, where Murdershot stood. She dismounted on the run; and though she winced and dropped to one knee as her weight came upon her hurt leg, she recovered instantly.

Lois ran up, shouting. "See they get that hull screwed down right, will you, Glory? I got to see the announcer!"

Glory said, "I'll take care of it, all right." She was poker-faced, but there was a blaze behind her eyes as she turned to the chutes.

Lois went running down the chutes to the announcer's stand. That was an old trick of hers; at the last minute she was always changing some gun for the announcer to give out, with a little extra publicity to her name as a rodeo girl.

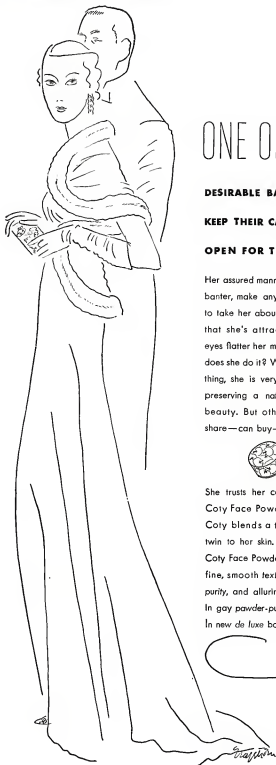
Lois Bart's saddle was already on Murdershot, and the stirrups would be too short for Glory; but there was no time to change that now. Glory ran a quick eye along the chutes. Near by loitered a big Indian bulldozer.

Glory called sharply, "José! Au!"

José responded with alacrity, and Glory spoke under her breath, in Spanish.

"Get up on that chute, and let that flanker down!" She inspected the cinch and saw that the handlers had already whipped it tight. She snapped her knife open, and, reaching under the red horse through the bars, she slashed through the stirrup hobble so that both stirrups swung free and clear. She reached under for the flank strap and passed the end up to José, then climbed the chute.

Tom Hansen, who had cinched Lois Bart's saddle on Murdershot, suddenly



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woke up. "Here, what you doing? Lois don't want any flanker!" Lois said.

Glory Austin eased into the saddle. "To hell with Lois Bart! I drew this horse, and I'm riding him!" She spoke over her shoulder to José. "Give him the flanker," she said between her teeth. "Cut him in two—your hear me!"

Glory heaved upward and the flank strap snapped through its buckle, biting deep, as the big Indian almost lifted Murdershot off the ground. The red horse slammed his heels into the planking, and half reared in the chute. Glory Austin shouted, "Swing that gate!"

The man on the gate rope was Shorty Ferris, naturally a pop-eyed little man, but immensely more so now. "Hey, look—wait a minute! I thought—"

Glory did not know where Rowdy Kate came from, but suddenly she was there beside the chute. "If Glory says open it," Rowdy Kate bellowed, "damn it, you open it, you little squirt!"

The gate swung. With the flank strap a good six hundred pounds tight, the stirrups unhooked, Glory Austin came out on Murdershot.

For an instant then, as Murdershot went into his first savage twisting plunge, Glory realized what she had done. For just an instant she glimpsed herself in cool perspective—a girl rider with one leg half useless, who had gone crazy mad long enough to put herself on an outlaw that the best of the men could hardly hope to stay with, and she knew that she was a fool.

The next instant she was fighting as if for her life—perhaps in truth fighting for her life, for all she knew. It seemed to her that the first bucking twist and shock as good as broke her back. But she set her teeth hard and swung both spurs high and free, raking Murdershot's neck, left side, right side, and left again.

The horizon pitched crazily; on her left the sun-blasted earth swung up suddenly so near and close that she flung out her arm to save the impact; then abruptly the earth dropped away again, and somehow she had stayed. In the instant that she was upright she snapped off her hat and threw it downward at Murdershot's pinned-back ears with all her strength, then swung her spurs high to rake him again, left side, right side, high, loose and handsome.

The arena was reeling, and the earth was reeling; Murdershot screamed like a trumpet. On her right the hazy form of a rider drifted close, then suddenly shot backwards out of sight as the earth whirled. For an instant she glimpsed the face of Pete Reese close to her on her left. Pete's face was curiously expressionless, but his eyes for once were not laughing. She felt his fingers streak across her back as he tried to pick her up and missed.

Glory Austin's breath caught and strangled in her throat as Murdershot snapped her as if he would jerk out her life. She could not ride this horse; the smashing impacts were sending her blind and dazed, and she recoiled to the twigs.

Blindly she scratched Murdershot's neck once more, high and handsome, because Pete was there, and it was not true that she was afraid. And then the whole world upset, and though saddle and horse seemed still between her knees, the flat earth struck upward mightily, and that was the end.

Glory Austin said dimly, "I shouldn't have done that."

"I'll say you shouldn't," said Rowdy Kate.

Glory could see the sunlight now, and she recognized the smell of hay; she could make out the figures of cowboys, standing near by. It was several minutes before she could decide that she was on some hay bales back of the bronc corrals.

"I shouldn't have done it," said Glory again. "Lois could have rode him. She could have rode him, and got her spilt of a hundred. In place of just the twenty-five."

"You get the hundred, so far as that goes," said Rowdy Kate. "Your hoss let go all holts and somersaulted—but that was after the whistle blowed."

"I kind of figured that was a bad horse," Glory said.

"You figured right! Murdershot jumped up and whirled on you, but Pete Reese drove his hoss head-on into Murdershot, and both hosses went down; then when the dust cleared Pete was sitting on Murdershot's head."

"Pete's a good boy," Glory said. "They don't make 'em like Pete any more."

Pete's voice said, "Glory, you mean that?"

"Course to hell she don't mean it," said Kate angrily. "She's out of her head. Now, you clear out of here, you bum! I'm going to tote her over to my car and take her back to town."

"I'll tote her myself," said Pete.

"Who says you will?" Lois Bart cut in. "Kate and I—"

"Go chase yourself," said Pete shortly. "Where's your fiver, you?"

Pete Reese rode into town with them, to make sure that Glory didn't go out again, and fall off the back seat.

"By God," Pete said when they were halfway back to town, "I'll kill the Indian that put that flank strap on. And if ever I find out who cut loose those stirrup hobbles—"

Glory said, "I cut loose those hobbles."

"Dear God," Pete whispered. "It serves me right for letting you get anywhere near that red devil in the first place!"

"I'd like to know," Glory said, "what business it is of yours what I ride?"

Pete said with surprising gentleness, "Now, you wait. You listen here to me."

Glory flared up at him. "I don't want to listen to you; I won't listen to you! You can go to hell, Pete Reese!"

The bronc fighter studied her, looking square into her eyes; and Glory Austin tried to close the gray gates, but she could not. She closed her eyes and began to cry softly, plumb whipped.

For a moment Pete sat motionless, mystified and baffled. Then he gathered her up and held her gently.

This girl in his arms was the other Glory—not the straight-sitting, black-clad figure of saddles and broncs, but the Glory of the old adobe house; a slim, soft-limbed girl, too finely and gently drawn to be used for smashing about in arenas for the amusement of crowds. Perhaps she was born to the open-country aristocracy of vast herds; perhaps she was steadfast and game, and could herself put mastery on a wild-bronc horse. But mostly she was just a bucked-down girl with tears on her cheeks and her hair whipped loose about her throat—a girl someone should have taken better care of.

Pete said, "This show-off stuff isn't for you and me. There's better things for us in a different kind of place."

Glory smiled faintly, comfortable in his arms.

## Letters to My Sons by Harold Bell Wright

(Continued from page 47)

times. Indian tribes and pirate crews. There were sleigh rides and fishing and nutting and berrying. There were expeditions, explorations and adventures.

All that belongs normally to a boy from seven or eight to twelve was mine. And there was another baby, your uncle George. But with this host of memories that, as I write, come crowding into my mind, those which transcend all others in importance are the memories of my companionship with Mother.

I must tell you, too, that I never did know my father very well. Beginning with this period, it seems that a great gulf became fixed between us. For it was then that I first realized the true nature of those "spells" which so frequently overtook him.

One day at dusk I was returning from an errand to the grocery store when I suddenly met Father. He stopped and spoke to me in a thick, maudlin tone. I was paralyzed with horror. I could neither speak nor move until he turned and staggered away toward the tavern. Then I ran—ran as if all the fiends of hell were after me—never stopping until

I was in Mother's arms. When she had calmed me so that I could speak, I sobbed: "Father, he's drunk. I saw him."

Mother did not speak. She just sat there in a stony silence and held me close. And then, presently, understanding came. I came to feel that this, too, was something which Mother and I must share. The subject was never again mentioned between us. Whether or not she ever spoke of the incident to Father I do not know.

Our improved circumstances, meaning the larger house with the orchard and garden and the live stock, added nothing to Mother's comfort or leisure. In addition to the cooking and scrubbing and laundering, there was now the milk to be cared for, and butter-making.

For her there were no electric lights to make up and off at touch of her finger. There was no vacuum cleaner, no washing machine, no electric sewing machine, no labor-saving devices of any kind. She had no help.

How, with all the drudgery which enslaved her and slowly but surely sapped the life of her body, she managed to

minister to the inner life of her sons, is one of God's mysteries to me. Bare as it was, that home was never without some touch of beauty. It might be nothing more than a spray of apple blossoms, a branch of autumn leaves, a slip of pussy willow, but it was always there.

Her household duties dragged her from her bed long before her boys were awake and kept her at work hours after she had kissed her sons good night, but I never knew her when she was too busy to share our childish interest, to receive with delight the treasures we brought to her, or to offer suggestions for enchanting adventures in our little world of make-believe.

It belongs in this book, too, that Mother did not permit the impressions made upon me by our artist-farmer friend, with his bushy hair and colors, to fade. I continued to draw that famous bull's head. From it I created a mighty herd of cattle. I added to this bovine population horses and dogs and swine and deer and fowl.

My holdings in live stock continued to increase until Mother, seeing how it was

with me, set about teaching me to draw seriously from simple, natural objects. I drew houses and barns, tables and chairs, the pump, the grindstone, the wagon. And so I arrived at the dignity of my own studio.

This studio was a little room up under the roof. The floor was bare. There was no furniture except the box which I used for a chair and the easel, which I made. And surely I need not tell you that Mother managed somehow to find a box of colors and brushes for me.

I do not remember that my work aroused the world to any show of enthusiasm, but one admirer never failed me. The understanding which my little artist soul craved I had from her, full measure.

I remember one early morning when it was my turn to go to the pasture for the cow. The earth was drenched with dew. Every leaf and blade was ornamented with beads of crystal. When I had aroused the cow and started her toward the pasture gate, I chanced to see a bunch of everlasting flowers. To take those flowers home to Mother was only natural.

Several years—it seemed to me ages—later, when I was a young man living in a city many miles from that home of my boyhood, I received by chance an old pasteboard box which contained some trinkets that Mother had treasured, as mothers do—her wedding gloves, a locket with a curl of hair, a baby's shoe. And there I found again that little bunch of everlasting flowers . . .

It was at this period, too, that I made the acquaintance of Auntie Sue—my father's sister, who taught school and who was such an enthusiastic student of the Wright genealogy. Auntie Sue was Mother's closest friend. She always managed to spend a part of her vacations with us. Next to Mother, she is the brightest star in my boyhood sky.

Mother's illness began, so far as I knew anything about it, one wash day. I was in the kitchen with her when it happened. I was eleven years old. At that time nothing could have been further from my thoughts than her death.

To do the laundry for a household of five, which included two active boys and an eighteen-months-old baby, was not a light task for any woman. In addition to all the other housework it was too much for a delicate little woman who, as I have said, weighed not much more than a hundred pounds.

Will and I were required to do certain chores about the house in order to lighten her work. We were supposed to cut the stove wood and keep the box in the kitchen filled. But boys of that age are seldom thoughtful in such matters.

I wish I could say that we did all we could to make Mother's work easier for her. But we did not. We quarreled over our duties and evaded our youthful responsibilities on every possible pretext.

Mother was bending over the tub, rubbing vigorously on the washboard. She had been suffering from a cold for some time and coughed a great deal, but no one thought anything of that. The family washing must be done.

Suddenly, as she worked, a spasm of coughing seized her. I saw her straighten up and press her hand to her side as if in pain. Then a queer look came over her face. She reached a handkerchief from her apron pocket and put it to her mouth. When she removed the handkerchief it was spotted with red. Seeing that I had noticed, she gave me a cheery smile and went into her bedroom.

That smile made everything all right

## "PERFECT SOAP FOR WOOLS"



### INSTANT PURE SUDS WITHOUT USING DANGEROUS HOT WATER

One of the worst things you can do to lovely woolen fabrics is to get them by mistake into *too hot* suds. IVORY SNOW is perfect for washing wools. It dissolves instantly in LUKEWARM WATER!

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### Melts completely . . . no soap spots!

Ivory Snow has no flat particles which can stick to fabrics and cause soap spots. Your sweater, baby's little woolen shirts, blankets—all come out of lukewarm Ivory Snow suds as evenly fluffy as when they were new.

### Pure enough for a baby's skin

Ivory Snow is the same pure Ivory Soap doctors advise for bathing little babies. It is safe for the tenderest skin—extra safe for your finest silks, for woolsens, rayons, delicate colors, nice cottons and linens. You'll like the beautiful suds it makes for dishwashing, too, and the fact that you can use this nice soap to protect your hands without being extravagant. A big package of Ivory Snow costs only 15¢!

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to me. Handkerchiefs red from nose-bleedings were too common in my experience for the incident to alarm me in the least.

She finished that washing some time later. She mopped the floor. She cooked the supper. While Will and I did the dishes that evening, Father and Mother talked together in low, earnest tones.

The next day a doctor came, and a few days later, Father and Mother drove to a distant town to see another doctor. They were gone all day. A neighbor woman came in to mind the baby. It was an event. For some time after that the laundry was sent out.

The winter came. Still there was no one except her two irresponsible boys to help with the housework and the sewing and the baby.

**T**HEN CAME the time when Mother did not leave her bed, and except for the help of the neighbor during school hours brother and I did the housework—even to the cooking.

Then suddenly I knew. It was late in the day. I had gone to the village store for coal oil and was returning home. Halfway up the hill toward the house I stopped as suddenly as if someone had halted me with a shout. And in that moment I knew that my mother was going to die.

I had a feeling that something told me—something that spoke, as it were, deep within me. I do not mean that I heard a voice—nothing like it. There was no sound which came to me from the outside; there were no words. I cannot explain it better than to say simply that I knew.

Strangely enough, too, I was not at all frightened. I felt curiously strong and confident, and I knew exactly what I must do. I must quit school and keep house and take care of Mother until the end. Beyond the end, it was all blank. I did not give it a thought. I went calmly up the hill to the house.

Mother's bed had been moved into the living room (we called it the sitting room) next to the kitchen, so that she could still watch over her household and direct our bungling efforts. I put the oil can down in the kitchen and went straight to the doorway between the two rooms, where I stood for some time silently looking at her. And then I saw that she, too, knew.

I am well aware of the comments that are likely to be made by some who will read this account of my boyhood experience. But I cannot help what anyone may think or say. I make no effort to explain it. I merely say, "It happened exactly as I have related it."

I may as well admit right here that this was not the only experience of this nature which I have known. There have been other times when it was given me to know within myself what I must do. And looking back upon those occasions, I have seen that they were the turning points, the deciding moments, the directing impulses that sent me forward on the road which I have followed.

I cannot tell you honestly, my sons, the things I think you should know about your father without including these experiences which I cannot explain. You must think what you will; I can only say again that the things which I tell you in this book are true.

I was permitted to leave school and from that time until the end, I was Mother's housekeeper, cook and nurse. As soon as breakfast was over, Father would leave for his work. At half past eight Will would leave for school. From then until Will returned, except for the

brief visits of kindly neighbors, the day belonged to Mother and me.

I would not have you think that those days were dark and sad with an overshadowing gloom of the inevitable end. It was not so. They were, in a way, the happiest days I have ever known. I do not mean that we were gay with fun and laughter. Our happiness was rather within us.

I think it was the companionship of these last weeks of her earthly life which made my consciousness of Mother such an influence during those difficult after-years. For me, it was gloriously true that she did not die in the sense that she went out of my life. In a most literal sense, for me, my mother continued to live. So real was her influence that many times I have seemed to feel her actual presence.

I cannot fail to record here, too, the many beautiful kindnesses we received at this time from our neighbors. The one who came most often, and never without bringing some dainty of her own cooking for the invalid, was Mrs. Grandy.

Jim Grandy and his wife were natives of Ireland and spoke the real brogue of their homeland. With their three children, Jimmy, Ann and Mary, they lived up the road a little way. My brother and I were as much at home in the Grandy cottage as we were in our own home. Mother Grandy treated us as if we were of her own blood.

Between this warm-hearted Irishwoman and my mother a beautiful friendship had developed. And now, as the end drew near, there was never a day that she did not look in two or three times during many a night she watched beside my mother's bed.

For the last few days Aunt Mate, the wife of Father's brother George, came. She was with us until it was all over. I like to think of these things now because of what followed so soon after.

Years later, I made a pilgrimage from the Far West to the old Wright Settlement cemetery. With the help of the sexton and the old maps and records I found the spot. The grave, overgrown with a tangle of rank grass and weeds, had never been marked.

I caused a modest but enduring block of granite to be erected, and arranged for the perpetual care of the plot. The inscription on the stone says that Alma, wife of William A. Wright, died April 10, 1884. But with the knowledge of all the years that have passed since those last days of our companionship, I know that the inscription is not true.

Within a day or two after the funeral, Alma's boys were separated, and Lieutenant Will went away to live his own life unhindered by family cares.

The baby, your uncle George, was given to Father's sister Mary, who lived in Ohio. Brother Will was sent to a farmer in another part of the country, and I, too, was put to work for a farmer.

My duties were absurdly simple. I was routinely routed out of bed between three and four o'clock in the morning. Before the sun was up we would be on our way to market with a wagonload of vegetables. In the afternoon I worked in the field helping to gather another load for the following morning. Usually it was dark when we finished. The evening chores were done by lantern light. After that I was free to crawl upstairs to my bed in the attic.

When it was not the season for peddling vegetables, I worked with a hoe in the fields, side by side with my master and two other men, and was expected to keep pace with them. At other times,

from sunup to sundown I gathered potato bugs—sweeping the filthy things from the plants into a pan, or treating them to a dose of Paris green.

When Sunday came I was taken to church, whereby my master and mistress, I am sure, acquired in the sight of the brethren much merit for their charity in giving that Wright boy such a good home. Sunday afternoons I was free to amuse myself.

My education progressed in the manner I have related until winter put an end to work in the fields. Then for a while I went to the village school and only worked nights and mornings and Saturdays. But the hours I spent in school profited my good master nothing and he was not at all happy over the situation.

At the time I did not know even where my father was living. I knew only, in a hazy way, that he made his headquarters with the people who had taken my brother Will. I never knew who made the arrangements which delivered me into the hands of another farmer.

It was late in the afternoon of the day before Christmas when I received my orders to march, and with my worldly possessions in a small valise set out on foot for my new home. It was zero weather. The snow was deep.

When I finally reached the big house which stood at the edge of a deep wood, it was dark. The house seemed so huge, so lonely and mysterious that I was afraid. At last I mustered up sufficient courage to knock at the door.

The farmer and his wife were surprised to see me. They said they had not expected me until after Christmas and they were just starting out to celebrate Christmas Eve with a gathering of their relatives some miles away. In the excitement of their departure they forgot to ask if I had had my supper. Nor did they indicate where I was to sleep.

They delayed their going only long enough to show me the woodshed, so that I might keep up a good fire in the living room and have the house nice and warm for their return from their long cold ride. Almost before I realized what was happening the sound of the sleigh bells died away in the night and I was alone in that great empty house.

God—how frightened I was! I scarcely dared to move or look around. Sounds of ghastly footsteps! Creaking boards on the stairs and over my head! Low moaning—thump—thud—scrape—rattle!

Every tale of horror I had ever heard was reenacted in my terror-stricken mind. My imagination conjured up a hundred ghastly horrors. Once in every hundred years I would force myself to go, in the hands of the woodshed for another armful of wood.

**I**T WAS past three o'clock Christmas morning when the good man of the house and his wife returned. They brought me from their family Christmas tree a gay little stocking-shaped bag of popcorn and candy.

In my new place the farmer and I did all the work. There were cattle and sheep and hogs and horses to be fed and watered. There were five cows to be milked. There were stables to be cleaned, horses to be groomed, wood to be cut. We were up in the morning and began to work by lantern light. We finished at night by the light of the same lanterns.

Between times I went to school, walking to and from the village through the snow, carrying my lunch in a tin pail.

Saturday was not exactly a holiday. Every Sunday I went with the farmer, his wife and baby to Sunday school and church, for this man was a godly man.

There was a large apple orchard on this farm, and every year the good man would put away many barrels of cider, which Dame Nature would turn into vinegar for us to peddle when the spring planting was over. Nor did Nature stop with turning cider into vinegar. Assisted by the farmer, she obligingly turned rain water into vinegar also.

Old vinegar barrels supplied with a proper quantity of "mother" were filled with water from the cistern (we strained the wigglers out) and placed in the sun. In due time—lo, a miracle! The water had become vinegar. And no housewife could by the look or taste of it distinguish that rain-water vinegar from the genuine cider-made article. Very carefully my good master explained to me that it was pure cider vinegar because nothing but those old cider-vinegar barrels and the "mother" would make rain water act like that.

I cannot say that I reaped a bountiful spiritual harvest from my forced attendance at Sunday school and church. Perhaps I gathered more than I know. But I am certain that I received at this period of my boyhood decided impressions as to spiritual values. A gift for praying in public may be a surface indication of great spiritual treasure but, as any old prospector will tell you, good surface indications do not always evidence ore in paying quantities.

On the whole, these farmer folk were not unkind. It was probably good for me to be disciplined under the yoke of hard labor. It toughened without breaking my spirit.

That summer brought many days of rare delight. I was given the job of tending sheep. Early in the morning, while the ground was still wet with dew, I would lead the flock forth from their yard to a section of the farm which was part pasture and part woodland. With only the companionship of my woolly charges I would spend the day—wandering along the grassy banks of a little creek, lying on my back to look at the cloud pictures, watching the wild things at the edge of the woods.

Then a letter came from Mother's Aunt Mary who, as I have told you, brought up Mother from babyhood until her marriage with Lieutenant Will. The letter was an invitation to visit Grandma Smith, as we boys had been taught to call her, in her home at Wright Settlement. I think the dear old lady must have written my father, too, because he came to see me and arranged for me to go.

I shall not dwell upon my life with Grandma Smith in the home where my mother spent the happy years of her girlhood. After my experience in "working out," it was heaven. I attended the country school near the old Wright homestead where I was born. Other members of the family, my father's cousins, were still living in the settlement and I came to know the young people who were my people.

Then Grandma Smith was taken sick and I was hurried off in midwinter to my father's brother, Uncle George, and Aunt Mate and their two girls, who lived in the country near Utica. For the remaining winter months I went to another country school.

Uncle George was a cheese maker, and when summer came I worked for him in the factory. I hope that my summer work repaid him in some measure for my winter board, but I never could return the full measure of the love they

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gave me. It was Aunt Mate who was with me when Mother died. In her I found, for a short time, another mother.

Father was now living in Lima, Ohio, and with the high wages and abundance of work in that boom oil town, was well able to provide for his sons. I think that some pressure was brought to bear upon him by the family—at any rate, it was arranged that Will and I should go to live with Father's sister, Mary Morrison, who "took boarders" in Milan, Ohio.

Aunt Mary already had our baby brother, George, so we three boys would be together in a good home and could attend school. My father was to pay for our board.

But the plan failed for the same old reason. Father had other uses for his earnings. It was not long until Will was sent back to the farmer who had taken him after Mother's death. Father sent for me to join him in Lima. My school days—such broken scraps of school days they had been—were over.

I did not see Aunt Mary again until years later. She was long past keeping boarders then, and it was my privilege to pay that overdue board bill with a pension which cared for her the remaining years of her life.

The city was strange and terrifying to my country soul. We lived in a cheap boarding house. I worked at anything that could be found for me to do. Then Father found a regular job for me in a paint shop.

I sandpapered the running gears of wagons and carriages. I did not earn enough to pay my board, but Father easily remedied that by going away and leaving me to work out the problem with the landlady as best I could.

Necessity forced me to find work with better pay. I found it in a handle factory. Unfortunately, the work was too heavy for me.

The men in that factory were all very kind to me. But they could not help. Then one Saturday night after all the others were gone the superintendent talked to me in his office. Gently he told me that he knew how hard I was trying but that I was not strong enough for the job. He said I must not feel he was discharging me. He wanted me to stay until I could find other work. A few days later, this kindly man found a job for me, driving the delivery wagon for a small grocery store.

But the pay for this work which was within the limits of my physical strength was not equal to that everlasting board bill. I solved the problem by renting a room and boarding myself. I cooked on a tiny gasoline stove without an oven. It was at this time that I learned to hate prunes and the smell of gasoline.

**S**AVE for my employers and our customers, I knew no one. I had no friend of my own age. Every Sunday I cooked the best dinner I could manage, cleaned house and washed my clothes. Everyone treated me with the greatest kindness. Once in a while Father would appear and disappear again in the same casual fashion.

I was not unhappy, on the whole. For the first time in my life I was a free and independent soul. I had escaped unpaid board bills. I was not living on my relatives. I was my own master.

I did not look toward the future; I looked at the past, since Mother's death, with the thrill of one who had escaped. I had no ambitions of any sort. I suppose that was because I could imagine nothing better—this being so much better than anything I had so far known.

Years later, I was invited to a Thanksgiving dinner at a home in a mid-western city. The table talk revealed that my host and his family had at one time lived in South Lima. Turning to my hostess, I asked: "Do you remember the grocer with whom you traded?"

"Oh, yes," she answered. Then she laughed. "This Thanksgiving dinner makes me think of the boy who drove the delivery wagon. I had ordered ducks for our Thanksgiving dinner, and when the boy appeared with the other things my ducks were missing. They insisted at the store that the ducks had been sent with the rest of the order. The boy thought he remembered putting them in the wagon. Some days later, we learned that they had been found in the street. I shall never forget that poor delivery boy's embarrassment over my lost Thanksgiving dinner."

"I know exactly how he felt," said I, "for I was that delivery boy who lost your ducks."

It was Old Man Winter who brought my delivery-boy experience to an end. I had no overcoat, no winter underwear, no gloves, and my shoes were wearing very thin.

My employers, who could not fail to see my predicament, managed somehow to get in touch with Father. Lieutenant Will took his problem to an old G. A. R. comrade who kept a book and stationary store. Result: I went to work for "Old Comrade." Salary? I could sleep on a cot in the back room of the store and I could eat at Comrade's home after he and his family had finished their meals.

"Comrade" was a gentle soul, industrious, economical and subdued. The wife and mother were one of those high-spirited ladies who never by any chance commit the error of permitting their inferiors to think too well of themselves. The elder daughter worked in the store. She was a kindly, competent young woman who was my friend, so far as she dared to be.

The other girl was in school. She was not allowed to talk with me. The boy, also in school, was my age. He, too, was most carefully guarded against the evils which might befall him if he should come in contact with me. Nor did this watchful mother ever hesitate to rebuke any member of her family whom she caught exhibiting signs of interest in me.

I was up at six in the morning to open the store, sweep out and make ready for the day. When "Comrade" arrived on the scene of action I went up to the house, about a mile, for my breakfast. The breakfast things were always being cleared away when I arrived, so it was up to me to salvage what I could. For the other meals, the same strict-as-a-cat-rules applied. At ten or eleven o'clock, I looked up for the night. And then, oh then, I had my innings!

Books, books, books—shelves and more shelves of books. I read everything, from Nick Carter and the Police Gazette to Shakespeare. Sunday, I read all day. I could not go out because I had no winter clothing.

I know that you boys, in common with everyone else who has had more than a speaking acquaintance with me, have been disturbed by my habit of sometimes withdrawing into myself, though you have never by word or sign shown the slightest trace of impatience with me on these miserable occasions. Indeed, you have in quiet ways often made me feel your sympathy, so that my heart has been filled with gratitude.

No one can know how desperately I have fought against these spells of depression. I have been sick at heart

with shame to see those I loved made unhappy by my behavior. My only consolation is the poor consolation of knowing that, no matter how unhappy I make others, no one can possibly suffer as I suffer within myself.

At these times I am the loneliest soul on earth. I am beset with the feeling that I am not wanted; that I am only tolerated. I want only to be alone. I feel myself literally forced to withdraw wretchedly into myself.

I have never sought to explain or excuse my conduct, because it seems so unreasonable. I am not attempting to excuse it now, but I think the explanation lies in those years following Mother's death. For that reason I have told you of this period of my boyhood.

Following those years of companionship with Mother—except for my brief visits to Grandma Smith, Uncle George and Aunt Mary—I had no companionship with anyone. For one reason or another I was merely tolerated. The attitude of most of those with whom I came in contact only emphasized my loneliness. I was forced to retreat within myself. For me there was nothing else to do. The habit of loneliness—of withdrawing within myself—became fixed. I have never acquired the spiritual or mental strength to overcome it.

**A**S SOON as Father had provided me with that place to eat and sleep and read he went away to Findlay, Ohio, another boom city. When spring came he suddenly wrote for me to join him.

"Comrade" slipped me five dollars when he wrote me looking for a pair of shoes and with what remained of my fortune journeyed to the city. Father's letter was not an invitation; it was an order which I must obey. I did not know what lay ahead.

Our interest in this Findlay period, my sons, lies solely in those events which served to direct the course of my life as a whole. I confess that I should much prefer not to tell you some of these. But it is necessary that you know them if you are ever to have that understanding of your father and his work which I started out to give you.

My father and four of his bosom cronies had hit upon the great idea of cooperative living. They had rented the second floor of a building in a part of the city where they felt very much at home. The lower floor was a saloon. Every other house in the neighborhood, I think, was what we called in those days a "sporting house."

Remembering my experience as a housekeeper during those last months of Mother's illness, Father had sent for me to cook and do the general housework for this select bachelors' club. Except for my father, the members of this cooperative experiment were rig-builders in the near-by natural-gas fields. They made big money for those days, and as for the fact that they gave me to purchase groceries, they spent their earnings in the neighborhood as fast as they received their pay checks.

There were no more books for me now. The literature of the club was mainly the Police Gazette. The neighborhood ladies ran in and out of the house with a charming lack of ceremony, as good neighbors should.

Except for these friends of my household the only woman with whom I enjoyed even a speaking acquaintance was a poor, hideous old hunchback who cooked in one of the sporting houses. The place where she worked was right

next door, so close that we could call to each other from our kitchens.

This creature of the underworld soon proved herself more than an acquaintance. She became a friend in need. She could curse with the most amazing fluency, and cared not a straw at whom she aimed her volleys. But in that ugly, deformed body was a heart as big as her profane vocabulary was extensive.

To hear her lay out those husky rig-builders in my defense was food for my hungry soul. More than this, out of her wide experience and well-developed powers of observation, she told me many things that were necessary for me to know. With authority which I could not question, she revealed the inside hell of that life in the midst of which I was placed.

Often she talked to me about my mother until it seemed that I could feel Mother very near. It was a strange combination of influences. An ugly, deformed dwarf—a lowly servant in a house of prostitution—and my mother, who made her presence felt in my memories.

It is not pleasant to write to you, my sons, of this period of my growing-up years. But I must, because I know now that this hunchback cook was one of the saving influences in my life.

Following this cooking and housekeeping job, I became a subscription agent for a certain magazine. With samples of this worthy periodical I canvassed the countryside for customers. I did not meet with startling success, but I came in contact with an amazing variety of homes and people.

From this respectable, if lowly, position of itinerant representative of culture at a yearly rate, I was promoted by circumstances—I became a peddler of furniture polish. It was good polish. I know, because I made it myself.

With my bottles of polish and my rags with which I demonstrated, I roamed about the country from village to village, finding in this occupation not only a livelihood, more or less, but a degree of pleasing freedom. I was my own master. I could go where my fancy led. I enjoyed the open road. I was interested in meeting an endless variety of people. Then one day, I know not why or how, came one of those mysterious experiences which pushed me out of that current and gave my life a different trend.

It was mid-afternoon. Since early morning I had been selling, or trying to sell, to the farmhouses along a road which was leading me to a certain country village. At a sharp turn of the road I came in sight of the little town.

Suddenly something checked me. I stood stock-still. I did not hear a voice—nothing like it. But I knew, as clearly as if someone were actually speaking to me, what I must do.

I turned and started toward the city where I still made my headquarters. The feeling that I was escaping from something was so real that I almost ran. It was exactly as if I had been headed toward some danger and had been warned in the nick of time.

I was possessed, too, by an overpowering conviction that there was something better in the world for me than my present occupation, and that I was through peddling furniture polish. I had no idea what I should do next to earn my bread and butter. I only knew that I must not continue in the direction I was going.

From hobo to theological student—in the February installment of Harold Bell Wright's own story of his colorful career



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**F**EWER colds this year—quicker relief from those you catch—and money saved besides. That's the promise Pepsodent Antiseptic makes you. Millions by experience can tell you it's true. Pepsodent Antiseptic is different from other leading mouth Antiseptics.

**\$1 does the work of \$3**

Pepsodent is 3 times more powerful in killing germs—it goes 3 times as far—gives you 3 times as much for your money and gives you extra protection against sore throat colds. In fighting stubborn colds, remember there really are only two leading kinds of mouth washes on the market. In one group is the mouth wash that must be used full strength to be effective. In the other group is Pepsodent Antiseptic, utterly safe when used full strength, yet powerful enough to be diluted with two parts of water and still kill germs in less than 10 seconds!

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Irritations of the Gums	Prescription Ointment
After Extractions	"Athlete's Foot"
After Shaving	Tired, Aching Feet

# Pepsodent Antiseptic

## Christmas Is in the Air (Continued from page 33)

weight for weight, bulk much larger in the mail than letters. The result is that, in planes and pilots required, the work of the air mail during Christmas week is at least doubled. When the rush comes, they call in reserve pilots and bring out equipment which, while pronounced sound by the reconditioners, has been superseded by later developments in airplanes.

Passengers are never embarked upon schedules to which any abnormal hazard attaches, and the records show that no passenger has ever been killed or injured in a Christmas air-mail crash. But it is not so with the pilots. It might be all well enough if Christmas came in July, but it comes in December and brings usually the worst flying weather of the year.

Nineteen-twenty-eight was a ferocious year for the Christmas mail flyers. It was the last Christmas of the boom times, and the public loaded the service with packages at first-class rates plus air-mail postage. Besides that, the weather for the entire week before the holiday was almost impossible for flying. As a result, there were four air-mail mishaps that week, one of them fatal.

The casualties included the most methodical parachute jump in the history of the air mail. Jack Webster—J. Ordway Webster, rather—who made it, is above all a methodical man. With him everything has to be just so. It offended his sense of order to find himself on the afternoon of December seventh in the predicament which is the nightmare of every pilot in the eastern division of the transcontinental mail—namely, out over the Atlantic Ocean after missing the New Jersey terminal in fog.

It had been foggy the whole way from Cleveland, which Webster left as the second section of a schedule carrying the first Christmas load of the season—so foggy at the eastern end that Pilot H. P. Little flew past Hadley Field and probably out over the Atlantic himself, then turned and cruised for hours before he could find the edge of the fog bank, and finally came down unharmed that night by the light of his flares on a hilltop near Owego, New York, two hundred miles off his course.

**J**ACK WEBSTER was coming along fifteen minutes after Little. He had partial visibility as far as Bellefonte, and then ran into the Nittany Mountains blind, and there was no dissipation of the fog after that. But the fact bothered the methodical Mr. Webster very little. What were instruments for, if not to guide you through fog? You really didn't need to see the ground at all, except for landing.

After two hours of blind flying, Mr. Webster thought it might be well to descend for a squint at New Jersey, in order to check up on the accuracy of his various calculations. He expected a low ceiling but not quite so low as it proved to be: for, still flying in fog, he suddenly found his ship brushing the bare top-most twigs of a December forest, reaching up bony fingers for him through the mist. He scooped upward in a hurry. He flew on his course for another half-hour, then descended again. This time he found a ceiling of sorts at four hundred feet; but what he saw under him was not land but water. Long Island Sound, if there was anything in mathematics.

He turned south and flew for fifteen

minutes, and then dropped down again. Still nothing but water below. This was worse than annoying. He must be over the ocean itself. Somewhere he had slipped up in his dead reckoning. There was only one thing to do—fly north—and, being tired of fog, he climbed, coming out into the open at forty-five hundred feet, and thereafter he flew in late afternoon sunshine above the tumbled surface of a woolly sea.

A half-hour of this, and he decided it was time to come down again. He dropped down through the cloud to the thousand-foot level, again flying blind, but was afraid to go lower lest he crash into the side of some New England hill. Then he cruised this way and that, hunting a hole that would show him the ground and an emergency field. But there was none. It grew late in the afternoon, and darkness was coming on. Suddenly his engine began jerking; the main fuel tank was dry. He switched to the gravity tank and prepared for the unpleasant business of bailing out.

The gravity tank would give him a few minutes' grace, and he needed every second of it for what he had to do. A less final pilot might have jumped out of his parachute, then gathered up his gloves, goggles, helmet and flash light. But J. Ordway Webster believed in method. First, he put his ship into a steep climb, for Rule 1 in parachute-jumping is to give yourself all the room possible. As the engine faithfully obeyed its final instruction, he unbuckled the belt that held him to his seat, tested the straps of his parachute, then switched on his gloves, goggles, helmet and flash light.

The ship was just showing its back through the ocean of cloud, like a grampus come up to blow, when the engine quit. Webster put the plane into a long glide and waited until the propeller had made its final revolution. Then, still in a glide, he switched off ignition, navigation lights and instrument-board lights, to guard against the slight possibility of fire when the gasless ship crashed, and finally he wound the stabilizer all the way back, to hold the plane steady while he jumped. Then, after a last look around to see that he had descended to everything, he climbed out of the cockpit, descended to the lower step, and pushed off.

He counted the prescribed number of seconds, then gave the release ring of his parachute a strong pull. The white silk, almost invisible in the mist, cracked open above him. Then—dash it all, an oversight—he had forgotten his flying boots. Well, it was too late to do anything for them, but gloomy thoughts of his carelessness kept him company on the way down through the fog.

He landed beside U. S. Route No. 5 near Suffield, Connecticut, two hundred yards from a gas station. Rolling up his chute, he carried it to the station and spent the next half-hour on the phone trying to locate his plane. At last he learned that it had crashed above Thompsonville five or six miles away across the Connecticut River. He drove there at once. He discovered first that volunteer hands had already dispatched the pouches by train to New York. That paramount duty tended to make inquiry for his boots a minor matter.

Nobody had seen them. He searched the wreck, but they were not there. Some scoundrel for whom hanging was too good had stolen them. J. Ordway made a point of the boots in his formal report to the company. They don't make flying boots as warm and comfortable as those nowadays.

Comedy changed to tragedy three days later when Pilot Leo J. McGinn was killed near Huron, Ohio, in a heroic attempt to save his ship and its Christmas load. Flying an afternoon schedule from Cleveland to Chicago, McGinn ran into another snowstorm at Huron, fifty miles out, driven inland by a gale off Lake Erie.

Further flying was impossible. Prudence said Jump! but McGinn's *esprit de corps* thought of the mail. He dropped both landing flares, but their light was blotted out instantly by the snow. His instruments must have gone wrong, for he flew almost head-on into the ground. McGinn was thrown out, dead, at the first crash. The plane bounced terrifically and went flaming into a barn, which was consumed with the ship itself. Volunteers managed to save a few of the pouches.

**M**ANY of the mail pilots are married, and these men usually establish their homes along their routes, where their wives and children can see them pass by day or hear them by night. Pilots attached to the Newark Airport live in Plainfield, New Jersey; those of Chicago in Maywood, Illinois, and so on. McGinn had a wife and two youngsters in Maywood; but they listened in vain for the sound of his propeller that pre-Christmas night.

To complete the toll of 1928, on Christmas Day itself Pilot Shorty Leckelscheid went into the bank of the Missouri River near Council Bluffs, Iowa, in a snowstorm and cracked up. Leckelscheid was badly hurt, but he recovered.

Fatalities were more frequent than now in the early days of the air mail, before parachute-wearing was compulsory and, especially, before constant weather reports were readied to guide pilots in air. Dinty Moore was the first Christmas victim in the air mail. He was killed in a crash in Wyoming in 1923. The following year, on December twenty-first, Clarence O. Gilbert was killed near Kaneville, Illinois, in a mysterious accident. Flying the first section of a night schedule from Chicago, west-bound, he ran into a sleet storm over Kane County. What happened on his ship was never known.

Rube Wagner, a veteran, who was right on Gilbert's tail with the second section, caught a glimpse of him once during a break in the storm and realized that he was in trouble, but could not tell what it was. At any rate, a parachute landed itself without damage in a farm yard that evening, the rags of a parachute clinging to its rudder. They found Gilbert's body next day, half a mile away. Evidently he had jumped and pulled the release ring too soon. The chute caught in the rudder, and the shroud lines saved in two, dropping the pilot from a great height.

Gilbert's young wife lived in Iowa City under his route. Incidentally, he was the first mail pilot forced to bail out and the first, too, to be killed at night.

Pilot Warren D. Williams, known as Bill Williams and one of the oldest veterans on the eastern end of the transcontinental air mail, had an eerie experience during the Christmas rush of 1928. In one of the old post-office Douglas planes he was pushing a heavy Christmas cargo from Cleveland to Chicago through dense fog. The air-navigation aids on post-office planes at that time were sketchy; and when Bill was near Bowling Green, Ohio (as he found out



later), he found himself completely bewildered as to his directions.

The words down and up meant nothing to him. Since he might well be driving his ship straight into the earth, for all he knew, he decided to bail out, which he did in a hurry; but the instant the chute cracked open, he could have kicked himself, for then it was very simple to tell down from up.

His ship was a ruin after it hit. Williams went to it at once and there saw the sort of cargo which he had been risking his life to deliver—ladies' powder compacts, thousands of them, spilled from the split pouches!

Then, as a final instance, there was Pilot Tommy Hill on Christmas Eve, 1929, leaving Maywood Field at Chicago at nine P. M. with the clean-up load of gifts and greeting cards for Kalamazoo, following the shore rather than cutting straight across the windy void of Lake Michigan. The weather reports had been bad, but Tommy lived in Kalamazoo and wanted to be home for Christmas. Crossing the Indiana line, he ran into the most unexpected blizzard. The storm grew worse, and to his chagrin he realized that he would have to land.

Tommy was a good pilot. He flew low and made economical use of his flares. The second one showed him a level, white expanse of field that looked suited to his need. He whipped around and came down on it daintily, and next moment was righteously aggrieved to find himself in a broken and inverted ship nursing a hurt face, while farmers were coming on the run to pull him out of the wreck. The field that he had thought so smooth and firm lay under four-foot drifts that instantly blocked his wheels. Tommy Hill ate broth instead of turkey for his Christmas dinner next day, for he was in a Michigan City, Indiana, hospital with a broken jaw.

But don't think that, because of the rush and pressure and bad weather, flying the Christmas mail is always a grim and desperate business. Dozens of mail planes are in the air constantly, and thousands have flown with Christmas cargoes, but in nine years there have been but ten major accidents, and only three of those fatal. That is not many. Ordinarily, the Christmas mail goes through, and the public has just reason to rely on its schedules. Except for a few vanity cases lost from Bill Williams' ship at Bowling Green and the pouches burned when poor Leo McGinn crashed, the air mail has invariably delivered its sentimental freight to its destination, and usually on time.

So if, in the merry holiday season, the mail pilot in his lonely flight finds the singsong of the old "Night Before Christmas" rhymes beating in his head, and in phantasy likens his modern self to the Saint Nick of the poem, who shall blame him? It is Christmas Eve and he is bringing through the final load, glad that he is winging home for a few hours of his own special Christmas.

The storm has passed, and it is a still, glittering night. The white roofs below gleam faintly in the starlight. He does not have to generate the Christmas spirit through his own thought—the earth sends it up to him, for in many a village yard a tree shines with colored lamps. To him, so far aloft, they are like the hurs of ruby flelades. They warm his feet path across counties and states.

He is bringing through the Christmas mail, elated with the night-flying, filled with the exaltation of power. Let him, if he likes, in sheer animal spirits lean over the cockpit and shout down to unhearing space and a sleeping world:

"Hi, folks! Here comes Santa Claus!"

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# GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

## The Kennel Murder Case by S. S. Van Dine (Continued from page 43)

came down the stairs and walked past the library to the front door.

"Oh, I say, Mr. Wrede," Vance called out. "Could we speak to you a moment before you go?"

The man turned and came into the library. His face was flushed, and there was a sullen, angry look in his eyes.

"You saw Miss Lake?" Vance asked. The man gave a jerky nod.

"And since speaking to her," Vance pursued languidly, "do you still feel that you have no suggestion to make as to a possible perpetrator of these crimes?"

A shrewd light came into the other's eyes. Then he said: "Not at the moment. But it might be well if you temporarily concentrated your investigation on Mr. Grassi. I have just learned that Archer Coe had agreed to sell him a considerable section of his collection."

"Indeed?" Vance's eyebrows went up. "Did Miss Lake tell you?"

"Miss Lake and I discussed other matters," Wrede returned. Then he added: "It may interest you to know, Mr. Vance, that my engagement to Miss Lake has been broken."

"Most distressing," Vance gave his attention to his cigaret. "But what connection does Archer's willingness to dispose of part of his collection have with his death?"

"I couldn't say," Wrede had become uneasy. "But it strikes me as peculiar that Archer should consent to sell."

"I'll admit," agreed Vance, "that it doesn't sound altogether reasonable. But even had Archer consented to dispose of certain pieces in the hope, let us say, of acquiring others, I still can't see what Mr. Grassi would have gained by his death."

"Archer may have repudiated his agreement."

"I see your point, Mr. Wrede," Vance said coldly. "But what of Brisbane?"

"Could not Brisbane's death have been an accident?"

"Yes—quite," Vance smiled thoughtfully. "I'm sure it was an accident. Last night was filled with the most amazing accidents . . . But I shall keep you from your lunch any longer."

Wrede bowed stiffly. "I'll be in my apartment all day tomorrow."

He had no sooner closed the front door behind him than Vance called Gambie.

"Run upstairs," he said, "and find out where Mr. Grassi is."

The butler left the room, returning shortly. "Mr. Grassi, sir," he reported, "is in conversation with Miss Lake in her sitting room on the third floor."

Vance gave a faint satisfied smile.

"And now, Gambie, will you ask Mr. Grassi to come here."

Gambie went out, and Vance turned to Markham.

"I suspected from Wrede's manner that he had found his Latin rival with the young woman. There was probably a most painful scene, and poor Wrede was given his come. It's very sad. He doesn't like Grassi, but I doubt if he really suspects him of killing Archer."

"Then why the insinuations?"

"More subtlety, Markham. Wrede thinks that if we turn our attention to Grassi we will push past the straw man, so to speak, and find somebody else."

"Whom, in the name of heaven?"

"Miss Lake, of course." Before Markham could answer, Vance went on: "Wrede has become vindictive and bitter. My asking him about Miss Lake as a possible suspect put ideas in his head—he knows of the acute antagonism that has always existed between her and

Archer, and he knows, too, that she is a capable, strong-minded woman. Therefore, when he was humiliated a moment ago in front of Grassi, he turned her over to us, as it were, with Grassi as a smoke screen."

Grassi entered the library a moment later.

"I understand, sir," Vance addressed him, "that Mr. Archer Coe had consented to sell you certain items from his collection."

The Italian was nervous, and declined the chair Vance offered him. "Yes," he replied: "that is true. I informed Mr. Wrede of the fact a moment ago. My reason for so doing was that Mr. Wrede practically ordered me out of the house—on the strength of his engagement to Miss Lake, I presume—and I informed him that my business here was not completed, inasmuch as a considerable part of Mr. Coe's collection belonged technically to me. It was necessary for me to remain to arrange for shipment."

"And what did Miss Lake say?"

"Miss Lake broke off her engagement with Mr. Wrede. And then she asked him to leave the house."

"Most impulsive!" Vance sighed. "Was she violent about it?"

"She was not over-polite," Grassi admitted.

"I say, Mr. Grassi," Vance spoke suddenly—"do you think that Miss Lake killed her uncle?"

"I—I—really, sir, I—"

"Thanks awfully for the effort," Vance remarked. "I can quite understand your feelings. We'll let the matter drop . . . Was your agreement with Mr. Archer Coe written or verbal?"

"Written." The man reached in his pocket and handed Vance a folded paper.

Vance unfolded it and read it, with Markham and Heath and me looking over his shoulder. It was a holograph letter on personal note-paper, and ran:

Signor Eduardo Grassi.  
Dear Sir:

In confirmation of our recent conversation, I hereby agree to sell to you, as a representative of the Museum of Antiquities at Milan, the following pieces in my private collection . . .

Then followed a detailed list of forty or fifty items, including many of Archer Coe's most famous and valuable specimens of Chinese art. The price of these items, which followed in a separate paragraph, caused Heath to suck in his breath, and I must admit that even I was astonished at the high figure. At the end of the letter came Archer Coe's sprawling signature. The date at the head of the document was October 10.

Vance refolded the letter and put it in his pocket. "We shall keep this for the present," he told Grassi. "It will be perfectly safe, and it will be returned to you anon."

He had expected Grassi to protest, but instead he bowed politely.

"And now," Vance concluded, "I shall again ask you to wait in your own quarters until we send for you."

Grassi went out, with obvious relief. "And now, Markham," Vance said, "we have chivied all the inmates. What do you say to eliminating the voracious Doremus and seeking food? I know a French restaurant in the neighborhood."

Heath interrupted him. "I'm sticking here," he announced. "I got work to do."

Markham had risen. "I'll either be back or phone you later," he told the sergeant.

Vance went toward the front door.

"Cheer up, old dear," he exhorted Markham. "It's not nearly so black as it seems." He turned to Heath. "Oh, by the by, sergeant," he said: "one or two little favors—there's a good fellow. Will you check up at once—this afternoon, if possible—on the—shall I say alibis?—of Miss Lake and Signor Grassi. Grassi says he dined last night with Doctor Montrose of the Metropolitan Museum, took a wrong train, and ended at the Crestview Country Club at eleven. Miss Lake, according to her tale to Grassi, dined at Arrowhead Inn with friends, drove to the country club alone, had an accident, and arrived shortly after Grassi."

"That's easy," snorted Heath.

"And," added Vance, "you might give this house another search. I'm dashed interested in a blunt instrument that might have been used for striking Archer and the wee Scot. I've noticed that in the fire set in the living room everything was intact in the rack but the poker."

Heath nodded. "I get you, sir . . . And speaking of dogs, that guy Wrede told me he was very fond of the animals. Owned one before he moved."

"Ah," Vance paused. "Did he mention the breed?"

"He did. But it wasn't any dog I'd ever heard of."

"It was a Doberman Pinscher," Markham informed him.

"Now that's deuced interestin', y'know," Vance murmured.

"Anything else, Mr. Vance?" Heath asked.

"Well, yes," Vance drawled, turning at the door. "Be so good, sergeant, as to have the bolt on Archer's bedroom door fixed while we're lunching."

The sergeant grinned broadly. "So that's on your mind, is it? . . . Sure, I'll have it fixed."

THE CHINESE CHEST  
(Thursday, October 11; 2:15 p. m.)

We walked through the invigorating autumn air to a small French restaurant in West Seventy-fifth Street near the Drive. During lunch Vance talked of Scottish terriers. He told us of the famous blood lines—the Embs, Barlaes, Abernays, Landons, Albourns, Lauristons, Merlewoods, Taybans, Ormsays, and Heathers, and described their characteristics. He went into the obscure origin of the Scottie, and criticized the tendency among certain breeders to produce "freaks."

"Proportion in all things," he said. "One must approach a Scottie as one approaches a work of art. A dog, like a painting or a piece of sculpture, must have free movement in three dimensions, balance, organization, rhythm—a perfect plastic ensemble. Some of our breeders are ruining the conformation and workability of the Scottie by faddish distortions. They are endeavoring to make clownish, and he's a Spartan and can suffer pain without whimpering; and he never shows the white feather or runs away. He is the grandest and most admirable of all sports—forthright and brave."

"The Scottie is at heart a gentleman—deep-natured, reserved, honorable, patient, tolerant and courageous. He never complains: he meets life as he finds it, with a stoical intertidity and a mellow understanding. He is loyal, independent, and incapable of an under-hand deal. He's a Spartan and can suffer pain without whimpering; and he never shows the white feather or runs away. He is the grandest and most admirable of all sports—forthright and brave."

"And this is the dog, Markham, that certain breeders would turn into a

grotesque zany—a butt for humor, an object for snickering—by taking away his beautiful proportions, lengthening his head, shortening his body and legs and tail, and making of him a monstrosity fit only for gibes." Vance paused, sipped his Chambertin, and went on: "There is, alas! a growing tendency here and there to breed show dogs rather than natural terriers. Some breeders, by their intensification of certain ring traits, have robbed Scotties of their natural heritage. With their exaggerated lowness and short legs, many of the breed can't move as freely as they should—they lack mobility and speed and agility—and it is impossible for them to defend themselves adequately against their enemies."

"I think it is this loss of terrier power and its resultant loss of confidence that accounts for the increasing number of shy Scotties today. A real Scottie, in his natural state and bred for workability rather than ribbons, possesses keenness and eagerness, a desire to be busy all the time, a readiness to play or fight or raise what-for at any hour of the day; it has in it a deep-seated inquisitiveness, an instinct to investigate whatever turns up—a complete and eager responsiveness to any manifestation, however trivial, of the world about it—a seeking quality which keeps the dog's mind and muscles constantly on the go at once."

"That is the real Scottish terrier character. It's a quality hard to analyze. Perhaps the best way to describe it is to call it an ever-blasting internal fire, both physical and temperamental, that shines forth from the dog's eyes, vitalizes his expression, invigorates his body, and animates his every activity."

Vance smiled waggishly at Markham. "I know I'm boring you, but your brain needs a little relaxation—and what could be more soporific than my cackle about dogs? And while I'm on the subject, I want to tell you, Markham, that the little wounded Scottie Gamble discovered behind the library portières is a beautiful specimen of what a Scottie should be. She has her faults—every dog has—but she's the type I'd like to have in my own kennels. She's small, compact, beautifully balanced. Poor little devil. She certainly didn't deserve that wound, and I hope she'll have her revenge by helping us find the murderer." He got up. "I think I'll phone and see how she's getting along."

He went out and returned shortly to the table. He looked more cheerful.

"The doctor says she's not as badly hurt as he thought at first. She's eating. No fever; and, aside from being bandaged, she'll be pretty normal by tomorrow." He took another sip of wine. "And that means that I'll be busy tomorrow. I'll have to visit the American Kennel Club and interview a few Scottie judges."

"I can't see the connection—" Markham began.

"But there is a connection," insisted Vance. "It is no coincidence that a wounded dog is in a strange, hostile house at the exact time of a murder. In any case, it will be a definite clue. The ownership of the dog—and especially the address of the owner—will give us something pretty definite to work from. And there is another point to be considered. Neither Brisbane nor Archer saw the dog, for either one of them—with their dislike for dogs—would have put her out of the house immediately."

"But she followed someone in, obviously," Markham argued.

"That is true," Vance admitted, "and

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that is a point that puzzles me. She might have followed someone—even a stranger—into the house, provided he had left the door open; but the murderer would scarcely have left the front door open—in fact, I imagine he would have taken pains to shut it securely. And Brisbane would certainly not have left the door open. And both of them—if they had shut the front door immediately—would have noticed the dog and pushed her back.

"On the other hand, the vicious injury given the dog seems to indicate that the person who found her there was surprised and, perhaps, frightened. Being afraid he would be seen if he turned her out, he acted impulsively and sought to kill her, lest she should start bark and attract attention."

"Your reasoning is clear enough," Markham told him, "but I don't see in what way it is helpful to us."

"Perpend, Markham," Vance was gently patient. "It is highly unlikely—not to say impossible—that the dog could have followed anyone in the front door without being seen; for neither Brisbane nor the murderer would have left the front door open. Therefore, we may, as a hypothesis, assume that the murderer entered by the rear door. And this would be in keeping with the nature of the crime. He could have entered the tradesmen's gate with far less danger of being seen than if he had mounted the front steps; and he would have had the advantage of taking his victim unawares by an approach from the rear of the house."

Furthermore, it is not at all unlikely that he would have left both the gate and the rear door open, so that he could make his escape without unnecessary noise. In that case the dog could easily have followed him in through the open gate and the rear door, without being seen or heard."

Markham nodded slowly. "Yes. All that is quite reasonable. But after all, anyone could have come in the rear door."

"Provided he knew the lie of the land, was familiar with all the domestic arrangements—and had a key. Also, provided he knew that all the servants would be away that night. Vance looked up thoughtfully. "Yes, Markham, already that little Scottie has narrowed down our investigation."

It was about half past three when we returned to the Coe house. The sergeant was bustling about, giving orders; and as we entered, Gamble was descending from the second floor with a small tool box, accompanied by Burke.

"All set?" demanded Heath, planting himself in front of Burke.

"Right, sergeant," the detective replied proudly. "That door and lock are as good as they ever were."

Heath turned to Vance. "And I've got something for you, sir." He led us into the library and pointed to the center table. "There's the poker—and it's got blood on it."

Vance went up to it and examined it closely. "Yes, there's dried blood on it—and also a coarse brindle hair." He turned and nodded. "It was that poker, Markham, which wounded the Scottie. And undoubtedly, too, Archer Coe was struck with this poker. Its shape coincides perfectly with the wound on Archer's head."

He frowned. "And Markham, that poker belongs in this room—in that rack beside the fireplace. More evidence that something sinister and horrible preceded the crime upstairs. And it took place in this room."

"And yet," argued Markham doggedly,

"Archer Coe's body was found upstairs, with the door bolted on the inside."

"Yeah," supplemented Heath, "and with a bullet in his head."

Vance nodded despondently. "I know all that, sergeant. That's the terrible thing about the crime. The signposts of death all indicate this library, yet death itself was elsewhere." He shrugged, as if trying to shake off an unpleasant thought. "By the by, sergeant, where did you find the poker?"

Heath cocked his eye at Vance and gave a one-sided grin. "That's one on you, sir. You looked at it this morning and didn't see it."

Vance stiffened. "What do you mean, sergeant?"

"Nothing, sir," the other returned, "except that I found the poker in that Chinese chest in the bedroom upstairs."

Vance sat down and drew deeply on his cigaret. "Who has been in the bedroom, sergeant, since we went to lunch?"

"No one, sir!" Heath was emphatic. "Burke's guarded it every minute while you've been away. The butler helped him fix the door, but didn't get three feet in the room."

Markham came forward. "What's the idea, Vance? Why should the sergeant's finding the poker upstairs bother you?"

Vance looked directly at Markham. "Because, I don't want that chest was empty when I looked in it this morning!"

#### THE SCENTED LIPSTICK (Thursday, October 11; 3:30 P. M.)

Vance's declaration left us both perturbed and mystified.

"Are you certain, Vance?" Markham asked in a guarded tone.

"Oh, yes—quite." Vance made a gesture of finality. "It wasn't there. Someone put it there after I'd examined the chest."

"But who, in heaven's name?"

"Come, come, Markham," Vance smiled grimly. "One doesn't know, sir, now. But I'd say it was the same person who tucked the dagger under the cushion of Archer's chair."

"The dagger?"

"Yes, yes—the dagger. That mystery is at least cleared up—the poker explained that incongruity. The dagger didn't belong in Archer's boudoir. Quite the contrary. Its presence there confused me abominably. Both the poker and the dagger belonged in the library here. And they weren't here, d'ye see—they were where they shouldn't have been, where they couldn't possibly have been."

The practical sergeant projected himself frantically into the discussion. "If someone did catch the dagger and the poker upstairs, who'd've had the opportunity?"

"Almost anyone might have done it, sergeant," returned Vance lazily. "Wrede and Grassi have both passed the room while we were downstairs."

Heath thought a moment. "That's right. And then do you remember how that Miss Lake rushed to the chair when she first came in the room and put her arm back of the corpse? She could have stuck the dagger under the seat then."

"Oh, quite. And she also could have come downstairs from the third floor, while we were in the library here. And don't overlook the Chinaman. Gamble sent him to fetch Miss Lake's breakfast tray while we were all downstairs."

Markham turned to Vance. "If, as you believe, the dagger and poker were taken from this room and hidden in Coe's bedroom this morning, the inevitable conclusion is that the murderer is one of the persons who have been in the house this morning."

"Not necessarily." Vance shook his

head mildly. "Even if the poker and dagger were secretly transferred upstairs, it doesn't follow that the murderer made the transfer. Someone may have done it to shield another, or to divert suspicion from himself. No, no, the murderer couldn't have done it. It was someone else—someone who didn't know all the facts."

"Yes, Markham, the murderer was too clever to do a foolish thing like that—to hide weapons where they never could have been. The murderer wanted the weapons found in this library. That's why he tried to hide the dagger twice—once in the eggshell *Ting yao* vase, and the second time in that Yung Cheng *Ting yao*. And he wanted the poker to be found on the hearth."

"He wanted the weapons in this room where Archer Coe was sitting when Gamble left the house last night. He figured on this library being the murder room. And then something went wrong—the murder room shifted. Something strange and diabolical happened. The corpse, with a bullet wound in his head and a revolver in his hand, decided on the bedroom upstairs. And when the murderer came back, it was too late to rearrange the setting."

"Come back? Too late?" repeated Markham. "What do you mean?"

"Just that," Vance waited and looked down. "Oh, he came back; he had to come back. Brisbane was killed hours after Archer. And the reason he was too late to transfer the scene of the crime was that Archer's door was bolted on the inside. The scene of his murder had shifted—and he, the murderer, was locked out."

At this moment Gamble appeared at the door leading to the butler's pantry. "I'm very sorry, sir, to interrupt," the butler began, "but an item—I know what I mean—has just occurred to me."

"What's the item?" Markham snapped. "It—this little gadget, sir," Gamble stammered, laying a small cylindrical metal lipstick holder on the table. "I found it in the wastepaper basket in this room this morning before I discovered the master's body upstairs."

Vance glanced at the lipstick holder. "What else did you find in the basket, Gamble?" he interrupted.

"That was all, sir—except the evening paper."

Vance picked up the holder and removed the top. "Practically empty," he mused. "Not a gold case—therefore thrown away." He smeared a little of the rouge on his finger and smelled it. "Duplax's Carmine. Made for blondes." He looked again at Gamble. "Did you find this under the paper?"

"On top of it, sir," the man answered with mild surprise. "The paper was crumpled in the bottom of the basket. Mr. Coe always threw the paper there when he had finished reading it."

"And what time does the paper arrive?"

"At half past five always."

Vance nodded slowly. "And you left the house when?"

"Between half past five and six, sir." "And you are quite sure Mr. Archer Coe had no visitor at the time?"

"Oh, quite, sir."

Vance was watching the man from under lazy eyelids. "But a lady seems to have been here. Do you know of any appointment Mr. Coe may have had with the possible owner of that lipstick?"

"An appointment with a lady?" The butler, for some reason, seemed shocked. "Oh, no, sir. I'm sure Mr. Coe had no such appointment."

Vance dismissed him brusquely.

When the man had gone, Vance looked

wagishly at Markham. "I fear, old dear, despite Gamble's assurances, that Archer did entertain a lady yesterday afternoon between, let us say, six o'clock and eight—which is probably about the time he was killed."

Markham hesitated and pursed his lips. "Isn't that leaping at conclusions? Archer may have thrown the lipstick there himself. Miss Lake may have left it here."

"My dear fellow—oh, my dear fellow! Really, now, Miss Lake, I'm sure, doesn't use a lipstick."

Heath was again growing impatient. "Suppose the old boy did have a dame in for a visit—that's not explaining the cockeyed things that happened here last night." He gave Vance a curious and rather aggressive look. "What about that bolted door upstairs? You had something in mind, Mr. Vance, when you asked me to get that bolt fixed."

"My notion was a bit vague, sergeant." Vance crushed out his cigar. "Of course, people don't get murdered in bolted rooms; and something Miss Lake said to me suggested that I might find a solution to that peculiar and illogical circumstance."

"What was that?" Markham curtly demanded.

"When she was talkin' about Brisbane, don't y' know. You remember she mentioned that he was interested in criminology and was sufficiently clever to cover his tracks if he'd decided to go in for murder. A significant remark, Markham. Suppose we question Miss Lake a bit further. What do you say to using Archer's bedroom as the scene of the interrogation?"

Markham gave a resigned sigh, and we went upstairs. Heath sent Gamble to ask Miss Lake to join us there; and a few minutes later she came in.

Vance pushed a chair forward for her. "We wanted to ask you, Miss Lake," he began gravely, "just what you meant when you spoke of your uncle Brisbane's having 'dabbled in criminology.'"

"Oh, that!" Her tone was symptomatic of relief. "He was always interested in the subject, along with other fads."

"What form did his interest in criminology take?"

"Only reading." The woman made a slight gesture. "To my knowledge he never practiced the criminal arts. At heart he was quite respectable."

"What did he read mostly?" Vance's tone was even and unear.

"Criminal cases, court records, detective stories—the usual thing. There are hundreds of volumes in his room. Why not look at them?"

"I'm inclined to follow your suggestion," Vance bowed. "Were you, too, interested in your uncle's books?"

"Oh, yes. There's nothing else worth reading in the house."

"Then you, too, have 'dabbled in criminology'?"

She shot Vance a quick look. "You might call it that."

"Ah! Then perhaps you can help us." Vance's air became jocular. "We crave to know how this door could have been bolted on the inside. Obviously Archer couldn't have done it with a bullet in his head."

"Or a dagger through his lungs," she supplemented. "But he might have done it before the bullet entered his head."

"But he was dead at that time."

"Have you never heard of cadaveric spasm, or *rigor mortis*?" she asked contemptuously. "Men, with revolvers in their hands at death, have been known to fire them hours after they were dead, as a result of muscular contraction."

Vance nodded, without changing his

# I COULDN'T EVEN TELL MY DOCTOR



## the torture I suffered!

*An Affliction I Had to Endure in Silence  
Because It Was Too Embarrassing to Mention*

IS there anything more painful than hemorrhoids or—frankly speaking—piles? It is an affliction that thousands suffer and yet many, on account of the delicacy of the subject, hesitate to seek relief.

There is nothing more in need of immediate treatment than piles. There is nothing that will do more to pull a person down physically and mentally and nothing more liable to serious development than this common form of rectal trouble.

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expression or shifting his gaze. "Quite true. There was the famous case in Prague of the suicide who later shot the police inspector. And there was a more recent case in Pennsylvania. . . . But I hardly think that condition applies here. Archer, d'ye see, died of a stab in the back. And the position of his hand holding the revolver was not such as would indicate that he himself pulled the trigger."

"Perhaps you're right." I was surprised at her ready acceptance of Vance's dismissal of her suggestion. "Someone else must have bolted the door. It's quite a problem, isn't it?"

"Are you sure you can't help us?" Vance gazed at her steadily.

"You're trying to flatter me." She gave Vance a hard, straight-lipped smile. "I of course know all the usual methods. The string under the door, for instance, tied to a nail thrust through the bow of the key. But then, there's not a bit of space under this door—it scrapes the sill, in fact—and there's no key—hasn't been one for years. Then there's the old turn-bolt system which any child can operate with a hairpin and a piece of thread. But alas! there's no turn-bolt. And naturally I know of the melted-candle method of bolting a door from the outside; but this bolt isn't a drop-bolt. And the piece of ice that will melt and let the bolt fall down. But that's out, too, for this bolt is the kind that slips over into a groove."

She quickly became thoughtful: a curious change came over her. "I've been thinking about that door for several hours," she said tensely, "and can't find an answer to it. Uncle Brisbane and Mr. Wrede and I often talked about these tricky criminal devices. We worked out various ways and means of doing seemingly impossible things; but bolting this door from the outside was a problem that baffled us."

"You mean to tell me that you and Brisbane and Mr. Wrede actually discussed the possibilities of bolting this door from the outside?"

"Oh, yes." She appeared quite frank. "Many times. But we decided it couldn't be successfully done."

Vance hesitated, and a strange kind of chill ran over me. I felt as if we were approaching something pertinent and sinister. "Did anyone else"—Vance's cool voice brought me back to reality—"ever hear these discussions?"

"No one but Uncle Archer."

"What of Liang?" Vance asked.

"The cook? Oh, I suppose he heard our idle chatter. We talked over our plots at dinner occasionally."

"And now the problem that troubled all of you has been solved." Vance rose and strolled meditatively toward the door. "Very sad." He opened the door and held it ajar. "Thank you, Miss Lake. We'll try not to disturb you more than is absolutely necessary. I say, you won't mind remaining in your room till dinner time, will you?"

"If I did mind, it wouldn't do me any good, I suppose." She spoke with obvious resentment as she walked into the hall.

Vance waited until he heard her door close with a bang; then he turned.

"Vance was referring to the case of Wenzel Kokoschka, a cooperative-society cashier, who shot himself, and who hours later seriously wounded Joseph Marcus, an inspector of gentlemen, with the result that the result of rigor mortis acting on the trigger of the gun still held in the dead man's hand."

Joseph D. Trege, a war veteran of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, came very near shooting the coroner, hours after his own death, by the muscular contraction of his hand. It took the coroner half an hour to wrest the revolver from the dead man's hand.

"Not a sweet, Victorian clinging vine," he lamented. "Curious, her telling us of her discussions with Brisbane about the possibilities of bolting this door from the outside. And that suggestion about rigor mortis and the revolver. Amazing!"

"If you want my candid opinion," Markham commented, "she knows, or suspects, more than she's telling." Vance considered this for a time. "Yes—it's possible," he agreed at length. "Any suggestion?" Markham asked. "What's our next move?" "Oh, that's indicated," Vance sighed deeply. "I simply must run my eye over Brisbane's books."

#### VANCE EXPERIMENTS (Thursday, October 11; 4:00 P. M.)

We went into Brisbane Coe's room, which was at the front of the house on the west side. On the east wall beside the bay window was a series of simple built-in bookshelves extending to the ceiling. There were, I estimated, between three and four hundred volumes on them, all meticulously arranged.

Vance went to the window and threw up the shades. Then he drew a chair to the bookshelves, mounted it, and began running his eye systematically over the volumes. I stood behind him and glanced over the titles. Markham and I sat down on a long davenport before the fireplace and watched Vance with an air of boredom.

For so small a number of criminological volumes Brisbane Coe's collection was unusually complete. He had Hargrave L. Adam's complete "Police Encyclopedia" of Scotland Yard; the Cornet Newgate Calendar; the Notable British Trials Series; Doctor Hans Gross' great handbook for examining magistrates; Dawson's "Celebrated Crimes"; and many works in German including Doctor Erich Wulff's "Encyklopädie der Kriminalistik," a set of Dr. Wiener's "Fiktural, Friedländer's "Kriminal-Prozesse," a set of Doctor Ludwig Altman's "Aus dem Archiv des Grauen Hauses," and Leonhard's library of "Ausenseiter der Gesellschaft."

In addition, there were various miscellaneous volumes dealing with criminals and their methods. The three lower shelves were devoted almost entirely to the classics of detective fiction.

Vance glanced over the books rapidly but carefully. There were but few that were not in his own library, and he was familiar not only with their titles but with their appearance. He gave little attention, however, to the fiction. Just what he was looking for none of us knew.

After scanning the backs of the books for perhaps fifteen minutes, he sat down and slowly lighted one of his Régies. "It should be here, y'know," he murmured, as if to himself.

He got up leisurely, and again standing on the chair, began to check the volume numbers of the various sets of books. When he came to the red-and-gold set of the "Ausenseiter der Gesellschaft" he gave a nod and stepped down to the floor.

"A volume missing," he announced. He scanned the upper bookshelves carefully. "I wonder . . ." Then he dropped on his knees and began going more thoroughly over the section of fiction.

When he had come to the lowest shelf he reached forward and took out this red-and-gold volume. He glanced at it and leaned forward again to inspect the books on either side of the space from which he had taken the missing volume.

"Oh, I say!" he exclaimed. "That's deuced interesting." He pulled out a small red book. "The Clue of the New

Pin," by Edgar Wallace," he said aloud. "Only, we have two pins and a darned needle—eh, what? Still, Markham, it's significant that the missing volume of the 'Ausenseiter der Gesellschaft' should be found cheek by jowl with a book dealing with a pin."

He picked up the "Ausenseiter der Gesellschaft" volume and glanced at the title-page. "Der Mordverding. Fall Konrad," he read. "By Kurt Bernstein. That doesn't tell us much. I wonder who Konrad might have been and what subtleties he engaged in. I think I'll do a bit of prying into Konrad's criminal past. And I'll glance through Wallace—if you could bear to wait for me."

Markham made a gesture of acquiescence. "The sergeant and I will wait downstairs. I've got some telephoning to do." The three of us left Vance alone in Brisbane's room.

An hour later he came to the head of the stairs and called down to us. We joined him in Archer's bedroom. He had both books with him.

"I think I've found a solution to one phase of our problem," he announced seriously, when we were seated. "But it may take a bit of working out." He opened the novel. "Wallace has a clever idea here—I found the passage without too long a search. The tale, as I gather at a hasty reading, relates of a dead man found lying on a table with the key to the door on the table before him. The vault door was locked from the outside."

"Here's the explanatory passage: 'No other word he spoke, but took something from his pocket: it was a reel of stout cotton. Then from his waistcoat he produced a new pin, and with great care and solemnity tied the thread to the end of the pin. Then, watching him intently. And all the time he was working, Rex Lander was humming a little tune, as though he were engaged in the most innocent occupation.'

"Presently he stuck the point of the pin in the center of the table, and pulled at it by the thread he had fastened. Apparently he was satisfied. He unwound a further length of cotton and when he had sufficient he threaded the key upon it, carrying it well outside the door. The end he brought back into the vault, and then pushed it out again from the inside through one of the air-holes. Then he closed the door carefully. He had left plenty of slack for his purpose and Tab heard the click of the lock as it was fastened, and his heart sank."

"He watched the door fascinated, and saw that Lander was pulling the slack of the cotton through the air-hole. Presently the key came in sight under the door. Higher and higher came the sagging line of cotton and the key rose until it was at the table's level, slid down the taut cotton, and came to rest on the table. Tighter drew the strain of the thread, and presently the pin came out, passed through the hole in the key, leaving it in the exact center of the table. Tab watched the bright pin as it pulled across the floor and through the ventilator. . . . That's the way Wallace worked his locked door."

"But," objected Markham. "There was an open ventilator in the door, and space beneath the door."

"Yes—of course," Vance returned. "But don't overlook the fact that there was a string and a bent pin. At least they're common enough integers in the problems. Now, let's see if we can combine those integers with certain common integers of the Konrad case." He opened the other book. "Konrad," Vance explained, "was a truck driver in Berlin nearly fifty years ago. His wife and five

children were found dead in their cellar room; and the door—a ponderous affair without even a keyhole or space around the molding—was bolted on the inside.

"The case was at once pronounced one of murder and suicide on the part of the mother; and Konrad would have been free to marry his inamorata (whom he had in the offing) had it not been for an examining magistrate of the criminal court, named Hollmann. Hollmann, for no tangible reason, did not believe in the suicide theory, and set to work to figure out how Konrad could have bolted the door from without.

"Here's the revelatory passage—if you'll forgive my rather sketchy sight translation of the German: 'Hollmann, urged on by his conviction that Frau Konrad had not murdered her children and committed suicide, determined, as a last resort, to give the entire door, both inside and outside, a microscopic examination. But there was not the slightest aperture anywhere, and the door fitted so tightly around the frame that a piece of paper could not have been passed through any crevice.

"Hollmann examined the door minutely with a powerful lens. It required hours of labor, but in the end he was rewarded. Just above the bolt he found on the inside, close to the edge of the door, a very small hole which was barely discernible. Opening the door, he inspected the outside surface directly opposite the hole on the inside. But there was no corresponding hole visible. Hollmann did find on the outside of the door, however, a small spot on which the paint seemed fresher than that on the rest of the door.

"The spot was solid, but this did not deter Hollmann's investigation. He borrowed a hatpin from one of the tenants in the building, and heating it, ran it through the hole on the inside. With but little pressure the heated hatpin penetrated the door, coming out on the outside exactly in the center of the newly painted spot. Moreover, when Hollmann withdrew the hatpin a piece of tough horsehair adhered to the pin; and on the pin was also discernible a slight film of wax . . .

"It was obvious then how Konrad had bolted the door from without. He had first bored a tiny hole through the door above the bolt, looped a piece of horsehair over the bolt's knob, and slipped the two ends through the hole. He had then pulled the bolt-knob upward until the horsehair loop was disengaged, withdrawing the horsehair through the hole. A piece of the horsehair had, however, caught in the hole and remained there. Konrad had then filled up the hole with wax and painted it on the outside, thereby eliminating practically every trace of his criminal device."

Heath, as Vance finished reading, leaped to his feet, and going swiftly to the door, bent over.

"There's no hole there above the bolt, sergeant," Vance smiled. "No need, no need, I know. There's a keyhole."

"Still and all, the keyhole's only half-way over the bolt, and eight inches below it. No string fastened to the bolt and run through that keyhole would lock the room from the outside."

"True, sergeant," Vance nodded. "But that's where the modification of the trick comes in. Don't forget we have two pieces of string and two pins."

"Well, I don't get it."

"Look at the wall," suggested Vance, "just to the right of the jamb and opposite the bolt. Do you see anything?"

Heath looked closely. "I don't see much," he grumbled. "Right in the

# NOW..IN YOUR PANGAKES

## Aunt Jemima's own

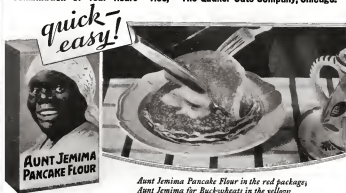
# PLANTATION FLAVOR



*Within full view of Mississippi steamboats, according to the legend, stand Aunt Jemima's cabins. For miles up and down the river the twin towers for the flavor of her tender pancakes*

**Richly tender . . . delicately light**—these pancakes are a toothsome reminder of old times! It's Aunt Jemima's own secret—that wonderful plantation flavor. A special combination of four flours—rice,

rye, corn and wheat, mixed for special lightness, extra-delicious flavor. If you want real old-time goodness in your pancakes, just add milk (or water) to Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. Bake and serve, dainty golden-brown pancakes! The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago.



*Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour in the red packages  
Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats in the yellow*

crack of the jamb and wall there's what might be a pinhole."

"That's it, sergeant!" Vance rose and went to the door. "I think I'll try the experiment I have in mind."

We all watched him with fascinated interest. First he reached in his pocket and drew forth the two pieces of string and bent pins and the darned needle he had found in the pocket of Brisbane Coe's overcoat. By means of his pocket-knife he straightened one of the pins and inserted it in the hole Heath had found in the wall at the edge of the jamb, giving it several taps with the handle of his knife to drive it in rather securely. He then threaded the other end of the string in the darned needle and passed it through the keyhole into the hall, removing the needle and letting the string fall to the hall floor.

After this operation, he bent the other pin securely round the upright knob of the bolt, passed the string over the pin he had driven into the wall, and threading this second string into the darned needle, passed it also through the keyhole to the hall. He then opened the door about eighteen inches, drawing the two strings partly back through the keyhole in a loop to permit the door to swing inward without disturbing his mechanism.

"Let us see if the device works," he said, with an undercurrent of suppressed excitement. "You stay in the room while I go outside and manipulate the strings."

He bent down and passed under the two strings into the hall. Then he closed the door gently, while we remained inside, our eyes riveted to the two strings and the two pins.

Presently we saw the string which was attached to the bolt-knob go taut, as Vance drew it slowly through the keyhole. Passing over the pin in the wall, which acted as a pulley, the string described a sharp angle, with the pin in the wall as the apex. Slowly Vance drew the string from outside, and the bolt, getting a straight pull around the pin, began to move into its socket on the jamb. The door was bolted!

The next thing we saw was the tightening of the other string—the one attached to the head of the pin in the wall. There came several jerks on the string. The pin in the wall resisted several times and bent toward the source of the pull. Finally, it was disengaged from the wall; and it was then drawn upward from its depending position, disappearing through the keyhole.

The other string, still hooked about the bolt-knob, was then drawn taut through the keyhole, describing a straight line from the bolt-knob to the keyhole which was almost directly below it. Another slight pull by Vance on the string, and the knob fell downward into its groove. Another pull, and the bent pin was disengaged from the knob and pulled through the keyhole into the hall.

Markham, Heath and I had been bolted in the room from the hall as neatly as if we ourselves had shot the bolt and locked it.

The sergeant, after a moment's stupefaction, threw back the bolt and opened the door.

"It worked?" asked Vance.

"It worked," mumbled Heath.

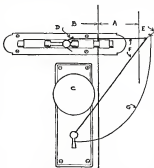
#### THE DANGER STRIKES (Thursday, October 11; 5:30 P.M.)

At this moment the front door opened and slammed, and Burke called to the sergeant from the lower hall. Emery, one of the detectives that had been sent out earlier that afternoon to check Miss Lake's and Grassi's alibi, had returned to report. He had been assigned to

the Grassi alibi; and his report was brief.

"I interviewed Doctor Montrose at the Metropolitan. This fellow Grassi arrived there a little after four, and then the two of 'em went to the doc's apartment in East Eighty-sixth Street. Grassi stayed there for dinner and went out at eight, saying he had an appointment in Mount Vernon at nine. He asked the doc directions for getting to Grand Central."

Emery took out his notebook and opened it. "I then hopped out to the Crestview Country Club and talked to



A—Wooden door jamb. B—Door knob. C—Bent pin around knob of slide bolt. D—Bent pin around knob of door jamb. E—Pin in wall at edge of door jamb. F-F—String attached to pin around knob-knob running around pin (E) in wall and out through the keyhole. G—String attached to pin in wall and running out into hall through keyhole.

the steward. He was for being cagey, but he finally came through and dug up the head waiter and the porter. They both remembered the Italian—on account of Miss Lake, I guess—and as far as they recollected he didn't show up till late-around eleven. Miss Lake had a table reserved for the dance, but didn't get there till after Grassi did. The party broke up about twelve-thirty."

"I say," Vance asked, "did Doctor Montrose give you any tidbits of gossip regarding Grassi's call?"

"Nothing, sir," Emery shook his head with ponderous discouragement. "Except that the Italian was called up on the phone during dinner."

When the detective had gone Vance went to the telephone and called Doctor Montrose's home. After a few minutes' conversation he hung up.

"That phone call to Grassi," he murmured—"very strange. Doctor Montrose says it upset Grassi terribly. Hardly finished his dinner, and seemed in a hurry to get away. The phone was in the hall just outside the dining-room door and Montrose couldn't help hearing some of Grassi's end of the conversation. Montrose says he protested bitterly against the message he received—called it an outrage, and intimidated strongly that he would take steps."

"Steps—now what could that mean? And who could have called him and upset him? Who knew he was going to Montrose's for dinner? It couldn't have been Miss Lake—he wouldn't have threatened her and then joined her at a country-club dance. And Wrede could have had no dealings with him. Perhaps Brisbane—or Archer." It was growing dark and Vance switched on the electric lights. "Archer—yes, it could have been... Sergeant, suppose you fetch the Signore."

Heath went from the room, and Vance said to Markham:

"Ceramics, I opine. Nothing would be so likely to stir up Grassi as a disappointment along that line."

The Italian was ushered in.

"Who telephoned to you, Mr. Grassi, at Doctor Montrose's yesterday during dinner?" Vance asked.

Grassi gave a slight start. "It was a personal matter—my own affair."

Vance sighed and with slow deliberation drew from his pocket the agreement that Archer Coe had written to Grassi regarding the sale of his collection. Grassi's eyes widened and stared. "It was Mr. Archer Coe who phoned you, was it not, Mr. Grassi?" came Vance's flat and unemotional voice.

Grassi neither moved nor spoke. "Perhaps he regretted the bargain he had made with you for the sale of so many of his beloved pieces," Vance continued. "Perhaps he decided to call the deal off."

Still Grassi did not move, but the inevitable impression he gave was that Vance had guessed the truth.

"I can well imagine how you felt, Mr. Grassi," Vance went on. "After all, the bargain had been made. But really, you shouldn't have threatened him."

Suddenly the Italian's pent-up emotion broke forth. "I had every right to threaten him! For a week I have been negotiating—meeting his constantly increasing prices. Finally, yesterday, we reach an understanding. He puts it in writing, and I cable to Italy announcing my success. Then he rejects the agreement; he tells me he will not sell—that he has changed his mind."

"He insults me over the telephone; he says I have swindled him. He dares me to do anything about it! He even says to me that he will swear I forced him to sign that letter by pointing a revolver at him." Grassi raised his clenched hands in a gesture of outrage. "What could I do?" he almost shouted. "I threatened him as he had threatened me. I was justified!"

Vance nodded vaguely. "What did Mr. Coe say then?"

"What did he say?" Grassi took a step toward Vance and bent forward. "He said he would break every vase he owned before he would let me have them."

Vance gave a mirthless smile. "No wonder you were a bit disconcerted at the sight of those *Ting* yao fragments!" He got to his feet wearily, folded Archer Coe's letter and held it out to Grassi. "If this document will comfort you, you may have it back. That will be all for the present."

Grassi hesitated. He studied Vance suspiciously for a moment. Then he took the letter, bowed, and left the room.

Markham, who had been following the interview intently, addressed Vance as soon as Grassi was out of hearing. "A curious and ominous situation. Grassi is refusing the collection, on which he has obviously set his heart and staked his honor; and he threatens Coe. Then he disappears for three hours, saying he took the wrong train; and this morning Coe is found murdered."

"But why should he also stab Brisbane?" Vance asked dispiritedly. "And why the revolver? And why the bolted door? And especially why the Seattle?"

"You were counting a great deal on the dog this morning," Markham observed.

"Yes, yes—the dog. And no one here liked dogs—no one but Wrede. Funny he should give his pet away." Vance's voice was scarcely audible; it was as though he were thinking out loud. "A Doberman Pinscher—too big, of course,



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to keep in a small apartment. And I wouldn't take Wrede for a dog lover. Too unsympathetic."

He stepped to the telephone. A moment later he was talking with Wrede. The conversation was brief, but during it Vance jotted down some notes on the phone pad. When he had replaced the receiver Markham gave a grunt.

"Why should you be concerned with Wrede's former pets?" he asked.

"I'm sure I don't know," Vance admitted frankly. "Some vague association, perhaps. The unknown Scottie was found downstairs; and the only other dog that has been mentioned in this case is Wrede's. I'll confess the connection is far-fetched. But Wrede and dogs don't go together—the combination is almost as incongruous as was the presence of the wounded Scottie in the hall."

Markham strove to control his irritation. "Well, what did you learn about Wrede's dog?"

"Nothing staggerin'. He had the Doberman only a few months—bought him at a show in Westchester. Then, when he moved from his house in Greenwich Village to his present apartment, he gave the dog to some friends of his." He pointed to the phone pad. "I have their names; they live on Central Park West, in the Eighties. I think I'll drop by to see them. Y' know, Markham, I'm dashed interested in Doberman Pinschers. They were the original police dogs in Germany. The Doberman Pinscher is a cross between a shepherd dog and a Pinscher—the name given Continental terriers. He's a comparatively new breed, but has become very popular, for, aside from his beautiful conformation, he is strong, muscular, vigorous, intelligent, and, when incensed, vicious and savage—an excellent dog for police work."

Markham got up and yawned. "Thanks awfully. Your dissertation is most edifying. But I hardly think I'll call in a Doberman to solve the present case."

It was decided to discontinue the investigation for the day. We were all tired and confused, and there were no leads to follow. Vance suggested a complete cessation until he could make an inquiry into the ownership of the wounded Scottie. His sanguine attitude toward the presence of the dog in the house struck me as extravagant; and I knew Markham felt the same way about it. But since there was little more that could be done at the moment, he gave in hopefully to Vance's suggestions.

"It's quite safe," Vance told him, when he had reached the lower hall, "to let the various members of the household go about their business. Only, they should be on hand tomorrow."

A short conference in the living room settled the matter. Gamble was told to proceed with his duties, as usual, and Miss Lake and Grassl were informed that they were free to go and come as they chose.

"Keep a man in Coe's bedroom, however," Vance admonished the sergeant; "and it would also be well to have a man outside to check on anyone entering or leaving the house."

As we approached the front door Guilfoyle, the detective from the homicide bureau whom the sergeant had sent to check Hilda Lake's alibi, came in and reported. But he had unearthed nothing helpful. Miss Lake had dined at Arrowhead Inn with friends, and had started home by motor, arriving at the Crestview Country Club about eleven o'clock. Guilfoyle had been unable to verify the motor accident which ostensibly had delayed her arrival at the club.

Vance, Markham and I went out into the chill air. When we were entering

## College boy comes home by telephone



EVERY DAY, a lot of people find happiness in the *personal* contact of a telephone call. . . . A mother in a Southern city writes:

"I live alone all winter, my son being away at college, and the fact that in just a few moments I can hear his voice makes me forget the anxiety and loneliness that otherwise would be so great. Truly, the telephone has brought me both happiness and protection."

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the district attorney's car, Markham asked:

"Were you serious, Vance, about seeing those people to whom Wrede gave the Doberman Pinscher?"

"Oh, quite. It won't take long."

The name of the people was Enright; and they lived in one of the new apartment buildings on Central Park West, almost opposite the reservoir. The butler informed us that Mrs. Enright was out of the city, and that Mr. Enright was at that moment walking the dog in the park. He suggested that we might find him on the reservoir path.

Entering the park at Eighty-fifth Street, we traversed the gardens on foot, crossed the main motor road and cut across the lawn to the reservoir path. Few people were in the park at this hour and the figures about the reservoir were not many. We sat down on a bench by the path entrance and waited. Presently there appeared round the Fifth Avenue turn a very large man with a dog on a leash.

"That will be Enright," said Vance.

Enright proved to be a genial, easy-going type of man of great bulk. Vance introduced himself and presented Markham and me. Enright was cordial and talkative; and when Vance mentioned Wrede's name he became voluble regarding his long friendship with the man.

As he chatted I had a good look at the dog. I was not familiar with the breed, but I was nevertheless struck with his qualities. He was lean and muscular, with beautiful lines, his coat a shiny black with rust-red, sharply defined markings. The dominating impression he gave was that of compact, muscular power, combined with great speed and intelligence—a dog that would make a loyal friend and a dangerous enemy.

Which suspect was actually guilty of murder? Look for S. S. Van Dine's amazing conclusion Next Month!

## Fathoms Five by Robert W. Chambers (Continued from page 69)

am Sister Aethra of Sainte Chryseas." Lady Green-sleeves did not know that there was a visiting nun from another order at Saint Joseph's, for they inclined her beautiful head and seemed to await further enlightenment concerning this strange daybreak intrusion.

She was in her nightdress and barefoot; the wheat-gold hair, framing her lovely face, fell about to her waist.

"I bring you a message by grapevine," said Operator 13 in a low voice.

"From whom, sister?"

"From Mr. Gaston."

"Give it, then."

"Are you truly Mrs. Rosalie Howe, Secret Service agent for General Beauregard?"

"Yes."

"This, then, is the grapevine message, madam: The blockade runner, Miranda, lies off False Cape. You are to signal her by waving a handkerchief in each hand."

"I understand," said Lady Green-sleeves quietly. "Is that all?"

"That is the grapevine telegram sent to you from Mr. Gaston in Richmond. There is another message from Vespasian Chancellor."

"Give it," said Lady Green-sleeves.

"On October tenth," whispered Operator 13, "Colonel Williams and Lieutenant Dunlap, Secret Service agents of the Confederate government, were taken inside the Yankee lines, tried by court-martial and hanged as spies. You are to inform Miriam C. Rachel Lyons and Mrs. Phillips."

Lady Green-sleeves passed her white hand across her cloudy golden hair.

"Oh, yes," Enright said, in answer to a question from Vance. "Wrede gave me and the missus Ruprecht last spring. Said he couldn't keep him in a small apartment. We've got a penthouse—plenty of roof for the fellow to run around. But I always take him out at night and give 'im a to-and-fro in the park. Good for him. Dogs get fed up with tiles and brickwork—need to feel the sod under their paws and to get their noses in the earth now and then."

Vance went toward the Doberman and bent over, making a friendly clicking sound with his tongue and calling the dog gently by name. He extended the back of his hand slowly toward the dog's muzzle and ran his hand over his occiput and down his slightly arched neck. But the dog would not respond. He shrank back, gave a frightened whine and crouched down on his haunches.

"That don't mean he don't like you, Mr. Vance," Enright explained, patting the dog on the head. "He's shy as the devil. Distrustful of strangers. God! You should have seen him when I first got him. He crawled under a big settee in the den and wouldn't come out. But he's lots better now than he used to be. Getting a little confidence."

"He'll probably get over it," Vance told him encouragingly. "The right treatment, don't you know. He's a beautiful specimen—not a Sieger Kandler von Sigalsburg, but still capable of winning."

We walked with the garrulous Enright back to his apartment house and took leave of him. When we were in the district attorney's car, headed downtown, Vance spoke, and his voice was troubled.

"Something queer about that dog, Markham—something deuced queer. Why should he be timid? Why should he distrust and fear strangers? It's not like

a Doberman to act that way. By nature they are alert and shrewd, fearless and energetic. They're among the best watch-dogs of all the larger breeds. Yes, something has happened to him. He's had a blighting experience of some kind."

Markham beat an annoyed tattoo on the window ledge of the car. "Yes, yes; it's very sad, I suppose. But what possible connection can there be between a shy Doberman in Central Park West and the murder of Archer Coe?"

"I haven't the vaguest notion," Vance returned cheerfully. "But there are only two dogs in this case, and one of them is browbeaten and timid, and the other is viciously wounded."

"Pretty far-fetched," Markham grumbled.

Vance sighed. "I dare say. But so are the circumstances surrounding the murders themselves." He lighted a fresh cigaret and glanced at his watch. "Anyway, there'll be nothing toirk us till tomorrow."

Vance was mistaken. That night the Coe case entered a new and more sinister phase. Markham dined with us and remained until nearly eleven. He departed with the understanding that he was to pick us up the next morning.

It was exactly half past two in the morning when Vance's private phone rang. It took me a deep sleep and it was several minutes before I could answer it. Markham's voice came over the wire demanding Vance. I carried the portable phone set to his room and handed it to him in bed. He listened a brief minute; then he set the instrument on the floor, yawned, stretched, and threw back the bedclothes.

"Dash it all, Van! he complained, as he rang for Currie. "Grassi has been stabbed!"

As Lady Green-sleeves, half dressed, came out into the corridor, Operator 13 snatched the key from the inside key-hole, and had slammed and locked the door and flung the key down the dark stair well before the other understood what was happening.

She stared, astounded, at the nun, who stood with her long knife in her hand barring her way. Then her beautiful, incredulous gaze changed, and a tempest of fury swept her features.

"You are prisoner to the United States!" whispered Operator 13 dramatically. "I am an agent of the Federal Secret Service and I am here to arrest you. Come with me quietly, Mrs. Howe."

Lady Green-sleeves was like some exquisite angelic shade cast out of Paradise and cringing to the curse. "On what charge am I arrested?"

"You are a Confederate spy in Maryland."

"Where is your warrant? Her lips moved as though frozen.

"No warrant necessary."

"Do you understand that I shall hang if you arrest me?"

"No. You'll remain in Fort McHenry. Come, Mrs. Howe. Walk down those stairs ahead of me!"

A silence, unstriving; then: "May I speak to my little daughter?"

"I dare not risk it. If you trick me, I hang. . . . No; turn and start downstairs!"

"At least let me look at her."

"If you don't obey and move forward I'll prick your neck with my knife point." In a flash Lady Green-sleeves sprang on her and caught her right wrist; the knife fell clattering downstairs; but



the girl, as slim as a whip, and as supple and springy, clung to her prisoner, and they swayed together on the stair landing, tight-locked, wrestling, throting, striving to hurl each other headlong down the dusky staircase.

"I know you!" panted Lady Green-sleeves. "You are Operator 13! And now, you young murderer, I'll see to it that you are destroyed!"

The flying mass of her flashing golden hair was blinding the younger girl, who redoubled her blows at random. A bright gout of blood welled up on Lady Green-sleeves' mouth. She bared her teeth and ripped the nun's habit from the girl.

Twisting and doubling like fighting serpents murderously encoiled, they struck and dodged and swayed and slithered to the edge of the stairs, fell a step or two downward, recoiled, clutching at each other, then slipped again and tumbled halfway down the stairs.

One of them lay quivering against the banisters, her disordered golden hair covering her bloody face. The other, stark-naked, made her way to the front door, shut and locked it, and groped about for her fallen knife.

But when she crept, panting, back to where Lady Green-sleeves lay crumpled up against the banisters halfway down-stairs, she could not arouse her.

Shaking, gasping, almost fainting, Operator 13 contrived to gather up the fragments of her hooded habit and wimple, and dress herself. She was aware, now, of a horrid screaming noise from somewhere, but whether it was the black maid in the coat-closet or Mrs. Morris at a window she could not be sure.

She looked down at Lady Green-sleeves, battered, bruised, befouled with blood, and still beautiful. Horror seized the girl, for that lovely neck seemed to have been broken. But as she bent low over the huddled woman, the violet eyes opened. It was hopeless to attempt to carry her to the horses. There was nothing more to be done here, unless she meant to finish her. Besides, it was broad daylight outside.

Fragments of Lady Green-sleeves' nightgown lay on the stairs. With these torn into strips the girl tied the lovely feet at the ankles, drew the resisting arms back and fastened the wrists.

Then Operator 13 picked up her girdle, sheathed her knife, buckled the belt under her habit, and, holding to the stair rail, retreated slowly to the front door, opened it, looked it from the outside.

Nobody saw her. An early farmer, down the road, was driving a wagonful of apples toward Gettysburg. Nobody else was in the street.

When the milk-driven wagon had disappeared, the girl walked across the veranda and into the orchard, where Skylark and Lady Margrave were tearing at fruit branches with impatient teeth. Hooded, rumped, still all aquiver, but nervously keyed up to what lay before her, the girl in her soiled nun's dress mounted Skylark and, leading Lady Margrave, left the orchard, guiding her horses out across the grass.

The orchard-close was fenced with rails, but the bars were down. Through the gap she rode and out across Main Street into the crooked, shady lane, skirting the horse trough and continuing along it between orchards until the Frederick road cut her course.

Along this road were farmhouses with smoking chimneys, and white men and black at work among apple trees. These turned to stare at a nun astride a blooded horse and leading another, but nobody moved to question or intercept her; and she urged Skylark into a gallop.

Rural folk at breakfast or afield or milking at the open doors of barns were amazed to see a Sister of Sainte Chryseis galloping through the ruddy sunrise.

It was still early when she galloped into view of the mountains on her right and the little river at her left, where the Mechanics turnpike passes near the westward bend of the Monocacy. And here she came suddenly upon a heart-rending sight: a regiment of hollow-eyed, mud-splashed Federal cavalry, limping along on exhausted horses.

Behind them labored a battery of horse artillery—or what remained of it—the animals scarce able to drag gun and caisson. Even as she caught sight of them she saw horses stumble and fall and lie inert.

Some of the cavalymen saw her coming and an officer turned and came toward her at a stiff trot, halting her with uplifted arm. When he understood she was an agent of the United States Secret Service and had listened to her story and examined the two letters taken from the Emmetsburg post office, he looked at her hopelessly, then back at the wretched horsemen, then again gazed wearily at her.

"This is Pleasanton's command," he said. "We are dead in our saddles. Stuart is making for the ford; we are following. There is nobody to send back to Emmetsburg to arrest Lady Green-sleeves; no man or horse yonder could last. You look sick and tired yourself, ma'am."

"Where are the Sixth Lancers?" she asked. "Can't they go?"

"I don't know where they are," said the officer drearily. "If they're at Frederick they'll have to go on to the mouth of the Monocacy. Your horses seem fresh. You'd better ride on ahead of us."

"Take me through, then," she said desperately.

He gave her back her letters and attempted to keep up with her, but finally begged her to ride no faster than a trot. Even at that pace they soon overtook the cavalry and guns ahead. A pallid colonel listened to her and the captain who escorted her; waved her on; and she spurred forward on Skylark, Lady Margrave pounding along at lead.

A mile and a half outside Frederick she rode into the camp of the Sixth Lancers. Only a platoon or two remained on provost duty in town; there was not a trooper to be spared to ride back to Emmetsburg and arrest Lady Green-sleeves. There was, however, a Federal detective named Wrigley at provost headquarters; and to him she confided her two horses. From him, also, she learned that Jeb Stuart, his cavalry and Federal's guns, together with Union prisoners and two thousand stolen Pennsylvania horses, had passed around Frederick through New Market, headed for White's Ferry.

"It's a terrible thing, ma'am, to leave that woman in Emmetsburg, but it would be far worse for us if the Rebel horsemen got back across the Potomac." She showed him the two letters abstracted from the Morris box at the Emmetsburg post office. He studied them, scowling.

"This grapevine telegram is correct," he said; "we did hang those two Rebel spies. I ought to know; I caught them myself. And I'd like to nab this Lady Green-sleeves, too, but I've no orders from Major Allen to watch the Rebel townspeople in Frederick and arrest anybody who tries to get to Jeb Stuart."

"Are there any Secret Service agents in the town?" she demanded.

"No, but there's a cipher man at General Buford's headquarters. You'd

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better telegraph Major Allen for orders."

"Can I communicate with Knoxville?"

"Certainly. Come with me, ma'am."

The provost guard were housed in an old flour mill near the railroad station; and here Operator 13 dismounted, observed with unfeigned astonishment and curiosity by sentry, military police and lounging loafers, black and white. A cavalry captain directed her into an adjoining shed, where a handsome young man sat before a telegraph instrument, eating boiled rice and milk.

He had a lively eye; and when Operator 13 threw back her cowl and was revealed to him, he laughed because the brown skin-dye had worn off in patches, and the pretty countenance of Gal Lovelace, already cut and swollen by her battle with Lady Green-sleeves, was now further adorned by alternate patches of Negro-brown and Caucasian-white.

**H**OWEVER, he was a shrewd young man and readily detected beauty in disguise; and, under its suspected spell, hastened to call up Secret Service in Knoxville. And in a few minutes Major Allen was on the other end of the wire.

"Operator 13 reporting from Frederick, Maryland," she said; and young Mr. Barry transmitted it with a lightning rattle of his instrument; and waited.

Back came Major Allen: "Where is Stuart?"

Then reply, question and reply sped back and forth over the telegraph:

"Stuart has ridden around through New Market headed for White's Ford by way of Hyattstown. Pleasanton follows back, his horses scarcely move."

"Is that the latest?"

Young Mr. Barry nodded to her and telegraphed back: "Yes, sir."

"Attention, Operator 13," came clickety-click over the wire, and young Mr. Barry read it aloud, by ear, as it rattled in. "What else have you to report?"

"Lady Green-sleeves is in Emmetsburg at the old Morris house. I could catch her if I had somebody to go back with me."

Major Allen replied: "Ask General Buford to detail a platoon. Your reports through Operators 106 and 90 have also been checked up and are correct. Where is H. B. Smith?"

"Who is H. B. Smith?" she asked Barry.

"My boss, chief detective for the middle department of Maryland, Delaware and Virginia. He's somewhere in town."

And he telegraphed: "He is on duty somewhere in town."

Back came Major Allen: "See whether H. B. Smith can help you out. I understand from General McCallan that the last trooper left is chasing Stuart. Tell Smith for God's sake to catch that wren."

And he telegraphed: "He is on duty somewhere in town."

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And he telegraphed: "He is on duty somewhere in town."

Norfolk to Back Bay, on the Virginia border. Don't lose a moment. I want that woman either taken or destroyed!"

"Your orders shall be obeyed, sir," telegraphed Barry.

Then: "Sign off," came the clicking signal; and the episode was concluded.

"Oh, glory!" said the boy admiringly. "Talk of romance!"

Operator 13 began to weep forlornly. "I'm so despatched," she sobbed.

Then the boy rose to the occasion. He took a big tin of scalding water from the stove, went into his own room, which was blanketed off from the office, and filled a tin bathtub with hot water. Then he led the girl thither and showed her soap and towels, a man's nightshirt, and his own camp bed.

"That's what you want, isn't it?" he said.

"Yes," she sobbed, "and something to eat."

"I'll draw rations for you, ma'am. Shall I buy you a calico dress in town?"

"No, I'll do that," she replied, laughing through her tears. "If I had some alcohol I could get off the rest of this brown skin-stain."

"I'll find you a bottle, ma'am. Now, take your bath and lie down. I'll ask the guard to see you're not disturbed."

He went out and talked to the corporal, who presently detailed another soldier to protect the privacy of the place and warn off all intruders.

Another soldier, armed with authority, drew rations and fetched the alcohol; and young Barry cooked the bacon and hard-tack in a frying pan on the stove, and boiled a pot of coffee.

He sang disrespectfully, as he cooked:

"Buford and Bayard,  
Buford and Bayard,  
The one is weary,  
The other is tired!  
I won't be drove,  
I won't be hired  
To ride no horse  
For Gin'ral Bayard!"

He could hear the girl discreetly wallowing in the old tin tub. He set a camp table with his own tin service, dished up the tack and bacon, singing cheerily and disrespectfully:

"Oh, Gin'ral Buford,  
Look at what they done,  
A-crossin' at the new ford,  
Hoss an' foot an' gun!

"Oh, Johnny Buford  
An' Freddy Pleasanton,  
They're over Number 2 Ford,  
Every mother's son!

"Wake up, Johnny Buford,  
Bayard, and Pleasanton!  
Take a look to loward,  
Take it on the run!

"Wave your fancy new sword,  
Cook your fancy gun,  
Or Job will have you skewered,  
Freddie Pleasanton!"

He heard the girl laughing musically as she splashed. He lifted a bread pan and began a gay tattoo on it with a tin fork. "First call for dinner, ma'am!" he shouted. "Fall in!"

"Coming!" she replied. And after a few minutes she appeared, swathed to the chin in his army blanket. "Thank you for the alcohol," she said; "it took off every spot of stain remaining."

He saw her seated; then retired to a rear room, where there was another telegraph instrument beyond anybody's hearing when the door had been closed.

From his east window he could look out on a courtyard where Mrs. Bunn, the sutler's pretty wife, was picking over

peaches for peach turnovers—the same destined to stuff the garrison.

"Oh, Mrs. Bunn," he called, "there's a lady in here without any clothes—"

"My God," said she, "what's this you're telling me, Mr. Barry!"

"No suitable clothes, I mean! She's your height and slinness. Go over to Ewatts' Emporium like a good girl and buy her something to travel in. And tell 'em to send the bill to the quartermaster and make it out to Major Allen of the Secret Service!"

Before Gal Lovelace had awakened from a postprandial nap on Operator Barry's narrow bunk, the sutler's wife returned with her bundles and a valise, and a duplicate bill that scared young Mr. Barry. However, he reflected, it was no worry of his; and he knocked at the door; had a sleepy answer; opened it, and shovled in the parcels.

He was scarcely prepared, however, for the vision in gray poplin and saucy little hat and shawl that emerged demurely from his quarters.

"Cricket!" he said. "You're too pretty to go gunning for Rebel spies, ma'am."

They laughed like two children, and she inquired about a train and a revolver and some money for her journey.

A messenger from the provost marshal's had already brought the money—inspired, no doubt, by a telegram from Major Allen. The revolver, belt and ammunition, fresh from the army depot, she buckled on in the privacy of the sleeping quarters.

He had her railroad ticket for her when she emerged.

"There are three loaded troop trains with steam up on a side track where the B. and O. find the 'Annoyance,'" he explained. "Eastward, between Frederick and Washington, there is a train headed the other way. It leaves for Baltimore in an hour. I have an ambulance ready at the door for you."

"You are a wonderful boy," she said warmly. She was radiant. All trace of fatigue and passion had vanished—so resilient is youth in health when the tonic is excitement.

At the door a soldier stowed her valise aboard the ambulance and young Mr. Barry, cap in hand, handed her in.

"Thank you, and good-by," said the girl; and retained his hand a wicked moment.

He looked passionate volumes at her. It was another of her "moments." Only Juliet could have returned his look with such a devastating smile.

"Won't you tell me your name?" he whispered incoherently.

"Operator 13," she said cruelly, as the ambulance rolled off through Frederick.

**T**HE GIRL slept aboard the cars all the way to Baltimore. Aboard the Norfolk boat she continued to sleep like the blessed who know no guile.

When, after early breakfast, she emerged on deck at the Norfolk dock, two men came forward to greet her. They were John Babcock and Augustus Littlefield of the United States Secret Service. A carriage driven by two armed cavalrymen, and drawn by two splendid horses, was waiting for them; and in another moment Gal Lovelace and the two Secret Service men were rattling through the streets of Norfolk at a brisk trot.

When Operator 13 had finished her hurried story regarding the plight in which she left Lady Green-sleeves, Babcock said: "The woman left Emmetsburg an hour after you did! She has nine lives, ma'am, or she'd have been hanged after Manassas!"

"The trouble," said Littlefield bitterly,

"is with Mr. Lincoln. He won't hang anybody if he can help it."

"But the Rebels," added Babcock, "are hanging our people all the time. And," he continued, smiling at Gail Loveless, "I guess they'll start us gallows-dancing if they catch us."

"As for your white panther with nine lives," continued Littlefield, "if we intercept and catch her, all she'll get will be a nice rocking-chair and three meals a day in Fort McHenry."

"No woman ought to hang," said the girl. "There ought to be no hanging anyway. Why can't they shoot us decently?"

"I reckon it's too stylish for vulgar spies," replied Littlefield grimly. "Well, ma'am, if we've got to love our enemies and give 'em rocking-chairs in government forts, I hope to God that Lady Green-sleeves sets and rocks her damn head off in Fort McHenry before we see Knoxville again!"

"Poor thing," said the girl gently; "if you had seen her lying there as though her beautiful neck were broken—"

"All sham and humbug, ma'am," John Babcock and I have it by grapevine that she was stepping out high in Baltimore last night. She wasn't hurt none. We missed her at the hotel an' at the wharf. She had the impudence to go on a troop boat as an officer's wife. We found out about it too late to head her off. All I hope is that we find her at Back Bay or on the dunes."

"If she gets aboard that Rebel blockade-ship off False Cape and goes to England," added Babcock, "she'll do a vast mischief to the United States!"

So, with gossip and surmise and jest and irony, they passed the tedious miles over a pretty good road running to the North Carolina line. A basket of lunch helped them to while away the hours.

They met scarcely a soul along that wilderness of pine and cornfield, buzzard and razorback, swamp and brush and sand and marl. The sun hung low when they first smelled the salt of the distant ocean and the ranker odor from those brackish bays and inlets which the great dunes separate from the Atlantic.

Millions and millions of waterfowl were flying over Back Bay, and their clamor filled the reddening heavens.

The soldiers who had been driving them drew up beside an ancient tavern; Littlefield, Babcock and Gail Loveless got out stiffly; and Babcock went into the dusky tavern.

"We'll leave our baggage here, ma'am," said Littlefield, staring out across the water. He added: "I sorely mistrust we've missed your Lady Green-sleeves."

Babcock came out hastily, followed by two sullen fellows in sea boots, carrying oars, who led the way down to a rickety wharf where a sailboat rocked in the swell from the crimson-tinted bay.

"Is she here?" inquired Littlefield.

"Her skill left this wharf twenty minutes ago," said Babcock. He called to the two cavaliers: "Put up your horses, get supper, and wait for us!"

Then he and Littlefield helped Gail Loveless into the rocking sailboat, where one of the sullen men held the tiller while the other stowed the oars and hoisted sail.

All the vast bay was a dazzling glare of fiery reflections from the setting sun. There was wind enough and a lively sea; spray clouded the bows and Gail Loveless crouched in the cockpit.

After a long time she heard Gus Littlefield say quietly: "There they are, Jack."

"I see them," said Babcock.

Later: "I can't notice that we are overhauling them," said the younger man.

One of the sullen men said to his companion: "Dee is sailin' right smart."

The other replied: "I reckon dee is sailin' mo' faster as we-uns."

"Can you hoist more sail?" demanded Babcock.

"No, suh. Reckon we-all ca'n't no' sail now than we got a right to."

It was true. The wind from the open bay was rising, and the starboard gunwale was deeply awash.

"Reckon you-all better bail her," remarked the man at the tiller.

They rushed on. Babcock and Littlefield bailed; the drenched sheet strained and belled; the jib bulged to bursting.

"Mos' thar, suh," said the man at the tiller to Babcock. "Yonder's the sea dunes. Reckon dee's mos' ashore."

The other boat was no longer visible.

A small island called Half Moon hid it.

A few minutes later, the helmsman brought their boat up under the lee of a great snow-white dune; his comrade stepped ashore in his sea boots and pulled the bow inshore; and Babcock, Littlefield and Gail Loveless sprang ashore and clambered up the dune.

As soon as they gained the windy crest they saw the vast wastes of the Atlantic Ocean, and a thunderous surf. They saw, too, a black steamer at anchor, half a mile beyond that perilous coast, and a longboat pulling shoreward.

They saw my Lady Green-sleeves standing all alone at the edge of the surging surf. And at that moment she looked back over her shoulder and saw them. She wore a traveling cloak; the wind had blown away her hat and loosened her glorious hair, which was blowing about her like a golden banner.

The ship's longboat was not far out.

John Babcock began to run toward her. She seemed not to notice for a moment, but suddenly turned with a pistol glittering in her gloved hand, leveled it and fired. Five times she fired at Babcock, at Littlefield and, finally, at Gail Loveless, all running toward her.

Littlefield and Babcock had their pistols out but did not fire; the girl did not draw her pistol.

They were near enough to hear Lady Green-sleeves call to the men in the boat: "Drive them off! I am going to swim out to you!"

But it was evident that the boat's crew was not armed. The officer in the stern sheets shouted something which the wind carried to an incoherent cry.

Babcock was very near her when she dropped her pistol and began to wade into the surf, still carrying her valise.

"Don't do that, ma'am!" yelled Littlefield. "You'll get drowned!"

"Come back! We won't harm you!" begged Gail Loveless. "For God's sake, come back! We'll be kind to you."

A wave broke over Lady Green-sleeves and wrenched the valise from her grasp. She stumbled under the impact of another breaker, turned and looked behind her through her streaming golden hair.

Suddenly the undertow snatched her like a shark and a roaring wave overwhelmed her. Men were standing up with oars and boat hooks in the tossing longboat, and their shouting came across the water like the crying of gulls.

"Her heavy silk dress is drowning her out there," said Babcock. He and Littlefield had waded in and were peering toward the spot where my Lady Green-sleeves had disappeared.

Her valise came tumbling in through the foam of the crashing surf.

Ashore, Operator 13 stood weeping in the red searchlight of the sinking sun.

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Next Month Robert W. Chambers relates Operator 13's adventures at Blythedale, where as Gail Loveless she again meets Jack Gaillard

## Your New National Leadership (Continued from page 17)

to create this benefit for agriculture is justified. The probable restoration of agricultural purchasing power should give opportunity to the government to square away for legislation permanently to consolidate and protect agriculture as a vital industry. The benefit must be so applied that the increase in farm income will not stimulate overproduction.

This plan must go into effect at the same time that international trade is being restored through tariff adjustments. The long view envisions a new national planning in agriculture; a future distribution, by economic inclination, of our agricultural population where it can live and earn most profitably and happily. An economic survey of the soil must be made so that the land may be utilized most efficiently.

Every major problem before us today is involved with the tariff. The building of a higher tariff fence about ourselves has caused foreign retaliatory tariffs and prevented even the simple exchange and barter of goods internationally. By reciprocal agreements with other nations, we shall have opportunity given to lower our tariff fence to permit the resumption of international trade. The United States can lead in outlining the mutual restoration of trade and thus facilitate exchange.

Peace and war are largely economic at the beginning; the importance of economic understanding cannot be overemphasized. The refusal of the past administration to face economic facts, because of the imagined political danger, and to take steps soon enough to ameliorate a business debacle it must have seen coming, has resulted in unnecessary industrial failures and an unnecessary spread of unemployment. At the same time, the success of the labor fight for better working conditions was weakened.

Debts owed the United States by foreign governments must be paid. It is sound common sense to assist your debtors in every way, but there is neither practicality nor honor in cancellation. The stabilization of world finance can best be achieved by a clear understanding of just obligations. A policy unduly favoring foreign private loans has resulted in more great sums being owed us, has failed to achieve any real international economic or otherwise, and has confirmed foreign hopes for the repudiation of debts.

The new national leadership will deal fairly, honestly and sanely with this situation. It will remember, however, that as society is now organized, we are divided into nations and that it is the duty of your national administration first to consider the welfare of its own people.

I strongly feel that the welfare of the world depends just as much upon ourselves as it does upon others, but there is only one view to be taken of these great money obligations between nations. These sums represent national labor, the labor of a great mass of individuals.

Domestic speculation and stock thievery, personal and corporate, must be put down if we are to get the confidence

essential to industrial and business progress. Our credit structure is not only based upon but actually made of the money of small investors and depositors.

I shall urge Federal legislation to give full, adequate and understandable publicity to the purposes for which stocks and bonds are issued, full publicity for the accounting for these moneys and full publicity for mergers, consolidations and holding companies.

Legitimate risk, legitimate investment and legitimate organization will welcome this light. We must have no more of the frenzied speculation and brutal exploitation of innocent investors that we

of the prohibitive commands of government, which could never be practically enforced, has resulted in a weakening of authority and many social abuses.

It will be my Executive duty so to simplify the Federal administration that government expenditures for this purpose shall be cut by no less than twenty-five percent. An unnecessary increase in the agencies of government, together with an unbusinesslike complication of their organization and management, has resulted in extravagance. This has been unfortunately combined with a greater dependence upon the statistical methods of bureaucracy.

Government has cost more and more and removed itself, at the same time, from an intimate and practical contact with human problems. Reduction of the cost of government is the most immediate and direct contribution that government can make to business.

A changed attitude upon the part of officials and whole departmental forces is needed to bring them back to the permanence of functions for which these departments were created by the people. As Assistant Secretary of the Navy I saved great sums for the people by reorganizing the methods of purchase. I shall insist upon real—and not paper—economies.

I shall select for your new Cabinet men who I consider have labored constructively for the ideals of liberal thought and action.

I cannot state too strongly that an ability which merely remains a constant is not that government needs. Government will only be progressively useful to society if the members of that government develop their own individual ability in dealing with its problems. We shall aim to make the government the servant of individual men and women, with equality of service for all.

Any monopoly of a necessity of life should be outlawed. For example, no one should wish to drive the public-utility companies out of business, but they must be controlled by Federal legislation to prevent them from charging more than a reasonable return on their investment.

A hazzard with regard to just and unjust monopolies has been fostered within recent years, resulting in an aggressive encroachment of the desires of the few upon the rights of the many. The few have rights which must be preserved. At the same time the human rights of the many are paramount.

The practicality of the plans outlined in the campaign is as obvious to all men who know something of the economic history of our times, and who are not blinded by partisan prejudice, as are the faults I have stated of our immediate past. That these plans are going to succeed is the reason I expect Democracy to accomplish more for this country than has ever been possible within recent times through any political party.

We shall start, as far as we are concerned, with a clean page. My party is committed to no petty faction or private

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ON SALE JANUARY 10TH

have recently seen. The "blindness" of a national administration to it would be criminal.

I cannot prevent the mistakes and the credulity of individuals, but we can all join in seeking to have the information upon which you base your judgments made a matter of public record.

The repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment will, I trust, be initiated by the Congress and submitted for action by conventions in the several states, for the purpose of restoring jurisdiction to the several states. Pending the outcome of this action there will be immediately put forward legislation to legalize the manufacture and sale of beer. This will give your government a proper and needed income. It is unnecessary for me to elaborate upon the fact that an increase

interest. It is dominated only by the expressed purposes of its platform, supported by the majority of the people. I am in exactly the same position as my party.

I have touched only briefly upon some of the plans of the new leadership. I shall have more to say about them before the fourth of March. But I wish now to revert to the fundamental—that my personal responsibility is continuously to concern myself with the quality of life itself.

You may ask what a President and an administration can do to improve the quality of life in this nation. He must decide, and the administration must see eye to eye with him, upon that factor in the national life which can best be used to make events move. He and the administration must support with aggressive vigor every effort along that line and encourage its momentum. It should be the foundation of the administration policy. It should underlie all plans on detailed issues. What is this single factor in the United States and in the world today?

It is interdependence—our mutual dependence one upon the other—of individuals, of businesses, of industries, of towns, of villages, of cities, of states, of nations. Thorough understanding of and the proper use of interdependence is vital—first, to get a clear view of our problems, second, really to solve them.

The problems and the policies of your new administration show the fact of this interdependence—the tariff, for example, being a part of every major problem. Specific action can and shall be taken to make interdependence the means for national recovery and stability.

There is no better illustration of the fact of interdependence and what may be accomplished through a real understanding of it, than in the recent personal experience of countless families in every part of this country. These families, supported by agricultural or industrial labor, through no fault of their own have found themselves in physical want, in privation, in discouragement, in fear.

Business men who have been successful through honesty, hard work and the fruits of experience, have had their "safe investments" swept away, in addition to the loss of their jobs. Yet when these families faced facts, they discovered anew that the vital factor for both self-preservation and any possible progress was the dependence of one upon the other. This realization spurred each member of the family to the full performance of his duty to every other member. Thus courage was restored and forward-looking plans developed.

Human interdependence is no more true than economic interdependence. Our economic problems, however, are simplified—rather than complicated—by their interdependence, and the fact that economic laws are definitely man-made. The first great group of our people trying to live upon the wages of industry and the second great group trying to live by agriculture are both interdependent with a third group (largely composed of the first two)—the investors and depositors of the nation, whose money forms the national credit structure.

The soundness of the whole credit structure is what maintains values. Thus may be illustrated the urgency of

constructive measures we have lacked for the last four years. Every constructive measure of your new administration should stabilize values.

I should like to repeat, in practically the same words of my Acceptance Speech:

Never in history have the interests of all the people been so united in a single economic problem. Picture to yourself the groups of property represented in the form of bonds and mortgages—government bonds of all kinds, bonds of industrial and utility companies, mortgages on real estate and the vast investments of the nation in the railroads. They must be considered together. Each and every one of them affects the whole financial fabric . . .

My responsibility will be to give relief to all these groups together. I shall prevent efforts which would give one favored group priority over another. In this connection, the easing of the burdens of taxation is a work which can be accomplished through a thorough understanding of interdependence. The whole field of the sources of taxation should be allotted between the Federal and the State governments in order to do away with the present unjust duplication.

The general understanding of interdependence has grown almost in direct ratio to the decline of personal security in the last four years. Whether the result is called fraternity, or mutual responsibility, or the understanding of social justice makes little difference. Out of this growth I see a closer meshing of every line of human endeavor.

As the different parts of our territories come steadily nearer by reason of timesaving devices of modern communication and travel, each man and woman becomes more and more responsible for the human conditions surrounding the lives of all their nearer and nearer neighbors.

The depression has opened the eyes of many men to their social responsibilities. It has opened the eyes of many politicians to their true political responsibilities to the nation. I have little personal patience with those men—Democrats and Republicans alike—who have been thinking so long in the outworn partisan grooves that they cannot see the merit of accomplishment unless it bears the label of their own party. I shall give credit where credit is due, even in the camp of my partisan enemies.

Some of the most practical, hard-headed and ambitious men I know have been so buffeted by circumstance these last few years that they realize they must all get down on their knees to gether in a new humbleness of spirit—out of which grows united and effective action.

Through practical new plans lie achievement for this nation. Only thus will the great mass of the American people get their full share of the national income. Only thus can come a new measure of security—the necessary and attainable ideal of today.

I shall repeat many times that I shall ceaselessly endeavor to bring government back to a more intimate understanding of and relation to human problems. This is essential, that government may serve the basic purpose for which it was originally created.

I look forward with confidence . . .

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# Earthquake by Damon Runyon (Continued from page 53)

to Earthquake one time, he says he cannot bear to think of keeping regular hours such as a circus might wish.

Well, Johnny Brannigan does not have anything to say to me at first as we sit there in Mindy's, but by and by he looks at me and speaks as follows: "You remember Earthquake?" he says. "You remember he is very strong?"

"Strong?" I say to Johnny Brannigan. "Why, there is nobody stronger than Earthquake. Why," I say, "Earthquake is strong enough to hold up a building."

"Yes," Johnny Brannigan says, "what you say is very true. He is strong enough to hold up a building. Yes," he says, "Earthquake is very strong indeed. Now I will tell you about Earthquake."

It is MAYBE three months after Earthquake knocks off Mulcahy (Johnny Brannigan says) that we get a tip he is in a town by the name of New Orleans, and because I am personally acquainted with him, I am sent there to put the arm on him. But when I get to this New Orleans, I find Earthquake blows out of there and does not leave any forwarding address.

Well, I am unable to get any trace of him for some days, and it looks as if I am on a bust, when I happen to run into a guy by the name of Saul the Soldier, from Greenwhich Village. Saul the Soldier winds up in New Orleans following the horse races, and he is very glad indeed to meet a friend from his old home town, and I am also glad to meet Saul, because I am getting very lonesome in New Orleans. Well, Saul knows New Orleans pretty well, and he takes me around and about, and finally I ask him if he can tell me where Earthquake is, and Saul speaks as follows:

"Why," Saul says, "Earthquake sails away on a ship for Central America not long ago with a lot of guys that are going to join a revolution there. I think," Saul says, "they are going to a place by the name of Nicaragua."

Well, I wire my headquarters and they tell me to go after Earthquake no matter where he is, because it seems the bladders back home are asking what kind of a police force do we have, anyway, and why is somebody not arrested for something.

I sail on a fruit steamer, and finally I get to this Nicaragua, and to a town that is called Managua.

Well, for a week or so I knock around here and there looking for Earthquake, but I cannot find hide or hair of him, and I am commencing to think that Saul the Soldier gave me a bum steer.

It is pretty hot in this town of Managua, and of an afternoon when I get tired of looking for Earthquake, I go to a little park in the center of the town where there are many shade trees. It is a pretty park, although down there they call it a plaza, and across from this plaza there is a big old two-story stone building that seems to be a convent, because I see many nuns and small female kids popping in and out of a door on one side of the building, which seems to be the main entrance.

One afternoon I am sitting in the little plaza when a big guy in sloppy white clothes comes up and sits down on another bench near me, and I am greatly surprised to see that this guy is nobody but Earthquake.

He does not see me at first, and in fact he does not know I am present until I step over to him and out with my jack and knock him bow-legged; because,

knowing Earthquake, I know there is no use starting out with him by shaking hands. I do not boff him so very hard, at that, but just hard enough to make him slightly insensible for a minute, while I put the handcuffs on him.

Well, when he opens his eyes, Earthquake looks up at the trees, as if he thinks maybe a coconut drops down and beans him, and it is several minutes before he sees me, and then he leaps up and roars, and acts as if he is greatly displeased. But then he discovers that he is handcuffed, and he sits down again and speaks as follows:

"Hello, copper," Earthquake says. "When do you get in?"

I tell him how long I am there, and how much inconvenience he causes me by not being more prominent, and Earthquake says the fact of the matter is he is out in the jungles with a lot of guys trying to stir up a revolution, but they are so slow getting started they finally exasperate him, and he comes into town.

Well, finally we get to chatting along very pleasant about this and that, and although he is away only a few months, Earthquake is much interested in what is going on in New York and asks me many questions, and I tell him that the liquor around town is getting worse.

"Furthermore," Earthquake, I say, "they are holding a nice warm seat for you up at Ossining."

"Well, copper," Earthquake says, "I am sorry I scrag Mulcahy, at that. In fact," he says, "it really is an accident. I do not mean to scrag him. I am aiming at another guy, copper," he says. "In fact," he says, "I am aiming at you."

Now about this time the bench seems to move from under me, and I find myself sitting on the ground, and the ground also seems to be trying to get from under me, and I hear loud crashing noises here and there, and a great roaring, and at first I think maybe Earthquake takes to shaking things up, when I see him laid out on the ground about fifty feet from me.

I get to my pins, but the ground is still wobbling somewhat and I can scarcely walk over to Earthquake, who is now sitting up very indignant, and when he sees me he says to me like this: "Personally," he says, "I consider it a very dirty trick for you to boff me again when I am not looking."

Well, I explain to Earthquake that I do not boff him again, and that as near as I can figure out what happens is that we are overtaken by what he is named for, which is an earthquake, and looking around and about, anybody can see that he is not very true, as great clouds of dust are rising from piles of stone and timber where fair-sized buildings stand a few minutes before, and guys and dolls are running every which way.

Now I happen to look across at the convent, and I can see that it is something of a wreck and is very likely to be no more, and the nuns and the kids are teetering this way and that, and mostly they are teetering inward. Furthermore, I can hear much screeching from inside the old building.

Then I notice the door in the side of the building that seems to be the main entrance to the convent is gone, leaving the doorway open, and now I must explain to you about the doorway, as it figures quite some in what later comes off. It is a fairly wide doorway in the beginning with a frame of heavy timber set in the side of the stone building, with a timber arch at the top, and the wall around this doorway seems to be

caving in from the top and sides, so that the doorway is now shaped like the letter V upside down, with the timber framework bending, instead of breaking.

As near as I can make out, this doorway is the only entrance to the convent that is not closed up by falling stone and timber, and it is a sure thing that pretty soon this opening will be plugged up, too, so I speak to Earthquake as follows:

"Earthquake," I say, "there are a lot of nuns and kids in this joint over here, and I judge from the screeching going on inside that some of them are very much alive. But," I say, "they will not be alive in a few minutes, because the walls are going to tip over and make jelly of them."

"Why, yes," Earthquake says, taking a gander at the convent, "what you say seems reasonable. Well, copper," he says, "what is to be done in this situation?"

"Well," I say, "I see a chance to snatch a few of them out of there if you will help me, Earthquake," I say, "I understand you are a very strong guy?"

"Strong?" Earthquake says. "Why," he says, "you know I am maybe the strongest guy in the world."

"Earthquake," I say, "you see the doorway yonder? Well, Earthquake, if you are strong enough to hold this doorway apart and keep it from caving in, I will slip in through it and pass out any nuns and kids that may be alive."

"Why," Earthquake says, "this is as bright an idea as I ever hear from a copper. Why," he says, "I will hold this doorway apart until next Pancake Tuesday."

Then Earthquake holds out his dukes and I unlock the cuffs. Then he runs over to the doorway of the convent, and I run after him.

THE doorway is now closing in very fast indeed, from the weight of tons of stones pressing against the timber frame, and by the time we get there the letter V upside down is so very narrow from top to bottom that Earthquake has a tough time wedging himself into what little opening is left.

But old Earthquake gets in, facing inward, and once in, he begins pushing against the doorframe on either side of him, and I can see at once how he gets his reputation as a strong guy. The doorway commences to widen, and as it widens Earthquake keeps spraddling his legs apart, so that pretty soon there is quite a space between his legs. His head is bent forward so far his chin is resting on his wishbone, as there is plenty of weight on Earthquake's neck and shoulders, and in fact he reminds me of pictures I see of a guy by the name of Atlas holding up the world.

It is through the opening between his spraddled-out legs that I pop, looking for the nuns and the kids. Most of them are in a big room on the ground floor of the building, and they are all buddled up close together screeching in chorus.

I motion them to follow me, and I lead them back over the wreckage, and along the hall to the spot where Earthquake is holding the doorway apart, and I wish to state at this time he is doing a very nice job of same.

But the weight on Earthquake's shoulders makes him getting very tatty indeed, because his shoulders are commencing to stoop under it, and his chin is now almost down to his stomach, and his face is purple.

Now through Earthquake's spraddled-out legs, and into the street outside the

convent walls. I push five nuns and fifteen female kids. One old nun refuses to be pushed through Earthquake's legs, and I finally make out from the way she is waving her hands around and about that there are other kids in the convent, and she wishes me to get them, too.

Well, I can see that any more delay is going to be something of a strain on Earthquake, and maybe a little irritating to him, so I speak to him as follows:

"Earthquake," I say, "you are looking somewhat peaked to me, and plumb tired out. Now then," I say, "if you will step aside, I will hold the doorway apart awhile, and you can go with this old nun and find the rest of the kids."

"Copper," Earthquake says, speaking from off his chest because he cannot get his head up very high, "I will hold this doorway apart with my little fingers if one of them is not sprained, so go ahead and round up the rest."

So I let the old nun lead me back to another part of the building, where I judge she knows there are more kids, and in fact the old nun is right, but I only take a look and show me there is no use taking these kids out of the place.

Then we go back to Earthquake, and he hears us coming across the rubbish and half raises his head from off his chest and looks at me, and I can see the sweat is dribbling down his kisser and his eyes are bugging out, and anybody can see that he is quite upset. As I get close to him he speaks to me as follows:

"Get her out quick," he says. "Get the old doll out."

So I push the old nun through Earthquake's spraddled-out legs into the open, and I notice there is not as much space between the legs as formerly, so I judge the old mumbly-pegs are giving out. Then I say to Earthquake like this:

"Well, Earthquake," I say, "it is now time for you and me to be going. I will go outside first," I say, "and then you can ease yourself out, and we will look around for a means of getting back to New York, as headquarters will be getting worried."

"Listen, copper," Earthquake says, "I am never going to get out of this spot. If I move an inch forward or an inch backward, down comes this whole shebang. But copper," he says, "I see before I get in here that it is a hundred to one against me getting out again, so do not think I am trapped without knowing it. The way I look at it," Earthquake says, "it is better than the chair, at that, I can last a few minutes longer," he says, "and you better get outside."

Well, I pop out between Earthquake's spraddled-out legs, because I figure I am better off outside than in, no matter what, and when I am outside I stand there looking at Earthquake and wondering what I can do about him. But I can see that he is right when he tells me that if he moves one way or another the cave-in will come, so there seems to be nothing much I can do.

Then I hear Earthquake calling me, and I step up close enough to hear him speak as follows:

"Copper," he says, "tell Mulcahy's people I am sorry. And do not forget that you are old Earthquake's shadow, you figure your life is worth it. I do not know yet why I do not carry out my idea of letting go all holds the minute you push the old nun out of here, and taking you with me wherever I am going. Maybe," he says, "I am getting soft-headed. Well, good-by, copper," he says.

"Good-by, Earthquake," I say, and I walk away.

"So," Johnny Brannigan says, "now you know about Earthquake."

"Well," I say, "this is indeed a harrowing story, Johnny. But," I say, "if you leave Earthquake holding up anything maybe he is still holding it up, because Earthquake is certainly a very strong guy."

"Yes," Johnny Brannigan says, "he is very strong indeed. But," he says, "as I am walking away another shock hits, and when I get off the ground again and look at the convent, I can see that not even Earthquake is strong enough to stand off this one."

## Christmas, 1932 (Continued from page 23)

chapel, built many years ago, had been hung with white sheets on which a few holy images had been pinned, and as there was room to spare, more pictures of all kinds, from family photographs to improbable magazine covers, were dotting the white walls.

One of the Englishmen told me that the Christmas midnight service improvised by the miners and their wives had been as compositely as the decoration of the chapel, for with a Catholic basis it was enlivened by queer semipagan ancestral variations, and six hours of violent dancing helped by cactus brandy had succeeded the hymns and rosary. "Queer people," the young engineer concluded, "but touching, too."

Touching and queer? I queried to myself, but are not most of us moderns touching and queer in our religion, more especially in our way of celebrating Christmas? People feel an indefinite but irresistible longing to keep Christmas to the best of their capacities. The name itself has gradually become so charged with associations that its two syllables act upon us as a poem.

How much that is properly religious clings to them it is difficult to say, but there is some left even to the most worldly conscious. People to whom Christmas means cocktails and dancing, however, insist on a Christmas tree and

try to purify the night by devoting the morning to happy innocent children. They want to be reminded of the musical angels, the wondering shepherds, the Magi following through the Oriental night the star of mankind, risen at last, or offering to the new King presents the very names of which ravish their sense of the rare and beautiful.

This is not all. Queriery and touchingly they live in their heart of hearts that this year, at last, some genius will somehow re-Christianize their Christmas for them. They remember having entertained the same hope before. When it has been disappointed, irritation more than skepticism has caused them to turn their backs on the religious aspect of the thing. This poor logic is only too familiar to us all, and the many contradictions which facts inflict upon it do not succeed in discouraging us. Year after year we want a complete Christmas.

The early Christians do not seem to have cared about the earthly career of Jesus because they were so much more interested in his preferential existence. Read Paul or the fourth Gospel, and you will realize how soon the memory of the Man Jesus, or, as his neighbors called him, Jesus, became lost in the adoration of Christ's divinity. Today, the transformation of history

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into a visualization of the past has created an entirely different point of view. We are as interested in "Jeschuah," in the revealing details of his existence, as Paul seems to have been indifferent to them.

This is entirely right, of course. The human life of Christ, like any other life, consisted of facts, which although sparingly recorded, have existed and which it would be illuminating to know. The Church early protested against an exaggeratedly spiritualizing process tending to "make of Christ's humanity a mere appearance and of the events of his life a mirage destined to veil his divinity.

But Christians should endeavor to reconstruct the Man Jesus that his divine nature will suffer in the effort. Christmas is not Christmas if it is only the anniversary of a birth like any other birth, and all the helpfulness which we seek and expect from it vanishes at once with the disappearance of belief, or even with an exaggeration of delight in the human aspect of the Divine Child.

However, we are here before the fundamental mystery about which Christians have to make up their minds: the mystery of a Man-God. Philosophers may well remind us that our highest conception of the godhead is inferred from the noblest that we discover in human nature. God, they say, is dimly mirrored in human greatness or sanctity and, were it not for that approach, would remain a formula. In no man, adds the believer, was ever the Divine so visibly present as it was in Jesus.

Still, it remains true that our human intellect cannot reconcile God—the Infinity which modern science has taught us to see as even more infinite—with the limitations of our own nature. The more accustomed he is to meditating on the inconceivable vastness of the universe and the length of its duration, the more disciplined the scientist is to think of God as appearing in the shape of a child. People who approach Christmas in an argumentative frame of mind are like unmusical people going to a concert resolved to criticize. The Christmas

mystery is the most touching and appealing of all, but dry logic is no preparation for enjoying it.

"How do people reason who keep Christmas as you say, by reconciling their belief in God the Infinite with a God-Child?" I do not know what is going on in their minds, because there are as many ways of believing as there are believers. Only know that faith is a wish striving to remove intellectual obstacles.

Most of us have that wish. The very man who says in a defiant tone: "Convince me!" is secretly anxious to be convinced; wants his Christmas to be Christmas.

An ancient Christmas prayer petitions, "That inferior things may be raised up to higher ones." That is what faith does. But intellectual obstacles are not removed exclusively by argument. The Christmas songs, as well as the Easter bells in Goethe's "Faust," have their persuasiveness.

For a long time the feast of Christ's Baptism was kept simultaneously with that of the Nativity. Baptism in those days was beautifully called "the Illumination," and the day on which it was given was called the Day of Lights.

Why should not Christmas be the Day of Lights also to us? Why should it not appear at the end of our dark night of three years as the dawn we long prayed for? Why should it be impossible, even for moderns, to apprehend the truth of religion through the poetry of the Christmas mystery? Do we not, every day, make complex reasonings which we call intuitions? Why should we be on our guard against them in the very domain that is the most similar to poetry—namely, religion?

We are all ready to admit that the birth of Jesus introduced an era of aspiration towards peace and love without which the world would have suffered an inconceivable loss. Does it not amount to admitting that, without adhesion to the full meaning of Christmas, each individual of us is a loser? An

argument from analogy, this, but as logical as any. There are arguments concealed under the poetry of Christmas, and the consciousness of this accounts for the reluctance of the most skeptical among us to let Christmas go.

So, the true way of approaching this Festival of Joy should not be critical but human. We have seen people disturbed by the fact that long before Christmas was instituted, pagan people began their year on the twenty-fifth of December and made a feast of it. Why be disturbed?

As a matter of fact, the Church was long uncertain about the date of Christ's birth, which remains problematic. Nothing could have been wiser than to make the Nativity coincide with the sun's reascend. As wisely, as beautifully, the Church begins one of her Christmas-side anthems with the invocation: *O Oriens, O Thou Rising!* Did not most of the great things we care for appear above the terrestrial horizon on Christmas Day? That same stanza goes on with the words "splendor of the light eternal," and we love to repeat them in the liquid beauty of their Latin, "*splendor lucis aeternae*."

Why not recognize that there is something Platonic, intuitive, in their music? That they are the cry of the world emerging at last from its darkness? And is not that the plain admission of a fact, but a fact charged with a wealth of greatness and beauty which no other event has ever possessed? Christmas indeed can be Christmas yet to the most critical. And if it is, it must mean joy of all kinds in our home, in our soul, and even in our world.

What we pray for is not the return of our sunshine alone. We do not wish anybody to stay out in the cold. Our unhappiness during the past three years has often consisted in our sense of helpless compassion. Let the Christmas be to our interest, but let it mean also to those who on the other dark side of the world anxiously await the sunrise of the year.

## Mending Our Ways Under the American Plan (Continued from page 57)

the thing and went back to say to the Naumkeag workers:

"If there are experts of any kind who can assemble and give us facts we do not now have, let us employ them. If there are any measuring and time study practices that will help us to get the facts, let us cooperate with them. If there are other ways of getting facts, let us adopt them. For it is only through getting the facts, facing the facts and using the facts through joint action, that the enterprise and those associated with it in the long run will prosper.

"I see no need for arbitration in situations where a decision can be reached through ascertaining the facts. Arbitration usually is a compromise of ideas. Cold facts cannot be compromised. Arbitration usually ends in compromising the beliefs, opinions and ideas of the parties to such situations. Facts based on joint analytical research cannot be compromised. They stop us from 'talking through our hats'."

On that presentation the organized workers of Naumkeag decided to go along.

In the meantime Agent Smith had convinced his hierarchy that it was an experiment worth trying and that they would pay the bill, which was fair, since they would have paid the bill for the economies, mainly mechanical, which

had been proposed. And so it came about that in February of 1929 an experiment in Industrial Civilization, entirely revolutionary in its method and its spirit, was set going in Salem, Massachusetts, under the direction of a consulting engineer, one of Morris Cooke's closest associates, Francis Goodell.

It was a mighty important thing which the experiment set out to prove—nothing less than that the cooperation of the men and women at the machines is of more value when it comes to effecting economies in industry than improved machines, improved processes arbitrarily applied—something "the machine age" has come to doubt. The men and women themselves were to be asked to prove it by laboratory experiments carried on under a Research Committee made up of elected representatives of workers and of the management, and presided over by Mr. Goodell.

Every operation from the beginning to the end of the making of the white cotton cloth in which Naumkeag specializes, was to be studied by this committee; every change suggested was to be tested, proved or disproved to the satisfaction of the workers concerned.

The freest discussion was encouraged in this committee, and when confidence was established that there was indeed freedom by one the suspicions, prejudices,

selfish ambitions, petty politics which are the bane of all joint undertakings of men and women, began to disappear; sheer interest in the work—and it was interesting—succeeded. The procedure was therapeutic!

There was Mr. Goodell himself. Naturally, he had to prove that he was, as he claimed, the spokesman of science. Naturally enough, since such are the minds of men, the members of the committee watched for signs that he was favoring management, favoring labor. They could not believe that a man could come into their organization as Mr. Goodell had not been a partisan, whatever his profession.

It is our usual attitude in any undertaking calling for the joint action of two sides; witness the 1932 effort to balance the budget. No man, from the President down, was active in the undertaking who was able to make the country fully believe that he was working for the nation.

Whatever his contribution, however sensible, it was construed as political. The more difficult it was to find a flaw in his arguments, the more astute a politician we declared him.

That is, we have come in this country to think so generally in terms of party that we cannot think in terms of honesty. The most difficult task an

honest-minded public man has today in the United States is to make people believe he represents the nation.

Mr. Goodell was patient. He told them it was not he who must answer their questions, solve their difficulties; it was the facts, and they under his direction were to find the facts. They came finally to believe that. Indeed, it looks as if Mr. Goodell himself became simply a fact—the Technician was his imposing name, a name as impersonal as the slide rule!

Under the growing freedom in the committee, the growing interest in the work, not only suspicions faded, animosities died, but practices recognized as wasteful, but which nobody wanted to risk his position by changing, whatever his authority, were broken down.

The system stripped off excuses and it ruined the tactics of those who make a business of courting favor from their superiors, presuming on it to lighten their jobs, push themselves ahead. Favoritism had no standing in the new procedure. One by one time-banned sinecures, petty graft, waste that had been so long winked at that it was not recognized as waste, came under the committee's searchlight, and all acknowledged it to be what it was.

Again and important—no settlement was regarded as necessarily final. If conditions changed, and they were continually changing, a new approach was to be made. That is, it was a form of running a cotton mill which scrapped all traditional ways of doing things and consented to be forever on the search for better ways.

From the start the Research Committee prepared digests of its discussions and decisions, which were posted on the factory bulletin boards, where they could be read and talked over by the operatives. Interest grew among them as it had in the committee, absorbed suspicions and indifferences.

The operatives generally came to a place where they wanted to play, came to dread lest somebody doubt the sincerity of their cooperation. It was the natural result of being a part of a serious experiment which dignified the worker, giving him a part in the running of the factory of which he had never dreamed.

A typical and important change, as well as one comprehensible even to those who have never been in a cotton factory, was that which increased the number of looms which the weavers handled from ten to eighteen.

The looms used at Naumkeag carry five thousand eight hundred strands of warp, which are filled in with thread from bobbins placed in shuttles. These shuttles are shot back and forth across the five thousand eight hundred strands of warp so fast you cannot follow them with your eye. Watching them, there is a terrifying sense of something bigger than man—replacing man. It is emphasized by their uncanny ability to stop themselves if a thread breaks. But then their power ceases. They are only helpless masses of iron and steel dependent on a human hand to put life into them again.

The weaver not only repairs the broken threads, he has a watchful eye on every part of the loom, knows its rhythm, its cries for oil and thread, its need for cleanliness. He must know, too, how the cloth is running, what kind of dependent can be passed, what must be corrected.

The Research Committee believed the number of looms the weaver tended could be increased if the weaver did not cleaning. Give him a cleaner, and let him give his full attention to his weaving.

But to suggest such a change was to

arouse old feuds. Multiplying the number of looms to be tended has an ugly Procrustean name—"stretch-out," it is called. It is a name hated by cotton operators; one over which they have fought hard battles.

The committee sensed and sympathized with the antagonism it aroused. It found a substitute, a word which explained and did not disturb. It talked not of "stretch-outs" but "extensions," and nobody was worried. An extension was something to study—a stretch-out something to fight.

Not the least virtue of the new procedure was this understanding tact in keeping out of the discussions words and terms opprobrious to one side or the other—storm-brooders—as well as dropping devices innocent in themselves, when it was found they had figured in labor strife. For instance, the research staff had decided just how often the spinners should patrol their frames, looking for and correcting trouble. It was suggested that there be a fixed time for these patrols and that the operators be notified by flashing a light. But lights were obnoxious because they had figured in unpleasant controversies, so it decided to substitute a clock dial with one large rotating hand which made the circuit every twenty minutes, that being the interval between patrols.

It was really more satisfactory than the light, since the spinner could by glancing at the dial know how much time he had before he must begin his circuit of the frame. That is, in sensibly accommodating itself to prejudices, the Research Committee found a device which was an improvement on what it had intended to use.

The joint effort to avoid old troubles, untangle old confusions, end old deceits, proved its wisdom again and again. More convenient, less wasteful ways were constantly discovered. As a fact, the frankness and confidence with which the studies and corrections went on released everybody's wits.

With the breaking down of partisanship at Naumkeag, the appeal to facts accepted, every man was free to air his hunches, make his suggestions, debate his point of view. Again and again, in the course of the studies on which the standard job was to be based, unexpected light was thrown on a problem by the last person from whom anybody expected a useful contribution.

Henceforth, his job had been fixed by an authority outside himself. He had nothing to say about it. He naturally had come to regard that authority as tyrannous. He had his own ways of fighting it—one was soldiering, another striking; but now he did have a recognized part in fixing his job, could without an unpleasant comeback say his say, and something was released in him which he himself, when shut off from trusted channels of free expression, had in all probability not recognized. With all barriers down, the idea freed itself to the profit of all.

That is, Naumkeag had found a technique which liberated ability. It liberated ability and it gave new dignity to the job. There is nothing that so dignifies labor, whether of hand or of brain, as a consciousness that it has integrity.

Naumkeag was dignified from the president of the company down by the effort to get the factory on a basis of entire integrity, every man and woman doing his or her full share according to a standard which had been set after an honest investigation and a careful testing. It lifted the place.

The Research Committee at Naumkeag carried on for two years and eleven

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months under Mr. Goodell's direction, and then the great depression created a business situation which forced a stoppage. Did the thirty-five months' work of the Joint Research Committee prove that it was cheaper to cut expenses by scientific management—that is, by the full cooperation of men and women—than by the introduction of new machines and processes?

Science won tenfold in the final accounting. According to a calculation made by management representatives, the joint research paid for itself every seven months, whereas it will take nearly six years for new equipment they installed to pay for itself.

The abandonment of the Joint Research work at Naumkeag, even if it turns out not to be merely an interregnum as Agent Smith insists, in no way diminishes the wealth of things demonstrated. One of the most heartening of these is a fresh proof that if a man has discovered a truth, whatever its fate in his lifetime, it will make his way.

Fifty years ago, Frederick Taylor began his attempt to prove that the mission of industry is to make it possible for men and women the earth over to have all the necessities of life, and a share of the comforts. He preached abundance, that the life of all might be tolerable, and worked to prove that low prices to the consumer were not inconsistent with high wages and increased profits; were, indeed, their logic. To the day of his death he saw his principles fought by those he knew must benefit most.

Naumkeag is proof enough that Frederick Taylor knew what he was talking about.

It is, too, a demonstration of the way men working freely under our American Plan come to the support of truth, apply, interpret, enlarge it. Today, this system, once so despised, has disciples the world over. Yearly we see growing from it greater and more beneficent undertakings.

But Frederick Taylor's principles would have had small chance at Naumkeag if

the soil for them had not been ready. Eighty years of what we sometimes stupidly dismiss as paternalism, honest efforts to make the conditions under which spinners and weavers and all the retinue attending them work decent and healthful, to give steady work and as good pay as the trade believed justified, laid a foundation on which Agent Smith and John O'Connell could build their agreement to live in peace and justice.

The terms of that agreement opened a natural path for scientific management. When an industry moves with its day—as Naumkeag has—it is fertile soil for the most difficult social and economic experiments.

Could the Taylor system have made its way with anything like the speed and the breadth it has under any other plan—that of Italy; that of Russia? I doubt it.

I said at the start that I was telling this story because it offers the kind of technique that we must master if we are to correct and remold our activities as we must if we are to preserve our American Plan. It is replete with practical suggestions. There is the matter of words, slogans, which have ceased to carry ideas, have become the servants of passion. How we are "bethumped" with them! They pound down reason, stir only our fighting blood, are the enemies of straightforward thinking and of what is equally important, that your associates agree that you are right, does not appeal to those who would like to believe that progress depends on action unhindered by thinking, who seek mechanisms, laws, blue prints to be used in lieu of the laborer processes of trial and error.

The deliberation with which the work was carried on at Naumkeag is one of its most useful lessons, and one which most of us regard with impatience if not contempt. To deliberate, test and retest, make sure that you are right, and what is equally important, that your associates agree that you are right, does not appeal to those who would like to believe that progress depends on action unhindered by thinking, who seek mechanisms, laws, blue prints to be used in lieu of the laborer processes of trial and error.

One of the most discouraging features

of the long struggle last year to balance the Federal budget was the continual going back and beginning over again. It was proof that there had been too great hurry to get a bill out.

Still more discouraging than this hurry was the unholy partisan zeal with which the bill was soon being torn to fragments, the hurling of hateful words and accusations.

At a dozen points in its struggle over the tax bill Congress violated principles and etiquette that the representation of the management and workers of the Salem, Massachusetts, cotton mill would not have tolerated. But at Naumkeag, you say, they were acting for only 2,500 men. Congress speaks for 125,000,000. What difference does that make in the application of principles? What is true and just for 25, for 250, for 2,500, is true and just for 125,000,000.

If Naumkeag had tried to settle the matter of the economies necessary to meet the competition in its specialty in the spirit and the manner in which Congress treated the tax bill of 1932, this story would never have been told.

What it all amounts to is that here is an object lesson in the way we should carry on our doings. It is a lesson good for every activity of life: for nations in negotiation; for parties in contests; for business and for families. It is a technique which unites instead of divides, which enlightens instead of darkens, which destroys suspicion, turns obduracy to accommodation. Moreover, it is the only way by which we shall ever realize the full strength of the American Plan.

Miss Tarbell's next article will deal with labor-saving machinery and the harm it works to men when installed before provisions are made to absorb those it displaces. It is a study of the suffering which comes from considering product rather than man and the way in which industry is beginning to reverse itself—putting men before product

## Inside the White House (Continued from page 75)

of the floor. "You keep a ball here for the dogs to play with, don't you? Let me have it, please."

He put it on the floor. It rolled at once toward the north wall, bumped against it and started back, but after covering about eighteen inches, it stopped.

"I thought so," said the Colonel. "This whole place is sagging. We have known for over a year that the roof is unsafe." As a large dinner one night, Colonel U. S. Grant, Third, grandson of the former President, sat next to me. He was also an engineer, and in charge of Public Buildings and Public Parks.

"That roof is in an awful condition," said Colonel Grant. "Like all such things it may possibly hold out for a long time—and it may come in at any minute."

"I am glad," said another officer, "that my wife and children aren't sleeping in that house."

So in March, 1927, the President finally agreed to move, and took up his residence in the Patterson house on Dupont Circle.

At once the work of repairing the White House commenced. The roof was taken off, and the worm-eaten beams removed. I have a piece of one of them now, and it breaks between my fingers like dried-out cork.

The upper part of the White House

was now a wreck, walls demolished and ceilings torn off all the way down to the second floor, where the stone construction is very strong. Sagging floors were torn up, and a modern steel framework put in.

The third story was completely modernized, many bedrooms and baths—a long-felt need—replacing the few large attic-like rooms. Modern cedar closets and linen closets were built in over the great portico.

All this took time, and the President and Mrs. Coolidge remained in the Patterson house until the summer vacation took them to the Black Hills of South Dakota.

This house will always have great historic interest, not only because it sheltered the President, but because, while he entertained our greatest aviator—Lindbergh—who came to be the guest of the President and Mrs. Coolidge, on his return from his lone, heroic flight across the Atlantic.

The day before his arrival a White House car, with a Military Aide, was sent to Baltimore for Mrs. Lindbergh, and it was my privilege to meet her when she arrived at the temporary White House, and to be with her until she was received by the President and Mrs. Coolidge.

The next morning she went, with the chairman of the reception committee

and an aide, to the Navy Yard where she met her distinguished son.

That was a thrilling morning! I rushed through my work with all speed, going to the Washington Monument grounds, where I had places on the stand directly opposite the President.

Never have I seen Mr. Coolidge so interested in anything as he was in the arrival of Lindbergh. From the moment we knew that this remarkable young man would at any moment appear at the steps leading to the President's stand, Mr. Coolidge seemed completely taken out of himself.

Consumed by a great eagerness to see the boy, he stood, leaning forward a little, his hands behind him, his face alert. And when Lindbergh, young, tall, sinewy, with that modest bearing which makes him stand out from the biggest crowd, mounted the steps, the President smiled broadly.

There followed one of the most spirited addresses I have ever heard Mr. Coolidge make, every sentence bringing forth enthusiastic applause.

Lindbergh responded in a few well-chosen words. After brief ceremonies, he and his mother accompanied the President and Mrs. Coolidge to Dupont Circle, where an enormous, clamorous crowd had already gathered.

They seemed to be always there, night and day. When they slept I do not



know; I never came or went that I did not have to elbow my way through the dense mass of humanity—all waiting—and willing to wait any length of time—for just one more glimpse of this quiet young man.

Usually it was necessary for the White House police to get me through this crowd, and into the house.

Soon my desk was piled high with letters, gifts, messages—even live animals—to be presented to the famous flyer.

The month of June saw Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge traveling westward toward South Dakota, where they were to pass some time at the State Game Lodge in the midst of a beautiful preserve in the Black Hills.

One summer in Massachusetts, the next in the Adirondack Mountains, and now one in the West—all this took President Coolidge over a wide area, and gave the people of many states an opportunity to see the Chief Executive.

Calvin Coolidge was still a silent man. He still did a lot of thinking. We never knew what a day might bring forth, and out in the Black Hills, in this summer of 1927, he reached a decision—a decision which changed the face of life for many people.

It was a far cry from the State Game Lodge in the Black Hills of South Dakota to Rapid City, where the temporary Executive Office were, and Mr. Coolidge covered a stretch of thirty-five miles or more between his summer home and his office.

Early on the morning of August 2, 1927, he drove through the lovely western country on his way to his work, accompanied by a visiting Senator.

Who could foresee that on that summer morning News would come out of the Black Hills—news that would circle the globe and cause more conjecture and excitement than anything that had happened during Calvin Coolidge's entire administration?

At lunch time, when the President returned from Rapid City, the Senator came with him.

During luncheon the conversation was desultory, touching no high points, and when the meal was finished the President went quietly, unhurriedly to his room to take a nap, leaving his guest to be entertained by Mrs. Coolidge.

"Well," said the Senator, "the President's announcement came as a great surprise, Mrs. Coolidge. I mean as a great surprise to all the rest of us. Of course you have known about his decision all along."

"Decision? What decision?" asked Mrs. Coolidge. "What announcement has he made?"

"You really don't know?" asked the Senator.

"Of course not," Mrs. Coolidge replied. "He hasn't mentioned anything unusual to me. He always makes important decisions entirely by himself."

And so the Senator told her that at the midday press conference, when the newspaper representatives were gathered in the Executive Office, a slip of paper had been handed to each one, upon which was the typewritten statement: "I do not choose to run for President in 1928."

The electrified correspondents, waiting only for the conclusion of the conference, dashed to their telegraph wires, and the news was flashed from coast to coast.

There followed immediate surmise and heated discussion.

The President repeated his statement in December, 1927, at the end of his address to the Republican National Committee. But even after that, a great

many people were skeptical and doubted his sincerity. Not until the Republican Convention in June, 1928, were they convinced.

By September, 1927, repairs to the White House were completed, only a few minor details still requiring attention. But the house itself was in that disorder and disarray which naturally follows such an upheaval as the demolishing and rebuilding of a roof, the construction of a modern steel framework, and the remodeling of an entire third story.

Chief Usher Hoover was in a thousand places at once. The confusion was complete and apparently hopeless; but when the Chief Executive and his wife returned, they came into a spotlessly clean, thoroughly comfortable White House, and went to bed under a roof as safe as that of any modern building.

The morning after they came back we were all back in harness again and the usual plans were under way for the usual State entertainments. The same routine turning of the wheel.

Mr. Moffat's tour of two years' duty as Ceremonial Officer at the White House had expired, and Mr. James C. Dunn, of the Diplomatic Service, was appointed to succeed him.

From the windows of the old house, Mr. Dunn and I saw much of interest, and on a glorious autumn day—one of those days when the air is still and the sunshine seems to filter through it like powdered gold—we stood together in a window of the President's study, eagerly watching for the arrival of a military organization coming to be reviewed by the President.

Suddenly the air was pierced by the skirling of bagpipes, and at the southeast gate came the "Pipers" of a Canadian regiment.

Behind them glowed a vivid splash of scarlet—a uniform not seen in just that spot since 1812. British Redcoats coming to the White House—for the first time since the day they came to pillage and to plunder, and to burn it to the ground!

To a point directly south of the White House they marched, and there, drawn up in company formation, they awaited the arrival of the President. When he appeared—in formal attire, wearing his morning coat and top hat—their regimental band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." The President inspected them, passing slowly between the serried ranks, while their Colors rested upon the ground in salute.

The President then mounted the steps of the south portico and the troops passed in review—while inside the White House, from the wall of the Red Drawing-room, the portrait of General Washington looked benignly down—the very portrait Dolly Madison cut out of its frame, rolled up and took away with her, saving it from the hand of the despoiler, just before the Redcoats burned the house!

Leaving the garden by the southwest gate, the splash of scarlet vanished from our sight through the powdered gold of that autumn day, while faint and far there came to our ears the plaintive strains of an old Scotch tune: "The Flowers of the Forest."

The floating, swirling plaids of the pipers disappeared through the trees, and outside the gate the waiting troops were joined again by their United States escort.

They had come to Washington, these Redcoats, for the unveiling of a monument in Arlington National Cemetery, erected to the memory of Americans buried there, who had served with

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Canadian troops in the early days of the World War.

So life was still largely made up of highlights—one exciting event after another filling the days until it was Christmas again—and as Calvin Coolidge once said to the American people: "Christmas is not a time or a season, but a state of mind. To cherish peace and good will, to be pious in mercy, is to have the real spirit of Christmas. If we think on these things, there will be born in us a Savior, and over us will shine a star sending its gleam of hope to the world."

It had long seemed to me that over Calvin Coolidge and his wife there did shine a star—a star that guided them through darkness which, without its light, surely would have been impenetrable.

**T**IME RUSHED BY, and now it was June again—June, 1928, and the Republican Convention in Kansas City—and the nomination of Herbert Hoover and Charles Curtis.

The next day, President and Mrs. Coolidge left Washington for a fishing camp near Superior, Wisconsin, and it was while en route to this destination that the Coolidge heard of the choice of the Convention.

Later, the President and Mrs. Coolidge invited Mr. and Mrs. Hoover to visit them at this camp, on their way to their home at Palo Alto, California, where Secretary Hoover went to receive the official notification of his nomination to the Presidency.

There was work ahead of us in the fall of 1928, the whole program for that final winter being advanced in order to leave the month of February clear for packing.

It was a particularly brilliant season, and there was no falling off in the attendance at White House receptions.

Looking back to those last days of the Coolidge administration, I have a series of vivid mental pictures—Mrs. Coolidge seated at a table in her room, signing dozens of photographs—Mrs. Coolidge keeping last appointments, directing packing, clearing out her desk.

The President at his desk in the Executive Offices—also autographing photographs. Presiding at Cabinet meetings, receiving Ambassadors, Ministers, Senators, Representatives, political leaders—and always near him his faithful friend and secretary, Mr. Clark.

When Mr. Siemp resigned as Secretary to the President, the Honorable Everett Sanders, formerly a Representative from Indiana, was appointed to that post—but Mr. Clark's duties continued as manifold and his services as indispensable as at the beginning of Mr. Coolidge's administration—and even before that, when he was Vice President.

Presidents come and go and so do their secretaries, but in the Executive Offices there is one who has trained many secretaries to Presidents.

Beginning his White House career as President Roosevelt's stenographer, Rudolph Forster has risen to the indescribably difficult and delicate position of Executive Clerk, a position of the gravest responsibility. Thoroughly versed in every phase of national, international and political procedure, he has also an intuitive sense of the fitness of things, and a respect for the office of President of the United States which outweighs every other consideration.

Quiet, dignified, retiring in the extreme, Rudolph Forster has also a brain and a cultivation which make him an authoritative adviser to the many men

in conspicuous government positions who must be in daily, hourly communication with him.

It was to him I went so often for instruction in those first difficult days, and upon his judgment and counsel I relied during the many nerve-racking crises through which my Secretary to the Wife of the President must pass.

The whole scene at the White House may change—the Thirtieth President of the United States may go; the Thirty-first President take office—but Rudolph Forster remains, loyal, unbiased, selfless, a rock over which many waves have broken.

Instead of the diminishing activities I had expected, we were almost as rushed and hurried now as we had been in those earliest days at the Willard Hotel.

In honor of Mrs. Coolidge, the Women's National Press Club gave a farewell luncheon at the Willard, to which I also was invited.

On arriving at the hotel, we stepped into the elevator, expecting to go directly to the ballroom at the top, where the luncheon was to be given. Instead, we stopped at the third floor, and were taken into the old apartment—328-330—to lay aside our wraps.

To other eyes the corridor and rooms were empty. But for me, all at once they were crowded with people, as my thoughts flashed back to those hectic days of August, 1923, when this same apartment was the seething center of interest for the whole United States—when every hour, every moment, was marked by portentous happenings; when a quiet, unpretentious man was grappling with grave problems, and History was being made.

Five years and seven months is a long stretch, yet from August, 1923, to March, 1929, time flew. I seem to have been always hurrying—hurrying from one vivid moment to another!

As I call it all to mind again, I see that from first to last the only unburied figure was that of the President.

There was no end to what this man accomplished. Every act was the result of deep, earnest reflection. But it was all done quietly.

His taste in clothes was as quiet as he was himself. He wore them extremely well. He had an air—a way of always looking smart and well-groomed.

I have heard Mr. Coolidge ridiculed for going fishing in a stiff straw hat, an ordinary business suit, white starched collar, and dark four-in-hand tie—his only concession to the popular idea of sportsmen's togs being a pair of high rubber boots, into which his long, well-proportioned legs were ruthlessly thrust.

Whether they liked him personally or not, people had implicit faith in Calvin Coolidge—in his integrity, strength of character, singleness of purpose.

When criticized, as he often was—as every President often is—Mr. Coolidge neither cried out nor protested. He remained silent. He evidently believed in the axiom: "Never explain. Your friends don't need it—your enemies won't believe it."

Rushing to his own defense was not in Calvin Coolidge's line. He did not put his finger into every pie, but adhered strictly to the business in hand.

Nothing weakened his resolve to serve his country, or swayed him from the straight course toward the only goal he had—that what he believed to be the best interests of that country.

He did not falter, or hesitate, or vacillate. When he made a decision, he made no excuses for it.

If he "took the sword" it was sharp,

and he wielded it with unflinching courage. In his hands we were safe.

He grew more in five years and seven months than many men do in a lifetime. Broadened, deepened—gained in vision.

Woodrow Wilson was a pacifist, and at first Mr. Coolidge, like many other Presidents, had pacifistic tendencies.

When President Coolidge took office, he knew little or nothing about the military and naval forces of which he then automatically became Commander in Chief, and did not, apparently, care to know more. His life had lain along lines far removed from all such matters. He did not seem to understand our need of a military and naval establishment. He appeared irritated and annoyed by the mere fact that, as President, he must have military and naval aides in attendance on many occasions.

He seemed unaware of what the Service was for; nor did he comprehend the different functions of the various branches, or the far-reaching, close kinship that binds together those whose lives are given to the Army and the Navy. But little by little, President Coolidge's lack of knowledge gave way to an understanding of this vital need of his country. Gradually he became aware that the United Service is a strong bulwark of this Nation.

Calvin Coolidge was strongly, sanely National. To him, therefore, the idea of National Defense, once understood and accepted, was not repugnant. He twice sent his own son to a Citizens' Military Training Camp. He learned that military service is a good and wholesome experience for young men.

On the night of Armistice Day, 1928, I heard from Calvin Coolidge's lips the finest statement ever made as President of the United States.

Before an enormous audience of high government officials, ambassadors and ministers of foreign governments, politicians, and vast numbers of American citizens, he fearlessly declared his convictions that we could best insure our national honor and maintain our status among nations by the establishment and maintenance of an adequate National Defense.

"**A**LL HUMAN experience," said the President, "seems to demonstrate that a country which makes reasonable preparation for defense is less likely to be subject to a hostile attack or less likely to suffer a violation of its rights which might lead to war" . . . "To be ready for defense is not to be guilty of aggression" . . . "It is our duty to ourselves and to the cause of civilization, to the preservation of our tranquility, to our orderly and lawful relations with foreign people, to maintain an adequate Army and Navy."

The President strongly recommended strict adherence to our naval program; that we should give up no part of our tonnage; that our first line of defense—our ships—should not be bartered out of existence.

"We do not need a large land force. The present size of our Regular Army (this was in 1928) 'is entirely adequate'" . . . "When we turn to the sea the situation is different. We have not only a long coastline, distant outlying possessions, a foreign commerce unsurpassed in importance, and foreign interests unsurpassed in amount, the number of our people and value of our treasure to be protected, but we are also bound by international treaty to defend the Panama Canal. Having few fueling stations, we require ships of large



## Kaleidoscope in "K" by A. J. Cronin (Continued from page 31)

exclaimed with irritation. "Twelve months, now, I've been resident on this floor, and he can't take my mail to my room without making a paper chase of it." Laughing off his annoyance, he accepted the letter and glanced at it with manifest indifference.

"From Cloemister, isn't it?" she asked with studied calmness. "I saw the stamp—not that I tried to."

"Yes, yes." He slipped the letter carefully into his pocket. "Nothing important. It can wait."

She made no answer and an awkward pause followed. Then, as if to break back to another world with a total change of topic, she said incisively:

"About the ward, I've two things on my mind. First Number Thirteen. She's doing well, but I can't help feeling she's brewing up for serious trouble."

He accepted this fresh subject quickly. "Yes, she's a bad lot—that one. Sullen little devil, too."

"Devil!" she answered slowly. "How would you feel if some crazy woman let you have a pint of vitriol in the face?"

He made a wry mouth. "Go easy, Fanny. I've just had breakfast. Another unkind word and I'll enter a monastery." He paused, and finding her face unrelaxed, added quickly: "Well, I'll see about Thirteen."

"Thanks," she answered. "Now for the main thing. We're doing Sixteen today."

"That's right. It'll be a biggish job, too. Tricky—damned tricky."

She looked at him gravely. "Does Sir Walter still mean to—?"

He nodded, frowning, interrupting her to say: "Yes, Uncle Walter's doing it—bless his silver locks." He added lightly: "But why worry, my dear? We've all got to die sometime. And Uncle Walter has such a gentlemanly way of doing things."

She frowned at his tone, his manner, this epithet of "Uncle"—wholly derisive—which he bestowed on Selby. "When you're flippant I hate it!" she declared. "And I want Sixteen to come through. She's such a brick. You know Barclay should have this case. It's sticking out a mile."

"It's sticking out ten miles. Walter was a surgeon twenty years ago. Now, he's the grand old man—and likes it. He won't retire till his bath chair busts."

"I told Mr. Barclay he ought to do it," Fanny exclaimed vehemently. "It's a case for a brilliant man—or nobody."

Preston whistled. "So the subchief is in favor now!" he said. "Buildge Barclay—he's rather casual, is Buildge?"

"I wouldn't let him hear you say that. He might punch your head."

Preston laughed. "Don't be so intense, my dear. Or have you got a crush on Barclay now?"

She flushed and bit her lip. So far the morning had been a strain; and she was worried, on edge. And now this wretched flippancy from Freddie. "Rather cheap that was, don't you think?" she said in a low voice.

He threw away his cigarette and came over to her swiftly, smilingly. "Honestly, I didn't mean a thing."

She looked up at him, her eyes glistening, suddenly tender; and with that look the atmosphere was changed. "Freddie," she said with a quick breath. "Oh, Freddie! I wish you wouldn't."

"But Fanny—" he expostulated. "Everything's been stupid and difficult lately," she murmured. "I don't know why."

He sat down on the arm of her chair

and took her hand. The soft coolness of her hands had fascinated him from the first; and again a wave of the old delight rose up in him. A pity she took things so seriously! Yet she was really a lovely thing. Some quality about her compelled him always. Suddenly he kissed her, not perfunctorily as he had meant to, but with an unexpected warmth.

For a second her lips pressed back instinctively on his, then abruptly she rose and went to the window, staring down into the courtyard. Already two cars stood close together on the western side, the chauffeurs beside them.

"Are we all right, then?" he asked, following her.

She nodded, her composure only half regained. "But you know I don't—" she said inarticulately, and stopped; then she went on, "I—oh, we've each got our work here. It worries me. It's all so mixed up. I know we love each other, but somehow this hole-and-corner business, cutting into my job and yours, too—it really does worry me. Besides, lately you're not the same; you're evasive, somehow, not honest. I have the awful feeling that you avoid me."

"Good heavens, no!" he protested, slipping his arm round her shoulders. "Give me a decent chance to see you."

"Channel!" she echoed. "Don't you know that when I'm off duty you have every chance?"

He pressed her arm tightly, and said, "I do know that, Fanny."

A silence fell which might shortly have been awkward, but at that moment another car slid through the gateway.

"Uncle Walter," said Preston immediately, as though he sprang to the realization of immense responsibility. "Time for me to cut along to meet the old bird. He weeps if I don't receive him with royal honors."

As he moved towards the door he gave her a swift look, that rare, spontaneous glance she knew so well; then, with a quick good-by, he swung out of the room. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Nurse Andross leaving the ward kitchen with her tray, and for a second she seemed to see him, too.

An odd look came to Preston's face—he might have smiled; but he so often smiled it was impossible to say. Then he turned into the corridor towards the lift, and bumped into a man who stood in his way.

"Hello, hello!" said Preston, recovering himself.

The young man wore a workman's clothes; gray flannel shirt, thick-soled boots, dungarees; and in his calloused hands he turned his dark cap with unremitting agitation. He was without an overcoat, and from his shoulders a steamy dampness rose into the hot air of the passage.

"Sorry. I'm—sorry, sir," he faltered. "Were you looking for anything?"

asked Preston politely.

"Yes—yes, sir," stammered the other, his eyes strained by anxiety. "I came to see my wife. In Ward K—Bed Sixteen. She's to be—she's to be—"

"I see," said Preston.

"You think she'll be all right?"

"She'll have every chance," said Preston. "Get in now. The supervisor will look after you." Then, with a slight nod, he disappeared along the corridor.

It was, he recognized blandly, the correct attitude; he had the happy knack of the right word. And Fanny would look after the wretched fellow. Why should he butt into trouble? He had his own affairs on his hands.

In the lift he took out the letter Fanny had given him, slit it and read it tentatively. Then he smiled, folded it reflectively and leaned against the wall as the moving cage began to whine: whee—whee—whee.

While Preston awaited the arrival of Sir Walter Selby in the lift a short, sturdy man was beating this imperial ascent by coming upstairs fast. The man was in no hurry; he had simply a habit of taking steps by threes in an undignified succession of flying leaps—an odd trick for keeping himself in hard condition. Now, emerging in the vestibule, he was pleased to find his breathing even. Not bad for thirty-eight, he thought. Then, looking neither to right nor to left, he butted through the door marked: "Mr. James Barclay, Assistant Surgeon," and entered his room.

It was a small apartment scrappily furnished, merely a narrow anteroom of the chief's room which it adjoined, and with which, indeed, it was connected by a balize-covered door, now standing open.

Barclay's first move was to close this door. Then he scrutinized his mail—four circulars which he threw unopened into the fire. Finally he turned, sweeping the row of specimens in their jars on the opposite shelves with speculative eyes. They were singular eyes: a clear blue, deeply set beneath dark brows in the ruddy, reticent face, the eyes of a man who observes with silent penetration and thinks much more than he speaks.

Certainly, Barclay hadn't much to say, but what he said was sense. Beyond a certain homony of feature, he had no looks. His dress, too, was unimpressive: a dark blue suit, shoes built for service, a brown spotted tie caught into place by an old-fashioned ring.

All at once he stepped off the hearth-rug and advanced to his desk, his gaze so suddenly engrossed it seemed transformed. There was a green bowl of snowdrops on the raw oak desk, a soft and unexpected blur of loveliness.

Barclay stared at the bowl, his eyes ridiculously brightened; then he took up one bloom and sniffed it delicately. The action was devoid of affectation; so, too, was the fashion in which he held the stem, his fingers curved like a violinist's, sensitive, tense and fine.

IT WAS a moment of subtle revelation but as he studied the flower with naive satisfaction, the door swung open. Immediately he spun round, and his expression fell into its mask of reserve. He dropped the snowdrop, then defensively pulled down his brows at Miss Fanshawe, who stood at the doorway staring at him in obvious surprise.

"Sorry, Mr. Barclay," she said. "I didn't know you were here. I was going through to the chief's room." She indicated some fresh towels on her arm.

He nodded and stepped back to the fire. Cleverly she had his permission to depart, but she hesitated, said at length:

"I shouldn't wish you to think I make a private thoroughfare of your room. I simply thought—"

"Make it a private thoroughfare," he said quickly. "Make it anything that's useful. I don't care. It's the worst room in the hospital for boxes. The confusion for hatboxes." He broke off and inclined his head towards the desk, saying: "Did you put those there?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I'll take them away if they annoy

"you," Fanny answered, smiling faintly. "Leave them."

"Very good, Mr. Barclay." The master settled, she placed her hand on the handle of the communicating door, then paused. "Thursday," she said. "Haven't you made a mistake? It's not your day."

"Not my day, no," he answered, with his eyes on the ceiling. "But I don't think I've made a mistake." She looked at him intently, some subtle inflection of voice causing her a queer excitement. "The chief's on his way up now," she said slowly.

He nodded. For a moment there was silence, then he looked at her. "You've known me a long time," he said, as if on an impulse. "Do you think I'm a confused fool?"

Barclay's questions were often startling but never had one startled her so much as this, and her vehement response assuaged her even more. "No," she answered indignantly. "You know I don't think anything of the kind."

"Well, so far, so good. But I've got an awful feeling that I'm going to be a fool today."

She wanted to speak; a tremendous question trembled on her tongue, but somehow his words confronted her like a wall—insurmountable. She found herself turning the handle of the door.

"Shut it after you," he murmured, with his quick smile.

And so she went out. Yet her eyes were absent as she arranged the towels in the chief's room, saw that everything was as it should be for the arrival of Sir Walter. From the wall the portrait of Susannah Salt, benefactress and founder of Ward K, surveyed with disapproval her unreasonable presupposition. But Fanny was conscious only of the tension of an approaching situation. There was no doubt about it. What would Barclay do? Or, rather, how would he do it?

She was aware of a tremendous regard for Barclay. She liked Sir Walter, too, of course. Who could help that? And yet, Sir Walter... The thought died—snipped by the arresting ring of voices which approached the outer door. Fanny swung round, as Sir Walter entered, with Preston following.

"Morning, Miss Fanshawe. Morning to you!" Selby exclaimed, and the aristocratic composure of his veined, handsome features dissolved in a smile of greeting as he went on: "And rather an unpleasant one, too. Pneumonia weather, I fear. Ah! our friends on the medical side will know that to their cost. Ah! Ah!"

Selby was tall and spare, upright, dignified and exquisite, his shoes varnished, his spats gray, his cravat accurate, his trousers ironed to a knife edge, his coat of smooth broadcloth, enriched by a collar of close-cured astrakhan. Against the darkness of that collar the silver of his hair and of his small imperial shone with startling distinction.

"The streets"—he extended one expressive palm—"an almost impossible condition of slipperiness. Ah! My car was held up for five minutes in Drake Street, where they are erecting that abominable new picture house. I had, I regret to say, full leisure to study it. A baroque nightmare. A public indecency! A grotesque outrage! Ah! Ah!"

"Perfectly awful, sir," murmured Preston, and as he helped the chief out of his overcoat, he dropped his left eyelid towards Fanny. But her mind was far from slippiness; she gave no heed.

"Your father, poor man, how he would have hated such barbarism!" continued Sir Walter. "I remember in the cathedral—ah—... The flowery period flowed

on, for Sir Walter was fond of his own voice and loved to hear it sound.

The trouble with Uncle Walter, thought Preston, is that he can't let a thing alone.

Fanny, too, was waiting patiently, only half hearing the florid peroration; and when her opening came she took it swiftly. "Number Sixteen, Sir Walter," she cut in. "You're doing that at eleven?"

"Yes. Aha. Yes, of course!" Selby exclaimed, his eye clouding faintly. "I understood I had made that clear."

The merest pause followed, then Preston remarked: "And there's the new case in Number Nine to be seen, sir."

There was another pause, while Selby faced the prospect of the day. Then he threw out his chest.

"We are at your service, Doctor Preston," came the words—the accepted formula, bland, benignant, uttered royally. And Preston knew his cue. He flung open the door and, followed by the others, Selby marched into the ward.

It was an impressive moment, a moment which, for Sir Walter, long custom had not staled. He loved this august entry, this ward so ordered, so polished, so perfect, the bated hush that fell upon his entry, the patients prepared, the nurses standing primly to attention. Yes, he loved it. Retire!—who had dared whisper that word? Abdicating this, his own especial dominion? Good heavens, no; time, plenty of time for that.

"Sure," his Sir Walter himself today," murmured Sophie Flanagan. "The lovely, lovely figure of a man."

Miss Baxter said nothing, but her lips parted confidentially; she knew Sir Walter had come himself to remove her stitches. But! But no; he had passed now, and her face turned bleak again.

In Number 9 little Julie Levy drew a deep, expectant breath, thrilled by a curious elation. He was coming nearer. Actually, this tall, beautiful gentleman, who looked as if he had stepped straight out of the screen, was coming to examine her, to speak to her—Julie Levy. Why, it was like something in a picture. Life was wonderful when you were young, even if you had stupidly knocked your leg and must spend a day or two in hospital until it healed.

Yes, he was even more wonderful than she had expected; so delicate, so kind. It was over now—a long examination—and Sir Walter, moving off with his house surgeon, was remarking:

"Curious how they imagine usually, aha! that they have knocked themselves. You must inform her people, Preston. And put her down provisionally for Monday."

"Put her down for Monday! What did it mean?" But already Sir Walter had ceased to think of Julie Levy, and became, instead, acutely conscious of an increasing urgency of mood. He seemed, indeed, a man pricked by some unrealized disquiet. This, now, was no official visit to his ward, yet he lingered on.

Sir Walter was pressed by an incomprehensible desire to delay. But at last he could delay no longer. Ignoring that hollow, sinking qualm which had so strangely beset him, he threw back his head and turned to Fanny.

"And now, Miss Fanshawe," he smiled, "my case for operation, if you please."

Then, holding himself consciously erect, he walked out of the ward. Immediately the tenseness of the air relaxed.

"Thank God!" muttered Preston. "I thought he would never move."

As he hurried away to see about the anesthetic, Nurse Watkins moved towards Number 16, lying with dull, frightened eyes, dreading that mysterious

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darkness into which she must so soon dissolve, a darkness wherein sharp steel knives would pierce into her skull. But Fanny made a gesture of restraint.

"Wait," she said in a low tone of voice. "I don't want her in yet." And leaving Watkins by the bed, she hurried into the ward kitchen. Number Sixteen's husband was there, hunched over the fire. "Go in quickly to your wife," said Fanny crisply. "You've got just three minutes." As he jumped up, she added: "And whatever you do—let her see you're not afraid."

Selby entered his room. He saved a few moments of solitude before beginning the delicate operation which lay before him. Yes, it had been a long time since he had been faced by anything so—well, exacting, was perhaps the word. But as he swung round from the closed door he perceived that he was not alone. Seated upon the table, his pose indicative of unstudied ease, was Barclay.

A quick displeasure rushed into Selby's face and concentrated sharply in an involuntary frown, but he controlled it, smoothed his features to an outward composure. "Good morning, Mr. Barclay," he said impressively.

"Morning," he looked up deliberately, but quite inoffensively, then looked away.

Selby was annoyed by the unusual appearance of Barclay at this hour. He was liable, indeed, to be annoyed by the appearance of Barclay at any hour; he had never cared much for Barclay. They were different, their natures antipathetic: privately, in his own fastidious phrase, Sir Walter regarded the other as "not quite a gentleman." But now he merely remarked casually:

"Is there anything you especially require of me this morning?"

Barclay went straight to the point. "That case in Number Sixteen—that cerebral tumor?"

"Well," said Selby. His manner was still smooth.

"Who's doing it?" asked Barclay steadily.

Selby's eye flickered; again that curious sinking took him like a foreboding. But instantly all his dignity rose to sustain him. "I, naturally, am doing it," he replied with chilling sarcasm. "I trust you have no objection."

Barclay ran his hand through his blue-black hair. Then, with extreme restraint, he said: "Lyons—the man who sent in that case—asked me to do it as a favor. I thought you knew that."

"A favor, indeed!" exclaimed Selby. "And are the general practitioners of the city to determine who shall operate in my wards? It's preposterous. Be good enough to have some sense of your office."

"I have," said Barclay quietly, "for the last three years. Since I came here. Day in, day out. Etiquette! We wallow in it here, but it won't get results. Pity!"

The tiny red network of vessels on Selby's cheeks seemed to stand out as if congealed. "Since when have you become the critic of our results?" he asked in a choking voice. "The hospital committee are satisfied with my wards."

"Got the committee in your pocket," said Barclay. "You know they eat from the hand. And more. They don't understand the first thing about modern surgery. So it just goes on."

There was a silence, during which that flush crept higher upon Selby's cheek bones. Barclay, staring at nothing, took a cigarette from his pocket and lighted it.

"A cigarette, here in this room! To Selby the act was unpardonable, an insult."

"Your attitude is outrageous, Barclay!" he gasped. "It's an indignity. But don't deceive yourself. I see what's behind it."

"You think I'm shoving myself in,

don't you?" answered Barclay quickly. "Well, you're wrong. It just means this: I've stuck it till I can stick it no longer. Standing by, watching you muck along, all out of date, billions of years behind; watching you hang on by your back teeth with the help of this etiquette business. Well, I can't stick it any longer. But don't misunderstand me. If you want to go on and on and on—then I'm chucking it here. Clearing out!"

A mist was working through Selby's brain. The whole thing was a dream; impossible that he, Sir Walter Selby, should be spoken to like this; but through the mist he heard his own voice.

"I refuse to hear another word. It's too flagrant. I am going into the theater."

"Then you're tackling it?" sighed Barclay.

"I intend to do this operation," Selby paused, and goading himself to a final crushing irony, he added: "You are still my assistant. If you wish, you may assist me."

But Barclay was not crushed. "Thanks," he said. "I'd like to. It's such an interesting case."

They looked at each other. Then Selby turned out of the office without a word, made his way up the slight incline which led to the operating theater, and entered the small dressing room that stood opposite the aesthetic room. Barclay followed him. As they passed, Number 16—just "going under"—was screaming in a cracked yet high-pitched voice.

In the antechamber Sir Walter slipped out of his white coat and, painfully determined to be calm, hung it carefully upon a peg. But Barclay threw off his stethoscope and, ripped off his collar and tie and flung them carelessly upon a chair. Then it became evident that he wore pink braces. Bright pink braces!

Selby's stiff lip curled. Had the man no taste, no sense of propriety—and to tear off his clothes like that! He, at least, maintained the tradition that a gentleman is never without his collar.

"Most unusual—this case, you know," said Barclay. "Young subject, localized lesion, every chance for a radical cure."

"I am aware of the nature of the case," said Selby curtly. He was his own man again.

"I mean, it so often happens decomposition is the only course," went on Barclay. Palliative. No use. Might as well leave 'em alone. That's my view."

Selby said nothing: there was nothing to say. And so, when he had rolled back his sleeves in silence, they went into the operating theater and at the wide porcelain sinks began to "wash up."

It was a curious room: lofty, smooth-tiled, austere, so superheated the air was like a hot breath. Yet it held a glacial translucent clarity—one entire side built of double glass admitting, even on this dreary February day, a startling effulgence of opalescent light, which made the place at once cavernous and ethereal. Against the opposite wall a battery of sterilizers steamed, while inset upon a third wall two long glass cabinets of instruments glittered evenly.

There were no corners; even the walls met the tessellated floor in smooth convexity, forbidding the faintest accumulation of dust. In the center of the room stood a shining metal machine of wheels, ratchets, levers and rods—by courtesy, the table—and around this table a dressing carriage, a portable irrigation stand, a stand with four basins containing colored liquids—mauve, orange, green and blue—another instrument table, variously shaped receivers, a small white

enameled stool. From the ceiling hung a shadowless lamp, cowed, netted and of an intricate design.

Beside the dressing carriage the theater supervisor stood expertly arranging her instrument tray with an impassive air. Two nurses moved in the background silently, completely unobtrusive.

"Crown, please," said Selby, rinsing his hands first in the steaming spray.

"Yes, sir." The theater supervisor moved across to him, showing no surprise. Yet it was wholly unlike Selby to demand attention. And now the recognition of this fact was a fresh point of irritation which pricked him painfully.

From the outset he had been unlike himself this morning. He knew it, felt it now—his pulse running faster than it should; his gown too tight around the neck; his hands damp as he thrust them into delicate rubber gloves.

From the corner of his eye he observed Barclay, his red face unconcerned, snapping on his gloves. Something rose in the chief's throat—a savage impulse to succeed. He'd show Barclay, damn him! Yes, he'd show them all that he was Selby—Sir Walter Selby—that Selby summoned twenty years ago in consultation to a royal personage.

His eyes started, the double doors swung open and accompanied by Preston and Miss Fanshawe, Number 16 was wheeled into the theater. She was snoring harshly, a pale-faced young thing, dissolved at last into that darkness she had dreaded, that darkness from which she would never, perhaps, emerge.

Selby watched her with strained attention. He lifted her upon the table and began to strip the dressing from her head. Her name? He didn't even know her name. She was a number, a unit, a nobody, a woman of no importance; but for him she had become suddenly important, a figure of terrific consequence, the pivot on which turned the whole structure of his position.

As in a dream he saw Miss Fanshawe slip her hand under the sheet to control the pulse, Preston, beside her, seating himself on the stool, fiddling with the anesthetic—intratracheal ether. Selby's thoughts raced backwards like hounds unleashed. In the old days it had been chloroform, dropped on the open mask. He had always liked that; no silly paraphernalia of tubes and valves.

Someone beside him coughed gently. At the dressing carriage stood the theater supervisor, her gloved hands resting on the tray of instruments. Behind her were the nurses, still remote, incommensurate.

"Well," said Barclay quietly in his ear. Selby started. They were watching him; waiting. It was time to begin.

With a tremendous effort he collected himself, walked to the head of the table and stood for a moment immobile. Then he reached out his right hand. The theater supervisor placed a scalpel in that hand. It was the moment: a moment strung with inexpressible tension.

But why, why should it be so? He was no tyro, no bungler; he was Selby, a man of skill, of reputation, of wide experience. Nor was he old: a man was not finished at sixty. Let them say what they chose; he was still in his prime.

His finger moved, and to sudden action. His fingers moved, and under the first clean incision of the knife the yellowish skin parted into a pinkish slit. Barclay, standing at his elbow, pressed a swab gently into the wound. It had begun.

The sterilizers steamed and sucked, a hubbub-bubble of oxygen ran continuously, mingling with the patient's labored

snoring. A fierce concentration was on Selby.

He was trephining now, and the thin grating of steel on bone issued through the tense air—a neat circular perforation. He had always been known for the nicety of his work. To say that he had lost his touch—a base calumny! It was going well, too; exact, measured and unhurried. Let them say that he was slow; he knew, wise old stagger that he was, the matchless virtue of safety.

Splendid! He was through the membranes now, getting down to things, surer of himself than ever. And Barclay? He was showing Barclay something of the technique of his art. In the elation of his mood he began to have a sort of secret liking for Barclay, a sympathy for his discomfiture. Barclay's bluntness was the worst of him; perhaps a decent-enough fellow at heart.

There! It was like wine, this glorious exhilaration, this sweet knowledge of his skill. Yes, there—at last. He was down to it, the seat of the trouble exposed: a tumor, innocent—as he had expected.

His lips moved. "Swab, please."

Yes, it was there, localized, unmistakable, part of that living, pulsating brain open to his scrutiny, to his cautious fingers. Localized—he had known that. But how deep, how extensive! Oh, terribly extensive. All at once a tiny bead of sweat pricked out on Selby's brow and a sudden coldness ran down his spine.

It was a formidable business, perhaps more formidable than he had anticipated, the issue confronting him so clear—so devastating: two courses open to him, as Barclay had declared—to retreat or to advance. To go back, leave things alone, effect a simple decompression that must be merely a palliative. Or to go on, to go dangerously on, extirpate the mischief for good and all.

He would go on, of course he would go on; that was the brave, the brilliant way! But first, another swab. He must investigate. He must have time to look at this. Never mind the ticking seconds, the bubbling oxygen, the labored breathing; a man must see what he was doing. Time—more time.

Things were a little blurred, somehow. Desperately he strove to pierce the haze, to make his vision clear, incisive. He must think calmly. Suppose he tried the big thing and failed? Number 16 would go out—finished. That was nothing. Nothing. He himself would go out—he knew it—out of his wards, his position; out of everything that made for the joy and color of existence.

Another swab. Barclay was so quick with these swabs—too quick by far. And still those seconds were ticking, falling in drops, insistently, as though draining out of him the vital elements of life. A weak, a horrible impotence ran through his body like a palsy. His knees were limp; he shivered. It was impossible, humanly impossible to attempt this dangerous experiment. He couldn't be blamed for failing to attempt it. Safety. That was his policy of discretion. Always for safety.

In a daze of feeling he felt himself rush to the irrevocable decision; stiffly his fingers moved; he began deliberately to withdraw from the seat of the disorder. Why was he hesitating? He would do the decompression.

And Barclay was helping him, pressing another swab into the gently oozing wound. It was easy, he felt the way, for now with Barclay's help he knew that he was safe. To have broken down—how frightful that would have been. To have broken down! Oh, this was easy, better.

But was Barclay helping him? Barclay's hand was against his, impeding him. Barclay's gloved finger was now

incredibly interfering, yes, investigating the cavity; and Barclay's voice closed to his ear whispered suddenly, almost inaudibly: "We'll try."

A fearful intuition shot through Selby with horrifying intensity. He knew instinctively what had happened. They loomed before him, Barclay's hands, magnified, distorted, obscuring his nervous gaze. He wanted to call out, to protest, to thrust those damnable interfering hands out of the way. But for the life of him he could not.

He stood still, powerless and confused; his startled eyes incredulous, the mirror of his bewilderment and distress. But he knew, and knew irrevocably. The pretense of collaboration was grotesque. He had broken down. And Barclay—Barclay was taking the case out of his hands.

"Swab," whispered Barclay, in a low, expressionless tone.

Selby dazedly obeyed. His face seemed cold, stiff, his fingers numb, his body swollen, exhausted. Utterly humiliated, yet forced by some frightful fascination, he began to watch Barclay; then by degrees to help him. And slowly the awake in him an instinct both frigid and feverish. He won't do it, he thought, with bitter intensity. Never! It's madness—the attempt. He'll fail hopelessly. She'll never come through. It's the end of his career. It's his finish, not mine.

Savagely with a hostile urgency, he lunged for Barclay to fail. And then, despite himself, he began to mark the skill, the incontestable brilliance of Barclay's work, and to admire it. So certain and so speedy. No static serenity about Barclay. He seemed to rush, to give, to pour out strength. He was, somehow, dynamic. His figure charged, his hands fluid, delicate, powerful, his red face dogged and intense.

And there was need for tearing hurry. Sixteen was in desperate condition; her reserves were going, of that there was no doubt. It was a race between Barclay's hands and her gasping breathing, a strange contest to determine which should come first.

And in Barclay's eye was a passionate determination to be the winner of that contest. That was the reason for his speed. Speed, yes, a thrusting speed, fingers pressing forward with quick accuracy to the final fixation of his sutures. Sutures? He was closing the wound; actually, he was finishing. Selby winced. Yes, it was so: Barclay was terminating the operation from which he himself had shrunk.

"Stop the anesthetic," said Barclay. It was over, finished; the final dressing secure. He had done it—Barclay had done it.

Again for Selby it seemed that time stood still. Now they were asking Number 16 out of the theater, her breathing quieter, her color vaguely better. There was a chance that she would recover. What a triumph, thought Selby duly, what a triumph—for Barclay!

He started; he must do something; he couldn't stand here—a figure petrified, vanquished, absurd. Stiffly he stirred, pulled at his gloves, walked to the basin, began to wash up. The painful silence in the theater pressed on him like a weight. They had all seen; they all knew.

Covertly he looked towards the next sink where Barclay was sluicing his hands and arms, wishing suddenly that the other would speak. But Barclay, now rubbing himself with a towel, was silent, quiet, absorbed. Beseated by an intolerable sadness, Selby finished washing, went out of the theater with Barclay as he had entered it—in silence.

Then, in the dressing room Barclay faced him with an odd constraint. "I'm



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sorry—damned sorry," he said. "I had to do it—something came over me." He added, "I said I was clearing out. And so I shall, now. I'll resign."

The chief's hand shook slightly as he slipped on his frock coat, and he averted his head. "I think," he said painfully, "there is no need for your apology, and less need for your resignation. You know that I broke down and I know it, too. What more can be said?"

Impulsively Barclay started to speak, then checked himself as though indeed no more could be said.

"I think," said Selby in the same dragging manner—"I think I'm going to take a holiday."

Barclay's blue eyes puckered compassionately but once more he said nothing; for one who was "not quite a gentleman" he betrayed in this silence an infinite tact.

"I think," said Sir Walter—"I think perhaps Greece. Archaeology, you know, I'm interested—." All at once his voice cracked. Around him the air seemed to shiver. Incredibly, painfully, a sob broke from his lips.

"Good God, man," said Barclay, starting forward, "I'm damnably sorry. Why didn't you let me tackle it at the start?"

**S**ELBY, throwing back his head, made an ineffectual effort to recover his composure. "I wish," he said in a choking voice—"I wish to congratulate you on a brilliant, brilliant achievement."

Deeply moved, Barclay bit his lip, clenched his hands. "Stay a bit longer," he said. "Take all the authority. I don't care about that. I'll take the cases you don't want. Keep your position."

Selby shook his head. "I think not," he sighed. Now his throat was so full he could not speak, but with a sudden emotional impulse he held out his hand. Etiquette, you see. Not a surgeon now, perhaps, but always—a gentleman.

Then, his chin in the air, he turned and with a step curiously hollow walked out of the room: Sir Walter Selby, consultant—twenty years ago—to a royal personage, a personage himself, perhaps, his name a famous one, his manner incomparable, he it was who took this exit. And when the exit had been taken there was an old man, broken, finished, done.

Alone in the room, for a long time Barclay stood still, upon his face a look almost melancholy; then he shook his head, flung on his coat. Then again he stood motionless, intent as though, despite his melancholy, a quick vision of the future were drawn across his sight, flashing pictures of achievement.

Once more he shook his head, spun round abruptly. In a moment he was on his way downstairs so quickly that he almost cannoned into Fanny who, half an hour late, was going off duty for her lunch. Without a word he accommodated his pace to hers.

"She's standing up to it well—Sixteen," said Fanny. "I think she's going to do."

He nodded. "I'll look in again later," he said. Then, at the main entrance where their ways diverged, he gave her his odd, wry smile and was gone.

In hospital the hour succeeding lunch drags slowly.

"Strange sort of day, Andross," said Nurse Watkins, staring out at the red-dish, sullen sun from a window of Ward K. "Funny things could happen on a day like this."

"Nice things might happen," answered Andross meditatively.

"You're a deep one," said Watkins. "But I know what you're after—or, rather, whom you're after."

"Congratulations," said Andross negligently. "But I shall never marry."

"You may not," declared Watkins significantly.

In reply Doris Andross merely smiled—amused, complacent, faintly baffling. "Visiting day," she said, after a moment's silence. "How I hate it. Dirty, greasy mob!"

"Poor thing!" exclaimed Watkins satirically. "You're too fastidious to live." And with a touch of her head, she moved down the ward to Bed 18, where she was due for special duty.

Staff Nurse Jeff was behind the screen, keeping the constant vigil demanded by the case, and she rose at once. "Fanny's just been in, and gone off again," she said. "No change in the treatment."

"Very well," said Watkins, seating herself in the vacant bedside chair.

Nurse Jeff turned away. As she reached the head of the ward the clock struck two, and immediately the swing doors parted and the patients' visitors swept in. Flowers, parcels, packages and paper voices, laughter, gaily, sadness, diffidence and fear—all came in through the wide doors.

The eyes of Rose Griffin in Bed 13, dark wounds of eyes, stared hopelessly towards the entering crowd, desiring nothing that they might bring. How could she wish to see or be seen by any human creature? She wanted to be left alone to die, like a stricken animal that knows only fear and hopelessness and hatred.

Suddenly her look darkened with sullen animosity, as once again she saw him—that wretched parish priest who came pestering her every day. Easy for him to mealy-mouth that soft stuff about the love of God. How she hated it! He'd never had a can of acid chucked in his face by a crazy, jealous woman. He'd never felt that first searing cold-like ice, like blue steel on a winter morning, then the fire, hot, flaming fire that burned like the fires of hell.

She shivered, haunted again by that ineradicable memory: herself flouting round the crowded dockland dance hall, a little drunk maybe, caring nothing for the man she'd enticed, but hungry for adulation, for all the throbbing gavity of life; and then, cutting across the lights, the admiration, the laughter—this. And now they were trying to preach her into happiness! Rigidly she kept her eyes averted as her visitor approached.

He was a tubby little priest, shabby in his dress; his eyes, open, childlike, yet somehow veiled, preoccupied, saw nothing yet saw everything. Silently he sat down beside her.

**F**OR A LONG time he gazed at her without speaking, but at length he bent forward. "Well, Rose," he whispered, "and how are you today?"

No answer came from the stiff form on the bed, but instinctively he felt the air of resistance deepen around it.

"Did you have a good night, child?" he murmured at last. "You be quiet, there was silence, that hard silence of hostility. He was not deterred. "I know you're not in the mood for talking, Rosie," he went on. "Maybe I'm just a nuisance to you, coming round here when you can't bring yourself to see visitors. But that's just the point, child. You've got to think of me, too. You've got to think of me in no time now, and you've got to think of starting life again." He paused, expectant, but there was no answer.

"It'll be fine for you to get out in God's good fresh air again, Rosie. 'Twas lovely when I was coming along by the river this afternoon. There was a fine

white puff of mist lying on the water like the down on the wing of an angel. The ferry was crossing, whistling and tootling, and over it all you felt the salt smack of sea in the air. Oh, I tell you it was lovely, Rosie—and you'll be seeing it all for yourself soon and enjoying it, too—for sure you will."

But Rosie said nothing. Can't he leave me alone? she thought bitterly. What do I care about his angels, wings or his dirty river—except to fling myself into it the minute they let me out of this cursed place. Deliberately she stopped listening to him, letting her gaze move restlessly round the ward. Across there someone was laughing—the stout, middle-aged Jewess who sat beside Number 9 was laughing to her daughter.

Rose Griffin closed her eyes. It was made up, this place, of tears and laughter! She could endure the tears, but oh, the laughter made her wince.

Yet the laughter didn't make Julie Levy wince, for her eyes were round with expectancy as she looked at her mother and said: "I guess you're kidding me, Momma."

In answer the swarthy matron held out a flat square package. "Now do you believe me, Julie Levy?"

"Yes," gasped Julie. She had the wrappings off in a moment and with an ecstatic cry sat up regarding it, this precious autographed likeness she had dared to write for weeks ago. It was only the portrait of a gentleman in Hollywood, but to Julie it was the paragon, the beau ideal, the very keystone of existence. A vivid blush mounted her cheeks. He, the hero of her dreams, had answered her timid appeal; he had sent her his photograph.

"Wasn't it—wasn't it kind?" she gasped; she was too shy to add, "of him."

"Well, you got to hurry up and get better now, Miss Levy," said the mother indulgently. She was terribly fond of Julie. Proud of her, too.

"Yes, Momma," answered Julie dreamily.

"I got to see the doctor after," said Mrs. Levy. She beamed broadly. "Young fellow, too. Nice fellow. Oh, these medical boys! Got an eye for a pretty girl like my Julie. Ain't that so, Miss Levy?"

But Julie's eye was still on the photograph as tenderly she placed it upon her locker . . .

"Sickens me," said Daisy Dean to the thick-set knobby man beside her bed.

"I'm sick of the damned apt myself," he answered. "But we've got to live, haven't we?"

"We're going to live, Danny," she insisted. "I've had a new slant at things lying here. The act's dead from now on. It's the chicken farm for us as sure as my name's Daisy. Do you hear me?"

"I hear you," he answered doubtfully. "But you're such a boss your name should be Bishop." Though she had heard the dreadful jest a thousand times before, she smiled from very happiness.

"Wait till you see me feeding the chickens, Danny. Why, you'll take a new notion of Death. Do you hear me?"

"How could I do that?" he pondered, quite seriously. "We've—we've been married fifteen years, haven't we?"

She began to laugh like a girl.

At the sound, Miss Baxter's visitor—

unmistakably, her sister—looked over with extreme disapproval, then said disparagingly: "Can't say I'm impressed with the company you're in, Jane. A mixed-looking lot, I'm thinking."

"Ay, they're mixed," agreed Jane. "I just don't speak to them." She added acrimoniously: "What I don't like is the nursing—I was promised my stitches out

the day and not one finger has been laid upon my poor body up till the now."

The sister sniffed sympathetically. "Are you managing to get your food?"

"Whiles," answered Jane, "and whiles not. I relish the eggs ye brought me. But it's a crying shame they stopped these black puddings and shortbread ye fetched me last time! The idea of saying they was not allowed to append cases. 'Tis my believe the nurses had them for their own tea!"

"They should be made to pay for them," amplified her sister. "Down-right thievery."

Here the ball of conversation languished for a moment, but was soon set rolling again by the last speaker.

"Has the Reverend Mr. Gloag been to see you again?" she demanded primly.

"No!" exclaimed the other. "But I could hardly expect it. Twice in the week wouldna have been regular."

"True," answered the sister.

Just then Sophie Flanagan raised her head. "My God," she cried dramatically, "it's Flanagan!"

He stood there, the late comer, a strong man among many women, not knowing what to do with his hands or with the hat within those hands.

"Peter Flanagan!" she cried again. "Am I seen' right or am I not? What are ye doin' here at this hour o' the day an' it a workin' day an' all?"

He anchored himself in the haven of the chair beside her bed, and there faced her sheepishly. "Sure I thought ye would be glad to see me," he replied meekly. "I had the idea o' sayin' I was sorry, Sophie. Sorry for what I done."

"I knewed it!" she cried sharply. "Ye've been drinkin'. An' me frozen on a bed o' pain. What for are ye not at the docks, ye lass shrinker?"

"Didn't the fog come down on the river?" he protested diffidently. "Didn't it blank out the whole caboodle? How could I be tossin' bailes about in the blackness?"

"Arrah, 'twas no fog never stopped ye, Peter Flanagan. Sure there's no more than a faint o' mist out there."

He waved away the issue artlessly—that art which art conceals. "Ye're lookin' well, Sophie! Sure 'tis the foine woman ye are. I'm pleased I come along an' see ye when I had the chance."

But she was, in her own phrase, not Sophie Flanagan for nothing. "Will ye tell me once an' for all," she demanded grimly, "what for ye're here? Have ye been drinkin'?"

"No!" he shot at her explosively. "No?" she echoed with an inimitable inflection of ironic disbelief.

"Not worth the name, anyway," he conceded.

"What did ye have?"

"Only a pint an' a schooner o' porter."

"An' what else, Peter Flanagan?"

"An'—an' a half o' whiskey."

"Let me smell yer breath," she commanded. He breathed upon her sheepishly, in a manner pregnant with pure but unconvincing innocence. "Yes," she exclaimed, "ye had the beer an' the porter as the whiskey! Then ye had a pint to chase down the whiskey an' then a schooner to go sailin' down after the pint."

He scratched his head, then hung it. "The saints preserve us," he murmured, "ye've the smell of a detective." He was a glass and a half to the good! But alas, he reckoned not of his Sophie.

"Where," she began slowly, "did ye get the money for that drink? Here am I sufferin' the tortures o' the holy souls an' ye're squanderin' yer wages on drink."

"What are ye talkin' about?" he cried indignantly. "Not one penny of earned money have I spent on drink."

"Then," she flashed out, "where did ye get the money?"

He said coaxingly, "What does it matter, Sophie? Sure I might have picked up a couple o' shillin' on the quiet."

"Come on now, Peter Flanagan, ye might as well get it off yer mind once an' for all. Did ye steal the money?"

"I did not steal it," he retorted crossly. "Tell me, then—did ye find that couple o' silver shillin' ye was after mentionin'?"

"No!" he answered sulkily. "I did not. I didn't steal them an' I didn't find them. I won them."

"Won them?" she echoed. "Yes, won them!" he cried triumphantly. "Yot off the bookie?" she exclaimed.

"Yes!" He threw out his chest, his vanity at last sweeping him to complete disaster. "Won them off the bookie—didn't steal them an' didn't find them, but won them like a jiltleman on the turf, an' a big win it was, too an' all. A double, ye see, an' outsiders the both o' them."

He broke off, but it was too late. Already Sophie had begun to beam.

"The cleverness o' the man," she murmured. "Sure I knew somethin' would come if the luck would turn—that ye couldn't be lose, lose, lose all the time. Says I to meself," purred Mrs. Flanagan, "the man's done it wance. Give him time, thinks I. With the headpiece that's on him an' the help o' God, he'll do it again. Sure, ye deserve the highest credit, for yer intelligence, Peter—to win that foine big lot o' money."

He writhed at the trap he was in. "What foine big money? Didn't I mention a couple o' shillin'?"

"An' him with foive shillin' worth o' drink in the inside o' him already," she answered dreamily. "What was the names o' the race horses? Two outsiders, ye said—supposin' it was to be thirty to wan an' fifteen to wan, that would make—"

"They was twenty to wan an' ten to wan!" he cried.

Her dreaminess left her and, instead, her eye fixed him like a basilisk. "They was, was they?" she exclaimed eagerly. "What would mean two hundred half crowns. Glory be to God an' the saints! Ye've won twenty-foive pound."

He looked at her in painful wonderment. "Tis the devil that's in ye," he gasped, "for seein' the inside o' me head! How in the name o' Flanagan did ye do it—readin' the very thoughts in me mind before I thinks them?"

"Peter, Peter," she murmured, "ye couldn't deceive a child. Sure the minute I set sight on ye I knew 'twas nothin' short of a miracle had brung ye here. But the cleverness o' the man to go an' turn twenty-foive pounds for me without so much as takin' the coat off his back. An' the kindness o' him to bring it to me without so much as bein' asked."

"B-bringin' it!" he faltered. "How could I be paid already, with the race run only yesterday an' the bettin' tax to be considered an' the chance of objections overrulin' us an'—"

"What paid for yer drinks, then, Peter darlin'?" she crooned. "An' what's that bulge in yer trousers pocket? Hand it over, Peter Flanagan. T'll be takin' care of it for ye."

"No; no such thing!" he exclaimed. "Tis me own money. 'Tis the fruits o' me own brain. 'Tis crazy I'd be to part wid it."

In answer she stretched out her hand towards him. He gazed at it sulkily.

"What in the name o' God I came in for, I'm scuppered if I know. Sure 'tis the spider an' the fly all over again."

"Ye came because ye couldn't stop out, Peter darlin'," responded Sophie

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complacently. "An' 'tis understandable! When a man comes into money he takes it to his own woman. 'Tis what them scientists are after callin' the sex appeal."

"'Tis not the word of a scientist will strip me o' me cash," he protested.

The fingers of her outstretched hand twitched demandingly and slowly his hand traveled to his breeches pocket.

"An' what will ye be after doin' with it?" It was the last line of his defense, and under her stare it crumbled and was gone. Firmly she took the money; then, with triumphant rapture, she cried:

"Well I know what I'm doin' with it. We're goin' to have a holiday with this lot. 'Tis you an' me for a fortnight in the old country the minute they strip the plaster off me ribs."

"A holiday in the old country!" he murmured, his eye lighting. "No work for two weeks."

"No work," she cried eloquently, "an' the sight of Dublin Bay again, an' the trips on the jauntin' cars, an' the taste of a taste, mind ye—o' the rare Guinness straight from the brewery, an' the bells o' St. Malachy's ringin' in yer ears!" She sighed rapturously. "Sure I've longed for it for years."

They stared at each other for a long time, and suddenly they began to grin.

And then, across the ward, a chair scraped gently as the little priest rose, a sigh upon his lips. He had failed again. But he would not give up. All ways there was tomorrow.

"I'm going, Rosie," he murmured. "But you'll not mind if I come bothering you again tomorrow?"

The clock ticked on, creeping slowly round. They were leaving now: priest, Jewess, acrobat, spinster, laborer, all the throng of visitors rising, smiling, saying good-by, moving quietly from K.

Ten minutes to four and Miss Fanshawe coming back on duty. Outside, the pale sun had faded into the umbered haze of the approaching dusk, leaving a smoky afterglow that caught the eye with a curious apprehension. And Fanny, unrefreshed by two hours' rest, her brain tired from its inward wrestling, felt that glare strike at her as she walked along the corridor towards K. Something impending, and no escaping it.

She had thought it all out, again and again. Free momentarily of the anxiety of her ward, her mind had swung inevitably, like a pendulum, to her own affair—so immediate, yet so confused. Why had he concealed that letter from her this morning, slipping it into his pocket with such embarrassment? He was aware that she must know all about the letter. Clozeminsters. They had discussed it intimately a dozen times. And now—was he sliding out of all they had planned, hiding behind his gay, inconsequential charm—light, evasive?

Yes, that was Freddie—evasive; no getting away from that, either. Her lips made a little movement of perplexity. What had come over her lately? Sometimes it struck her with a sort of bewilderment that she should have reached this crisis in her life.

Knowing him as she did, why had she yielded to Freddie? She was a hospital supervisor, wasn't she, admirably suited to her work, content, quite happy? But did she wish merely to be this paragon of sterile industry? Was it her desire to be a woman or a machine?

A sort of angry humiliation swept over her at her own uncertainty, at this secret stumbling thought, but she brushed away her doubts. It was morbid to imagine these things. She loved Freddie Preston and he loved her. That was the answer

to everything. It was all right, really; it must be all right.

She crossed the deserted landing and approached the ward. Just then Sally hurried out of the kitchen, darting a quick glance to right, then to left, scuffling towards the ward on her ill-shod feet. Unconsciously Fanny marked that look on the maid's face, and she did not like it. Yet before she could speak Sally had vanished and while the back doors still swung Preston came through and advanced towards her. Conscious of her recent bitterness, she felt herself color as they met opposite her room.

"Sixteen's going on well," he said, with his engaging smile. "Just given her another saline. Poor old Walter," he murmured, and his smile broke into a laugh. "Rather priceless to see him jib."

She did not agree, finding no excuse to join in a laugh which obviously missed its aim. So like him to make a joke of the chief's humiliation, for somehow Freddie never saw the pain of life, lying beneath the surface; he saw only the fun, the light, the fun of it. All at once a curious determination rose in her.

"Freddie," she exclaimed, "I'm not on duty yet! May I speak to you? A minute, only." At her tone he stopped laughing, studiously contemplated his watch.

"A minute, then." He hesitated. "Number Nine's mamma is waiting to see me. I've got to tell her that her daughter's leg is coming off." Almost reluctantly he followed Fanny into her room.

"We must talk, Freddie," she began, confronting him. "You know that. And it's no use our dodging it." She paused, her breathing quickened, then she looked up at him out of candid, troubled eyes.

"Of course," he agreed at once. "But why so serious? Everything's all right."

"Everything's all wrong—between us," she answered swiftly. "For days it's been so. And it's hurting me."

"Nonsense, Fanny," his tone was light, persuasive. "What can be the matter? I'm more in love with you than ever."

"Then why did you hide that letter about Clozeminsters? Don't think I'm prying. That's hateful to me. It's just that the whole thing's so—so obvious."

"Obvious?"

"Yes. You have the partnership, haven't you? You had the word you were expecting this morning. And after all our plans, you stick the letter in your pocket and walk off without a word."

"Now, Fanny," he murmured pacifically, "the morning's an uncommunicative sort of time. All the best people say nothing till lunch."

"It's after lunch now!"

He grinned at her with ingenuous frankness. "That's why I'm going to tell you. Of course I've got the partnership. Yes, I've got it, and right. And it's a jolly fine practice it is—old, established."

His azarous eyes never left his face. "So you've got your start, Freddie?" she said slowly.

"That's right."

"Then you'll be going soon?"

"Right again, Fanny."

And now, still studying him, she said—steadily, despite those inward waves of agitation which beset her: "And all that we've talked about has come true?"

"Lord, yes. How we did talk!" He affected to consider. "Rather marvelous that. I've brought it off."

There was a pause, during which her color paled and she seemed to wait.

"Yes," she said finally. "Yes, I suppose it was rather marvelous of you."

"Come on now, Fanny." He took her hand. "No sarcasm. By request. Don't use the freezing mixture as before."

"Have you found me particularly freezing?" she asked.

"No, no," he said hurriedly, half awkwardly. "You've been marvelous to me."

"That night, coming from the dance," she went on as though she had not heard, as though indeed she leveled an accusation at herself—"was I freezing then? That night I made such a fool of myself."

"It was nice being fools together," he replied, stroking her fingers. "I loved it. Didn't you?"

She removed her hand; then unexpectedly she said, her voice small and queerly subdued: "Yes, I suppose I did."

"Then why worry?" he declared triumphantly. "Let's smile at things together. Life's far too short to be serious."

Another silence. At length she turned and gave him a strange look.

"You think I'm running after you, don't you, Freddie?"

He flushed. "Now look here, Fanny," he exclaimed heatedly, "that's—"

"Because if you do think that," she went on, "it's like to disillusion you. I'm not the running-after kind."

Now Look here, Fanny," he repeated, "that's confoundedly unfair. We've got to get things straight between us. You know I'm terribly fond of you. You mislead me; you're—you're unjust. We've got to have a serious talk."

"That's what I've been wanting for a long time. But I'm going on duty now."

"Well, later, then. At ten. Let me have tea with you. Here. At five."

She seemed to consider his words. "Do you really want to come?"

"Of course," he answered. "Good Lord, what do you think I am?"

"Well," she sighed at last, "all right."

And all at once a warmth came into her eyes, giving to her expression a strange poignancy. "Five o'clock," she repeated. "I'll expect you."

She smiled, a sudden smile, warm and genuine. Then, without warning, she spun round and went out of the room. The swing doors of the ward parted to admit her as the clock above the low window struck four. With a terrific effort she forced her mind into the pattern of her duty. She went straight to the bedside of Number 16.

After she had left him Preston stood staring at the floor, his face still suffused by the conflict of his emotions. "Damn!" He kicked moodily at the edge of the rug. What had induced him to invite himself to tea, further involving himself in a damaging situation? Idiotic—especially now that he was leaving the hospital, now that he had sworn he would play for safety, now that he had agreed again to the rug—well, now that there was Doris.

It was simply that Fanny had such a confounded way of looking at you; a candid look which made you feel so hanged uncomfortable. Why, he asked himself pettishly, when a man meets a pretty woman does he always think, "By Jove, I'd like to make love to you," instead of "Yes, but how the devil am I to get rid of you afterwards?"

No, no. That wasn't right for Fanny. It wasn't that she would be hard to get rid of; just that it made a man feel so unpleasant to do it. A shabby trick. Irritably he slipped his hand in his pocket, took out his cigarette case, selected and lighted a cigarette. He studied the case as it lay upon his palm. At Christ, mass Fanny had given him that case, a lovely thing, in perfect taste—like everything that Fanny had or gave.

Gave? He smiled unconsciously, remembering. She was, like the chaste



case, really a lovely thing—unspooled, holding something rare beneath that exterior coolness. And she had breeding, distinction, a freshness which from the outset had fascinated him.

You know, a fellow might do worse than think seriously about Fanny—she was such a decent sort—but the trouble was that he did not often feel disposed to think seriously. He wanted that kind. What was the word old Selby had once leveled at his head? Philanderer. Pom-pous, of course, like all Uncle Walter's phrases—poor old Walter!—but, sworn of its pomp, true enough, for all that.

He flicked his ash carelessly to the floor. Dashed it all, the best course was to let things take charge of themselves. In any case he wouldn't dream of missing the fun of this adventure with Doris.

With a frown that was half a smile he wondered if Fanny suspected his interest in young Andross. Perhaps, but if she did, it was typical of Fanny to keep that suspicion to herself. Well, whichever way it went, there was no question but that life was an enormous jest.

He crushed out his cigaret and marched jauntily from the room. Across the landing he swung, making for his own room. The little Jewess' mother was there, he remembered, waiting to be dealt with. Then suddenly he stopped. Through the half-open door of the kitchen he observed Nurse Andross arranging the flowers which arrived inevitably on every visiting day—arranging them with such intense preoccupation that, though unwritten law demanded the closing of the kitchen door, it was apparent that only Nurse Andross' devoted attention to her duty had made her omit to close it. And now, with downcast lashes she stood, innocently oblivious of the fact that Preston was in the kitchen, smiling at her. Now, of course, the door was closed. I oughtn't to be here, thought Preston. I'm making a fool of myself, but I can't help it and I don't care. Aloud, he said in an affected voice:

"Excuse me, miss, could you oblige me with a match?" She started quite cleverly; then went on snipping stems. "Ham-let's ghost," he explained, "pining for a smoke."

Now she lifted her head and gave him a slow, delightful smile. "They're there, Freddie." She indicated the box on the kitchen stove. "And you know it."

He fished his own matches out of his pocket, grinned at her, lighted a cigaret—but this time he didn't study the case. "Magnetism, Doris, not matches. That's why I'm here. And well you know it."

"I wonder."

How pretty she was, not clever of course, yet she could be charming, provocative with a minimum of effort.

"You look marvelous today," he declared. "Uniform suits you. When I'll have you to nurse me."

"How nice for me!" she said in her cool, husky voice.

"You would, though, Doris?" he exclaimed in a different tone.

"I'll speak to Fanny about it," she answered, mocking that tone.

He laughed rather sheepishly; not clever, mind you, but she could take care of herself, and it was a quality that drew him powerfully. "You can't stand Fanny, can you, Doris?"

"She's not too amusing. But for all that, we adore her."

"Could you adore anybody?"

Again she gave him that provocative glance. "You mean, could I adore you?"

"Wouldn't it be rather fun to try?" She smiled at him sweetly. "I don't believe in trials, Freddie dear; particularly trials in adoration—they just don't appeal to me."

He stared at her: warm red lips, short straight nose, eyes limpid, a lovely hazel flecked with gold. Really, she was far too good-looking to be a nurse.

"I'm going soon," he said slowly. "I've got fixed up. Closemister."

That's rather painful, Freddie. Tears from all the staff. And a parting gift from the supervisor. "What'll it be this time?" A barometer?

"You don't seem very excited about it."

"Why should I be? I don't get my thrills that way."

She was very near him now, and something of her bloom exhaled towards him with her breath. There was no doubt about it—she fascinated him, such a devil, or such an angel, that it goaded him to find out. All at once he said in that plausible tone he could so well adopt:

"Look here, Doris. I've got a lot to say to you. Come out with me tonight. I know it's your night off. We'll dine—do a theater—anything you like."

"A nourishing dinner?" she queried.

"Of course."

"You're very encouraging, Freddie," she murmured. "Anything else to suggest?"

"Everything."

There was a pause, during which her eyes seemed to melt, her irony to slip away. "That would be too lovely, Freddie," she said, looking down.

"You mean that?" All the flippancy had gone out of him, leaving him eager, excited. He swallowed, smiled awkwardly. "That's settled, then. Same time, same place. Seven o'clock at the gate."

"Seven o'clock," she echoed, keeping her lashes down so that they cast a seductive shade upon the fine texture of her cheek; but when the click of the lock indicated that she had gone, she raised these lashes, revealing in her eyes a satisfied expression. Then she smiled as at a secret thought and began perfunctorily to pop the flowers into their vases.

But Preston, as he hastened across the landing, had a curious pounding in his ears, the sense that the pounding was a rushing stream sweeping him along. He was being stupid, perhaps, indiscreet. But then, a man could live only once and she was so lovely and tempting.

Suddenly he remembered: that woman waiting to see him about Number Nine. With an effort he collected his scattered wits. Yes, she was there, Mrs. Levy. Wasn't it?—kid gloves, laced boots, her full face a mildly reproachful moon.

"I'm sorry," he began, standing in the doorway—"terribly sorry to have kept you, Mrs. Levy. But you can't imagine how rushed I've been."

She beamed at him, immediately appeased. Such a nice boy to be looking after her Julie. "I don't mind waiting," she said. "I got plenty time."

The door closed upon them, and for a full ten minutes it remained closed, permitting the escape of no sound. As the moments passed, there grew something ominous in that silence. Then all at once the door opened, and Preston came out holding old Mrs. Levy by the arm.

"Sorry, terribly sorry. But I wouldn't go in to see her," he was saying, and his troubled frown was a model of earnest sympathy. "Might upset her, you see. And amputation is the only way. Pity. Yes, sorry. Terribly sorry."

But she did not hear him. With a set, white face from which her eyes stared dumbly, she moved like a drunken woman across the vestibule and began slowly to stumble down the stairs.

"My Julie!" she kept moaning to herself. "My little Julie."

For nearly an hour Fanny had been hard at work in K, holding herself to it

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with a fierce determination. When Fanny was on duty, she was on duty in the strictest sense. And so, assisted by Nurse Watkins, she had spent twenty minutes behind the screen with Sixteen, still wrapped in her morphine haze. But she was doing well, miraculously well.

"Make this the last saline," said Fanny, at last. "And let me know when she's conscious."

"Yes, Miss Fanshawe," said Watkins. Then the phone rang. Andross brought her the message: "Would Ward K speak to divisional police."

"Don't they want Doctor Preston?" asked Fanny.

"I thought perhaps you'd rather I came to you, Miss Fanshawe." The words, the very attitude held a subtle innuendo. No mistake about it, thought Fanny on her way to the phone, the deliberate antagonism behind that innocence.

"Ward K speaking." She was curt, purposely curt.

It was the sergeant, the Irish sergeant. He had been pestering her for evidence from Number 13. As usual he began ingratiatingly:

"It's yourself, Miss Fanshawe. That viriol-throwin' case, now—"

"It's impossible. You'll have to wait."

"But couldn't you make her—"

"It's impossible. Not yet, I tell you."

Yes, she had cut him off, and she was right; Barclay had backed her up before—unhesitatingly. To confront Thirteen with the police now, when her mind was quivering on an agate edge, balanced between reason and despair—it was unthinkable! She was not happy about Thirteen—a weight of responsibility clung to her shoulders, burdening her with a vague sense of catastrophe.

Back in the ward she tried to talk to Thirteen, but it was a futile effort. Andross, standing near, turned her head just once, compassing that effort with her limpid eyes.

Abruptly, Fanny turned away. She had the discharge notes of the three convalescents to attend to, and already Nurse Jeff—off duty at six—awaited her at the desk ready to exhibit the temperature book. So Fanny kept her mind to her work, holding herself to an austere discipline by a grim effort of her will. The clock ticked round. At length, she summoned the passing ward maid with a glance.

"Sally," she said, "I'll want you to make tea for two in about five minutes. A big pot. Take it to my room."

The maid had begun to move away when suddenly Fanny stopped her. "A moment, Sally." She paused, regarding the girl's gawky figure with a considerate eye, then she said slowly: "I like people to work decently here. I don't like them to grovel when I speak. What's the matter with you?"

"N-nothing," Sally stammered. "Nothing at all."

"All right," said Fanny mildly. "Then there's no need for you to worry. I'm pleased with your work." She nodded reassuringly in dismissal.

Five minutes later she began to walk down the ward—slow, controlled, serene. No one could have guessed that she was not serene. Yet beneath her starched uniform her heart was beating like swift wings; and behind her calm forehead her mind was quick suddenly with a fluttering of eager thoughts.

Dimly she perceived that she was facing a moment that must be critical for her life, for those long years that must roll away wearily or happily into the distances of time. Freddie had demanded this chance to discuss the future, their

future it must be, surely, for he had asked spontaneously, of his own free will—a gesture of tenderness that roused an answering tenderness in her.

There could be no doubt. She was fond of Freddie, with the blind tenderness of a woman who has never known a lover before, that instinctive softness which seeks rather to give than to receive. Fanny was neither blind nor foolish. But her reserved nature, masking an inner intensity of feeling, was now awakened; and the awakening had lifted her beyond the barriers of cold deliberations into a strange country, a vivid land, immense and rich, surveyed by twin peaks of expectation and desire.

She had mistook Freddie, recognized, too, that lately his treatment of her had been peculiar; but all the time this new warmth had been within her, comforting her fears. And now at the prospect of this meeting, there leaped in her a feeling both sensuous and sweet—a sudden lovely ardor!

The ward doors swung before her. Closed. She went into her room, and with clasped hands stood inspecting the table so carefully set out by Sally. It was a pleasant sight: all her own things giving the room a charming familiarity—the spode cups, the old silver spoons—yes, all her own things which she had saved from the disruption of her home.

A vivid flash of memory took her back: that wretched, sodden day following her father's funeral, people stamping through the vicarage, prying, nosing into dark corners; an auctioneer's bawling, cars hooting, crunching away on the gravel; herself standing, stiff, grief-stricken, lonely, someone patting her shoulder—*"So brave of you, my dear, to take up nursing. Just the thing for you, too."*

Just the thing? Again a tiny wave of emotion swept over Fanny, a sweet mood born of reverie and anticipation. She sighed. Well, she would see.

Gently she straightened a spoon; then, on an impulse, entered the kitchen.

"Sally, I think you had better dig out that chocolate cake for Doctor Preston. He's having tea with me."

The maid, rummaging in the cupboard with her back to the door, jumped at the unexpected words. "Cake, Miss Fanshawe?" she asked stupidly.

"The chocolate cake we had yesterday," said Fanny. "I put half of it back in the cupboard myself."

A strange flush started over Sally's forehead, and with it there spread also a singular defiance. "I didn't see no cake! One of the nurses must have took it."

"How ridiculous, Sally. Why—?" Suddenly Fanny broke in, her eyes traveling from the cupboard shelves to the maid's face, and in a different voice she said: "You can't find the cake?"

"No, Miss Fanshawe."

"Such curious things have been happening to the stores lately," reflected Fanny. "I spoke of it before, didn't I? Tea, sugar, eggs—all short this last week."

"Well, you needn't blame me." The words, confused, incoherent, defiant, tumbled out, a stupid confession of guilt. There was a cramped silence, then, emphasizing her injudicious speech, the maid cried: "I've taken nothing!" and threw out a protesting arm. Instantly something happened both pitiful and comic: an egg concealed in Sally's clothing dropped out and struck with a resounding smash upon the floor.

Poor Sally, she stared at the egg, now leaking its liquid yolk; then she burst painfully into tears.

Fanny's lips drew in. So Sally was the thief, the petty pilferer of sugar and eggs and chocolate cake.

"Why did you take these things?" she asked sharply. "You're well fed. You have all your meals here."

"I did take them," wept Sally. "Yes, I did take them. But I didn't take them for myself. I took them for my boy."

"Your boy?" said Fanny, her glance falling upon the other's unringed hand. "He's only seven," sobbed the other hysterically, "and he's been sick. I can't get him all he needs. There's the rent, his clothes. Throw me out if you like. I've never been married. But I don't care. I love him just the same."

Fanny felt her eyes sting with sudden compassion. "Only seven?" she had said. Why, Sally herself could not be more than twenty-four. At seventeen—an illegitimate child—her son. For seven years she had slaved to support that son, and now had stolen—stolen food!

All at once Fanny bent over, took the other's arm. "Stop crying," she said. "Do you hear me, Sally! Stop crying."

Sally lifted her flushed, streaming face, choking back a final sob.

"Now listen," went on Fanny. "You've been too stupid for words. And something's liable to happen to stupid people. But for a wonder nothing's going to happen to you—provided you promise two things. Understand?"

"Yes, Miss Fanshawe," sniffed Sally. "First, all you're going to promise never to touch another thing that doesn't belong to you. And secondly, you're going to promise to let me come round and see that little son of yours."

It was too much for Sally. Her dry, choking throat seemed to burst into a low, inarticulate sob in which were mingled gratitude and grief.

"Now, when you're ready, bring in tea."

But back in her own room, Fanny's calmness left her; for something in this discovery hurt her like a wound—not the recent triviality, but the deeper, more painful revelation of Sally's life impinged so suddenly upon her mood it made her flinch. Sally and she were the same, sisters under their skins, different only in degree and in the merest accident of her own good fortune.

All at once she had an irresistible longing for Freddie. She looked at the clock, which showed five minutes past five. He was late; but then Freddie was always late, his unpunctuality part of himself, of his easy, unreliable charm.

She almost frowned at her thought. He wasn't really unreliable; he would come. Four minutes passed, then the door opened. But it wasn't Sally. She brought in tea silently, her eyes red-rimmed, her face flushed, the glance she cast on Fanny bright with devotion.

"I've made some buttered toast," she said huskily, as though in atonement for the absent cake.

When the maid had gone Fanny looked at the clock with a dawning uneasiness. And she felt a sort of shame at this uneasiness. Was she, Mary Fanshawe, cool always and remote, so wildly infatuated with Preston that now she restlessly demanded his immediate presence? No, she thought quickly, no; it wasn't that. It was something more intangible—the curious need, perhaps, to justify herself and what she had done. Not just Freddie.

Often she had moments when a curious antipathy to Freddie strayed into her heart and again, of course, she had her moments—oh, what was the use of worrying it out? They'd do that together. Again she stared at the clock. A quarter past five—well past his time.

Averting her eyes as from an odious thought, she seated herself at the table and laid her hand upon her cheek. But the thought would not be dismissed. It crept upon her coldly, chilling her, and every second-beat from the maddening clock was like an icy bead falling upon her brow. He was not coming—not—~~not coming—not—not—not—not coming.~~ On it went in rigid repetition, beating her brain; and with every beat a quivering numbness gripped her—that sinking wretchedness of a happiness deferred, or was it of a happiness shattered finally, forever? To disappoint her like this—little enough in itself, no doubt, but she knew it meant everything.

The answer to the vague doubts and unformed suspicions which had so assailed her, to which loyally she had not permitted herself to yield. But there was no disguising it: she did know about young Andross; was aware instinctively of something secret flowing between the two. Oh, it was a cruel position in which to find herself!

Suddenly there was a footstep, a quick footstep and a knock. Her heart expanded with a wild and painful impulse; then constricted as though pressed by spectral fingers. For it was Barclay's head that came round the door, his eyes searching hers with humorous inquiry.

"Well," said Barclay. "I've come as usual at the wrong time."

She rose a trifle unsteadily, trying to control her voice for speech.

"Don't get up," he jerked out. "I've been in the ward."

"I didn't expect—" she began.

"Been doing out-patients," he explained. "Thought I'd look up Sixteen. Getting along famously. Irregular visit of mine, of course. But I don't believe in state visits myself." He had worked himself into the room, and now he surveyed it appreciatively. "Better room than mine. Yes, nice place you've got here. Nice tea, too."

She stared at him, aware suddenly that in all the years they had worked together Barclay had never entered her room. How different, she thought heavily, from Freddie, who would lounge in and out as though he owned the place! And now on a swift impulse she said, almost in defiance of herself: "I'm just going to begin. Will you join me?"

It was incredible, but actually his ruddy face became suffused by a deeper color as he gave her a quick look and said: "Seriously?"

In answer, she sat down and began to pour out the tea. He took a chair and accepted his cup, then broke a somewhat awkward silence by saying:

"Just a word about Thirteen. Don't like her attitude much. I'd look out for squalls in that quarter."

"I've had Nurse Andross specializing for her most of the day."

He nodded in approval and took a large bite of toast. "That's enough shop," he remarked. "Suppose you get too much of it sometimes. Ought to get out in the country," he continued. "That's my way of shifting cobwebs. Take a train out, then walk anywhere. Stop at an inn for bread and cheese and beer. Glorious." He looked at her anxiously. "You wouldn't like that, though, would you?"

In spite of herself she answered: "You're wrong. I'd love it. I'm country-bred, you see."

"Then why not do it?" he exclaimed. "You need it. I've watched you. Been looking rotten lately. Too pale."

She covered a sudden confusion by passing him more toast.

"Don't know how you stand it. Chained to the institution," he went on vigorously.

"Work's all right. Like it myself—you

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Carried away by his enthusiasm, she smiled despite herself.

"Like you to meet Alfred," he said cheerfully. "I take him a bag of bull's-eyes every Saturday. Nice hard ones. He crunches them like fun. Found out quite by accident he likes 'em."

Her smile deepened. "I'll need to borrow that van—and Alfred, too," she ventured. "for next summer."

"That's right," he commended. "Knew you weren't the kind that likes band stands and an esplanade."

There was a pause during which he glanced at her and abruptly stood up. The movement was so unexpected she felt a certain disappointment.

"You're not going?" she exclaimed.

He pulled out a watch and inspected the dial with a shrewd eye. "Consultation at six. Another time, perhaps. You'll be sick of the sight of me before long." Then, sliding back his watch, he remarked: "I came in to say that I know we'll get on together. You see?" He stopped, continued awkwardly—"you see, the secretary saw me after lunch. I'll be taking over Selby's show now. On paper, temporary—but really for good. Awfully sorry for the old chap but it had to be. And he'll get over it. Couldn't go on much longer. Impossible."

So that was why he had come to her room. To announce that important fact—not with a flourish of trumpets, but in his own quiet, unaffected style. What a good fellow! she thought warmly: the man—strength underneath simplicity—and the surgeon. How the ward would flourish through his brilliance!

"Not much fear but what we'll pull together," he was saying—"not from my side, anyway."

"Nor from mine," she declared quickly. As if she could fail to get on with Barclay, she who had always liked and admired him so much.

"I like to know that we're friends," he said oddly. "Funny. I never think of this place but you're in the picture."

"I suppose it is my background," she said slowly, and her lips twisted wryly.

"Background be hanged!" he exclaimed. "Think of the foreground. We'll put K back on the map. Together."

She was compelled by his eagerness to say: "Yes."

He smiled and turned to the door. "Thanks for the tea," he said over his shoulder. "I enjoyed it." Then, almost before she realized it, he was gone.

She sat fingering her teaspoon, feeling the room strangely empty. He had said that they were friends. And what a good friend Barclay could be—a marvelous friend. A reminiscent smile played about her lips as she remembered Alfred and the bull's-eyes.

Then, at another cutting thought, she recollected, and the light went out from her face. She looked at the clock. Well, he wouldn't come now—Freddie. It was finished. Her eyes hardened. She felt suddenly spent. But she braced herself to rise. She must go back to that picture, to that background, the only background which would ever suit her. Automatically she walked out of the room towards the wide swing doors.

It was a strangely quiet moment. Outside, the city roared but only a low, insistent note like a distant booming of breakers upon a reef stole through the

shut windows of Ward K; stealing in, it seemed, with the mist that drifted up from the river, a mist which blurred all sound into a muffled monotone. Six o'clock struck—soft, quiet strokes.

Six o'clock. Sometimes this hour was gay, but tonight it was as though the ward turned soberly upon itself in a mood of static introspection.

Sophie Flanagan, her fleshy lids half shut, dwelt in dreamy ecstasy upon the fortunes of the day: Lord, but life wasn't bad if you didn't mind the bumps now and again; and Flanagan now, he was grand, turning up trumps like that. A kind of exciting man to live with. Six broken ribs the one minute and a crock of money the next! A holiday, too!

AND across the way in Number 10 Daisy Dean lay staring at the hazy ceiling, which parted under her shining gaze to disclose a blue-vaunted sky. Under that sky was a cottage, a tidy red-cottaged cottage with an orchard in delicious blossom and a field speckled with clucking hens. She was there, too, in a blue-checked print, her sleeves rolled up over her bare brown arms. A little silly of Daisy Dean, but when you'd craved the country for twenty years and the nearest you'd got to it was the daubed landscape of a stage back drop, well, wasn't it understandable that a tear should glisten happily in your eye?

But Miss Baxter, across the way, she wasn't happy. With a long, bleak face she brooded morbidly upon the ignominy of her position. She, a woman of principle and position, to be treated as she had been. Starving her, they were, and utterly neglecting her! She'd write to the papers the moment she got up relating how they had abused her, and abused her, too, by thrusting her between a vulgar Irish harriard and a nasty little Jewess.

Yet, in Number 9 the nasty little Jewess was smiling. The photograph, of course, set on her locker to catch the light—that was the reason for her rapture. She wasn't thinking about her leg, which now hardly hurt at all except for an odd twinge when she moved it carelessly. She was thinking of him, of his gracious generosity in sending this to her, thinking, too, of the triumph with which she would display the trophy before the envious eyes of her friends in Rosenplatz's. Her thoughts soared to dizzy altitudes—one day, perhaps, you never could tell in this funny world, one day she might even meet him, talk to him. Julie took a long look at the dazzling image, then slipped head-phones on to listen to the news.

Three, Five and Fifteen always were listening: it was so handy with a wall-plug by the bed. Already Fifteen, the red-haired woman with the long nose, had vowed to have one fitted when she got home.

Twelve was sitting up in bed knitting—a placid old woman knitting socks for her grandson. Click, click went her needles. Click, click—mingling with the ticking of the clock. Click—tick. Click—tick. Click—tick—on and on, marking off the seconds, tracing a rhythmic pattern through the quietude of K.

But at quarter past six there was a movement to disturb that quietude. Nurse Andross left Bed 13 and came up to the supervisor at her desk.

"This is my off-duty night," she said, "and I've been asked out to the theater. May I have a late pass?"

A tiny shiver seemed to run through Fanny's nerves. A late pass. So Andross was going to the theater. With whom? Calmly she said: "Certainly you may

have a late pass," and she reached for a pencil to mark the duty sheet.

But Andross lingered. "May I go now? I'm meeting someone at seven."

"You're not off till half past," said Fanny quietly.

"No, Miss Panshawe." No more than that: a faintly ironic acquiescence.

"But you want to go now?"

"Yes, Miss Panshawe." Again that acquiescence. Again that subtle satire in those wide hazel eyes.

And again, with rushing recognition, Fanny felt the reason for it all—this undercurrent of antagonism which had been leveled at her, at her authority, for days. A fierce resentment rose in her to meet it, fostered by the remembrance of her lenience, of her own suffering; but instead, she checked herself and looked at the other steadily.

"You may go," she said, "if you have finished your work. You have finished?"

"Yes, Miss Panshawe."

"You've done Thirteen's evening dressing?"

Andross paused. "I didn't know that was my job," she answered with sudden petulance. "Watkins has been doing that."

"Watkins has her hands full with Sixteen. Besides, I asked you myself to do it after tea." There was a vibrant pause, then Andross said coolly:

"I didn't hear you."

"Then I ask you to do it now," Fanny, filled by a consciousness of her own power, felt her whole body tighten—so easy to exercise her authority and crush this wretched effrontery with a burst of chilling words. But no, something within her forbade it. She said: "You may go as soon as you've done that dressing."

Andross spun round and went sulkily towards the dressing carriage.

And Fanny, her head lowered, felt the tumultuous beating of her heart. Why she thought blindly, do I put up with this? I ought to run her out of the ward. It's not as if I couldn't do it.

But, no, that's irreverent that she would never do it. She had her code; she couldn't abuse her authority in the face of a personal dislike.

All at once the phone bell rang outside. Accepting with relief this intervention, Fanny laid down her pen and walked out of the ward. It was nothing, a dreary inquiry about some new sheets she had ordered; yet it gave her time to recover her self-possession. She replaced the receiver and turned back to the swing doors. Suddenly, with her hand outstretched, she paused, staring at the figure of a man leaning against the archway of the vestibule.

His brows contracted, then, with a sharp breath she recollected: Joe, the husband of Sixteen. There he was, his face chalky white, his eyes frightened, his boots soaked. He had run away; hadn't been able to wait, to stand that racking of suspense, and now he had come back for the terrifying verdict. It was painful to watch him try to force out the dreadful question:

"How—how—" he stammered.

Fanny went over to him. "She's well," she said. "She's getting on marvelously."

He looked at her incredulously. "Oh—oh!" he said stupidly, and he went on repeating that syllable like a child overwhelmed by some bewildering toy.

She drew him into the kitchen and thrust him into a chair. "You're all right now," she said in a low voice. "Everything's going to be right for both of you."

"Can I see her?" he asked in a thick tone.

"Tomorrow, perhaps. Or the day after," she replied.

Tomorrow—or the day after. He had thought that for her there would be no tomorrow. And now—tomorrow, perhaps, or the day after! He shook his head like a boxer recovering from a frightful blow.

"I'm sorry," he stammered, getting to his feet—"sorry to have made a fool of myself. You've been good to me."

"Go home and get to bed." As she said it she was thinking: "How fond of her he must be to care like that!"

"I'm tired," he said as he went to the door. He sighed with happy fatigue. "But will you tell her I came up?"

She nodded in silence, observing him go down the corridor upon his tiptoes with ludicrous, contented caution, thinking that but for Barclay's intervention there would have been no need for caution, no cause for contentment. Only this morning! It seemed a long, long time since then.

For a moment she stood, her hand raised to her head, then she sighed, swung round and entered the ward.

It was still quiet, the long room shrouded more mysteriously by the invading mist. Inside the door Fanny paused. Not half past six; yet Nurse Andrews had gone, her dressing apparently completed, but the carriage forgotten or left carelessly, almost as a gesture of defiance, beside the bed of Number 13. Fanny's brows drew down: it was the final straw, this act of negligence. Now she must intervene. And standing there, a spasm of emotion shook her. She wanted to cry out.

Something was wrong with her or with somebody; she felt it about her here in the ward. Her being seemed to shrink; then all at once she started. Curious. So very curious it was, to see Thirteen lying upon her side, curled up as though seeking to remain unseen. For always Thirteen had lain upon her back, rigid, motionless as any mummy, staring fixedly above her, bandaged, silent.

Fanny hurried over to the bed, whispered: "Are you all right?"

Number 13, breathing lightly, raised her eyes, made no reply. Fanny, intent, uncertain, remained for a moment at the bed; then she wheeled the dressing carriage away. All right, apparently; everything all right. She was nervous, on edge, worn by the day, making a fool of herself. And yet she was still unsatisfied. Something—something was wrong.

Then her eyes, resting on the dressing carriage, leaped with a sudden fright. The knife that lay invariably in its tray of spirit was gone. So that was it! A hand stretching at the impulse of a tortured mind, a hand reaching out in desperation, stretching through the shadowed obscurity to seize that knife left so carelessly, so opportunely, and swiftly to hide it—and then to pull it across that throbbing, feverish wrist. In a flash it was plain: Thirteen had taken the knife.

Fanny's lip trembled, but her mind was clear. "Waking," she saw, was beside sixteen, who now was stirring gently. There must be no fuss, no alarm. Quicker than the thought, her hand moved to the master switch and flooded the ward with light. Then she had a screen round Bed 13 and was herself sitting on the bed.

"Give it to me," she said to Thirteen in a firm voice. She felt herself trembling as she spoke: never had she faced so extreme a situation as this. "Give it to me," she repeated intensely—"what you took." And, sliding her hand under the pillow, she tried to find the knife.

Nothing was there. Suddenly Thirteen made a movement of recoil, a quick evasion of her arm. But Fanny was quicker. She caught the

hand that held the tiny, glittering lancet and clenched her fingers round it.

"Please, please," she whispered pleadingly, "let me have it."

But Thirteen fought for the knife desperately, bringing to the struggle all the bitter pent-up hatred of these last silent, tortured days. It was not Fanny she was fighting, but an antagonistic universe; life, too, and destiny—everything—all she hated and knew to be against her. For a moment it endured. Fanny could feel the pitiful, panting breathing of Thirteen upon her cheek; then, with a wrench which forced the lancet hard into her own forearm, she had it. Her arm was hurt; but the wound was nothing, the pain was nothing, the main thing was—she had the knife.

For a moment Thirteen looked up at her, her eyes burning with resentful agony. Cheated of life, and now cheated of death. Raising her hand, she made as though to strike Fanny. Then all at once she crumpled upon her pillow. She began to sob. And then she spoke.

"Why didn't you let me?" she gasped. Fanny, pressing together the lips of the wound upon her forearm, felt suddenly faint. "In a week or two you'll be glad that I didn't," she said.

And Thirteen went on weeping—not Thirteen but Rosie Griffin now, weeping silently, elevating tears.

The ease afforded by those tears was exquisite. Glad in a week or two! She wept on and on. Perhaps she would be glad, perhaps the supervisor was right, perhaps her face wasn't ruined, only a scar, perhaps, a tiny scar. And she had tried to kill herself! She, Rosie Griffin, to go smothering out like a coward! Never, never. She went on weeping, gently.

In a few moments Fanny stood up. She stepped back and folded the screen. Only she and Rosie Griffin knew what had taken place behind that screen. And no one else would ever know. She took a last look at Rosie—no need for observation any more; then she looked down at her arm, where a reddish stain was soaking through her sleeve.

Slowly she walked towards the dressing room. She'd dress it herself. It was nothing at all. Nothing to that other pain.

Twenty minutes past seven, and Fanny was once more in her office. Sally, going off duty at seven, had slipped into K for a second to whisper:

"A cup of coffee in your room, Miss Fanshawe—I've put it there."

A little service of humility from Sally: the promise of amendment, a symbol of inarticulate gratitude. Then Sally had crept out, her head bowed, courting through those silent swinging doors. For her, at least, the effort of the day was over.

But not for Fanny. She hadn't wanted the coffee, had left the ward because of the insistent ringing of the telephone.

"Selby—Sir Walter Selby speaking," the words had come through.

A little quavery, but still pompous, that voice. Yes, he had rung up to announce that tomorrow he would not attend the ward, that he wished formally to convey to Miss Fanshawe a personal expression of his high regard. He was taking a holiday; rather unexpected, but necessary—very necessary. In the meantime it would not, of course, be good-bye. No, no. And so it had gone on—the pitiful salvage of a sunken self-esteem.

Poor Uncle Walter, thought Fanny sadly, trying so hard to save the remnants of that scattered dignity. As she hung up the receiver a commiserating pang passed over her. Some day perhaps she would end like that: the gray-haired matron of some institution, serene



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**CASH'S WOVEN NAMES**



with harsh discipline and dry routine, the moment of retirement reaching towards her like a spectral hand, grimly forcing her to shed her mantle of authority. It wouldn't bear thinking of.

Dejectedly she turned into her room, standing motionless in the center of the floor. She raised her hand and pressed it against her side. Her arm, banded now, was throbbing, hurting; but in her side something was hurting more—a dull, unfathomable ache. Not the affair with Thirteen. Another time that might have concerned her deeply; but now—oh, she was glad that Thirteen had found herself—but now, really, she was concerned about herself. She wanted something of life for herself, something brighter than this halo of self-sacrifice. Passionately she desired to shed this uniform, to escape the sickening smell of ether, to pass unchallenged to unknown, distant places, richly to fulfill the purpose of her destiny. So that was it, the truth, at last.

Did it come to all women, this desire, welling up from the secret fountains of nature? Then, thwarted, repressed, denied, did that desire become like this—a scourge? She shivered.

A moment passed, then she went abruptly to the window. Again the fog had lifted, and round the deep courtyard tier upon tier of light windows shone like a brilliant galaxy of stars. Dully she reflected that one of those shining windows was Freddie's. What was he doing now? Surely he must look in to see her for a moment before she went off duty.

But Freddie, busy with himself, was not thinking about Fanny. Before his mirror, he was carefully arranging his tie, whistling softly.

It was all invisible to Fanny. For her, enshrouded like a watcher in some lonely tower, there was nothing—nothing but loneliness. She pressed her burning forehead against the coldness of the window-pane. Cold. So very cold. And her hands, too, were cold.

She sighed and started to move away, then all at once stiffened. Deep down in the courtyard well she saw Freddie walking towards the entrance gates. Her eyes followed him; then her breathing seemed to cease. There, at those gates, where she herself had often met him, was Andross, waiting, smiling, taking his arm intimately. For three seconds the archway lamp shone upon those two figures; then together they vanished into obscurity.

Q uietly immobile, Fanny stared fixedly into that cold obscurity; then, as though its coldness rose and enveloped her, she shuddered. So it was true, then, Freddie was done with her. After all she had given! She felt numb; she couldn't move. Too much, she thought painfully, too much for me to bear.

"What a fool!" she whispered. "What a fool."

Through her bewildered grief she saw herself as if for the first time. Freddie was worthless, quite worthless, his gallantry, his ardor, his high intentions all part of the game, for him a glorious game. He had played all along in fun; she, poor fool, in earnest. And when he had tired of the play she had been too blind to see it. Then he had coaxed her, used her—her teeth clenched bitterly, but it was so—he had used her that he might more easily make love to Andross.

Her pale lips constricted painfully. Why hadn't she seen it? Why had she deluded herself? It was so mean, so paltry. Had she really loved him—ever? Or had she been in love with love? Oh,

she didn't know. She knew only that she was alone, that she disclaimed him and despised herself. It was true. For him, now, she had no regrets; but for herself she had a sudden loathing. Why, oh, why had she done it?

With a short sob she turned from the window. What was it all, anyway? What was she? She would go on, day in, day out, cold, efficient, sterile, machine-like. She raised her hand, struck her uniformed bosom passionately. Starch. All starch. Her quick and eager body encased in starch. Why had she been given that body if she must always be alone, utterly alone?

Suddenly she felt stifling. Sinking into a chair by the table, she plucked at the taut strings that bound her throat, tore off her cap. Her mind was a tumult; her thoughts were leaves whirling before a hurricane. Madness; she knew it was madness. But she couldn't help it. Work, work, work. All day long. Two hours off duty. Three weeks' holiday in the year, then—back to the swabs and bandages, back to the antiseptics, the iodine, the ether. Clanking radiators. Bubbling oxygen.

The years going on, your head higher, your back more stiffly rigid, encased in starch, longing for the night—that pale night consecrated to aspirin, hot-water bottle, and the oblivion of sleep. Was she to dry up in this stagnant air?

Two tears welled up in her hot eyes, flowed over and ran down her cheeks. Upon the table her arm lay extended listlessly, and now she laid her head upon it sideways like a forsaken child.

Bowed like this, she did not hear a knock, nor did she see the door swing open. And at last, instinctively she raised her head, and with swimming eyes stared up at Barclay. She gave an inarticulate cry.

Incredulously he stared back at her. "Wha-what's the matter?" He stammered out the words, stunned at this unthought-of sight. Making the late visit proper to his case, he had come to ask her to accompany him to the ward. And now this! "What's wrong?"

She rose, fighting for composure. "Nothing," she said, in a choking voice.

"But surely—" He started forward, his face shorn of its habitual restraint.

"I don't feel well," she said, clenching her teeth upon her quivering lip. "It's nothing. Utterly stupid—to give way. If you'll leave me—I'll be all right for the ward. I'll come—in a minute."

"No, no," he said quickly. "I can't—I couldn't think—" He was beside her now, his eyes filled with a deep concern, lighted by a strange wonder.

Funny, he kept thinking in a bewildered way—this isn't Fanny. Supervisor Fanshawe, precise, efficient and self-assured—this hurt, tear-stained creature? Never! Her hair, escaped from the covering of her cap, unseen by him before—how soft it was and warmly lustrous! How delicate her figure thus relaxed.

"Tell me," he said awkwardly—"tell me what's wrong." He took her hand and the warmth, the softness of that hand gave him an indescribable emotion.

"It's nothing," she answered again. "Something's hurt you," he said. "And I don't like you to be hurt."

And indeed he did not like it. He'd always admired Mary Fanshawe secretly—her beauty, her breeding, herself, the supervisor of Ward K. Y. always had had seen her mistily as through a cloudy veil. But now the veil was rent, the mist dispelled, and he stood silent, startled by the discovery of a woman.

The silence grew between them. He struggled for words, but all he could find to say was the senseless repetition

of that phrase: "I know something's hurting you."

He was right; something was hurting her—his kindness. At the firm pressure of his hand two exasperating tears started again from her stinging eyes.

"I'm too idiotic—for—words," she sobbed. "Please leave me now."

"Don't cry," he said unevenly. Clumsily he pressed his own handkerchief against her cheek. But this only made her sob more loudly. She couldn't help it. The barricades of years were down, and now across that fallen barrier the dancing imps of her emotions poured in a maddening stream. For it was maddening to her to see herself thus—a morbid, hysterical woman marred by a senseless, detestable scene. Enraged at her own weakness, she was goaded suddenly by the rushing desire to reveal herself in all her folly to this man whose regard she so greatly prized.

"CAN'T you see I'm a fool," she said recklessly—"worse than a fool? I'm not ill. There's nothing wrong with me. All I've done is—"

"No, don't," he broke in. "Don't say another word."

"But you must listen!" she cried wildly. "You must listen or I'll never respect myself again. You think I'm a paragon! But I'm not. I'm nothing but a weak, sentimental fool. I'm not fit to—"

"Please don't go on!" he exclaimed.

He wanted her to stop. She must stop. Incredibly he had a penetrating intuition of the cause of her distress—a sudden piercing light of understanding. And with this came an unconquerable desire to help her. He slipped an arm round her shoulders.

"Let me be!" she sobbed. "Can't you see I'm not worth anything? I've been untrue to everything—to myself."

"You're worth more than you can ever guess," he said insistently.

A rushing wave of tenderness thundered in his ears and lapped their bodies in pink, translucent foam. Everything faded and fell away from them in eddying rings. They were alone; everything had become meaningless but themselves.

"Mary," he whispered. "Mary."

She raised her head at this strange use of her name. Mary! No one called her that now—always that other name, Fanny, that name which she hated.

They looked at each other. It was a moment of fusion—the flow of two essences, subtle and unsuspected, into one. His arm was on her shoulders; then, as her body trembled close to his, she was in his arms, wrapped in unexpected peace, her lips salt with tears pressed to his.

"Mary," he didn't know, he faltered, and an exquisite joy ran through him. "I—I love you."

The ward doors swung and swung once more upon their silent hinges. Again the night nurse was on duty. One shaded light dimly illuminated the room. Ward K. Y. was settling itself to sleep.

The end of the day. Already in Bed 15 the red-haired woman had started her gentle, inevitable snoring. Farther up the three convalescents were lying drowsily, each comfortably aware of her departure in the morning. And Daisy Dean, at the head of the ward, was happy, too. Across the way in Number 7 Sophie Langman lay, out on her side back. A holiday, she thought dreamily, an' jauntin' cars an' all. Did y' ever!

Miss Baxter in the next bed was moving restlessly. The whole day gone and never a finger laid upon her stitches. She frowned bleakly across in answer to a good night from Number 8.

But frown or no frown, Julie was happy. "I guess," she murmured to herself, "it's been a real nice day." For Julie, of course, there would be tomorrow—that awful tomorrow when they would tell her of the amputation of her leg. But now, blissfully unaware, she wasn't thinking of tomorrow.

At the end of the ward Sixteen lay quietly behind her screens. Better. Much better. And Rosie Griffin? Two beds along she lay quiescent, too, not rigid now, but inert, relaxed, thinking drowsily of something that priest had said to her—the wind on the river, was it not, or chariots rushing across the sky? Nonsense, of course, but oh, the joy of knowing that at last she would sleep. And now the night nurse, at her desk, surveyed the quiet ward unchanged, apparently, since the morning. The same old place; no change, always the same for her. Thank heaven, though, at last

they'd mended the nurses' hot plate. She stirred, faintly comforted by the reflection. Then, unmindful of the pulsing drama of the day, of the glittering kaleidoscope of K, of Fanny filled with a strange new sweetness, of Barclay walking on air, of Preston fluttering round Andross and being so cleverly ensnared, of Selby sunk in melancholy reverie of his glorious past, of Sally in her mean apartment telling her small son of the lady who would visit him—sublimely unconscious of all those mysterious surfaces of life, of those fragments disassembled yet united, colored facets held for a second upon some Infinite Palm, the night nurse walked over to the window.

There, from habit, she pressed her bony knees against the radiator and stared out at the darkness. "Nothing," she said moodily to herself—"nothing ever happens here."

## The Tinsel Star (Continued from page 21)

would not like it. Quite definitely he knew that Henrietta would not like it. Well, perhaps he would not have to tell her about the evening clothes. He could arrange that with Hobbs.

And almost immediately on entering the house George Chisholm, tall, good-looking, successful and almost frail, sniffed the Christmas greens which decorated it and became a small boy again. A small boy in this same house, initiate at last into the Christmas mysteries.

"Mother, may I put the star on the top of the tree?"

"If you're careful on the ladder."

He grinned cheerfully at Hobbs as he took his coat.

"Tree things down?"

"Yes, sir."

"The star all right?"

"Yes. I'd wrapped it. Looks like new, sir."

George nodded. Even Henrietta did not know why, ever since their marriage, George had himself put the star on top of the tree, and a clear white light just below it; or that the star itself was mixed up in his mind with a God of some sort and a certain number of vague aspirations which she would certainly have called sentimental and rather silly. Perhaps Hobbs knew. He had been there a very long time.

Henrietta herself was in the drawing-room, and now she came out into the hall clicking along on her high heels, and newly shampooed and waved for the evening.

She kissed him casually. "Did you bring the servants' money?"

"Yes. And that reminds me, my dear; we'll have an extra man to help serve tonight."

"What do you mean? We have Hobbs and two others."

He explained to her carefully, but her smooth forehead puckered as he went on. Usually Henrietta was careful not to frown; it made wrinkles. But she was certainly frowning as she pushed his arm from around her and faced him as he finished.

"Really, George!" she said. "Sometimes I think you go crazy about Christmas time. A man who doesn't know anything about serving and dressed heaven only knows how."

"I am lending him my evening clothes."

"Your evening clothes! George, I don't understand you. Why didn't you give him money and let him go?"

"He wouldn't take money," said George. His voice was quiet, but his eyes were on Henrietta's, and they were no longer

the eyes of a small boy on Christmas Eve.

"Then he'll probably take something else. How do you know he isn't a thief?"

"Well, for one thing, he's a mining engineer. They don't usually steal the spoons. As you ought to realize."

He was instantly sorry. He knew very little about that early marriage of hers, save that it had not been happy.

"Where are the children?" he asked hastily.

"Mademoiselle is keeping them upstairs. I don't want them to see the tree."

"Why not? They haven't believed in Santa Claus for five years."

"Well, they're not coming down. Tomorrow is their day. This is mine. Ours."

"Then let's act like it!" he said pacifically, and kissed her. She returned the caress, but absently, and he felt slightly chilled. Fortunately, a distraction arrived at that moment. The two children, in night clothes and small dressing gowns, had appeared on the landing. Henrietta heard them and whirled.

"Go back!" she said. "Junior! Patricia! Do you hear me? Where's Mademoiselle?"

"Mother, we want to sing for Daddy."

"Oh, all right, sing," she said resignedly. "But hurry up. It's late."

George stood, looking up, as the two thin childish voices rang out.

"I heard the bells on Christmas Day  
Their old familiar carols play,  
And wild and sweet the words repeat  
Of peace on earth, good will to men!"

They did not seem silly or sentimental to George, watching or listening. But he did seem small and young and rather lonely. Curious; he had always had that feeling about Henrietta's children. It was for that reason that he spent so much time with them in their nurseries on the third floor. And it was for that reason, too, that that night, having carted them up again, he remained there until it was time to dress. He was fastening their stockings with thumb tacks to the mantelpiece when Henrietta sent Hobbs for him.

"Monsieur is a very good mother," said Mademoiselle, smiling. He looked at her sharply, but there was no guile in the Frenchwoman's face.

On the landing he spoke to the butler. "There will be an extra man tonight, Hobbs," he said. "And I'd be glad if you'd give him some help. This kind of thing is new to him. And I'm lending

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him my evening clothes. I suppose he can dress in your room?"

Hobbs concealed his astonishment as best he could. "Very well, sir," he said impassively.

In the kitchen, however, he told his suspicions to Mrs. Miggs, the cook.

"A new man to serve!" he said. "If you ask me, it's a detective. There'll be a lot of jewelry worn tonight."

"God bless my soul," said Mrs. Miggs. "It's a queer time to live."

"It is that."

Promptly at nine Henrietta came downstairs. She was the first one down. And a little before the other guests Jerry Forsyth arrived, had a preliminary high ball, and kissed her under the mistletoe. It was unfortunate but not fatal that Hobbs chose that moment to appear; an excited Hobbs, looking for his master.

"He's not here." And since under the circumstances that was only too evident, she added: "What's the matter?"

"It's the new man, madam; the one Mr. Chisholm spoke about. He's not very well, madam."

"Drunk?"

"I don't think so. He just came into the kitchen and keeled over. It's a sort of faint."

"Then tell Mr. Chisholm. If he will bring strangers in—"

So it happened that Henrietta received her guests alone that night, for George was back in the butler's bedroom off the pantry, watching while the man named Smith recovered from a spell of unconsciousness. Had anyone noticed, there was a strong smell of frying eggs in the air, and the aroma of coffee. George had taken one look at Smith, and then ordered food.

There was, however, nobody to notice. Henrietta's parties were very damp and very noisy. The noise even penetrated to the back room where George sat beside Hobbs' bed, and where Mr. Smith finally opened his eyes and said:

"Passed out, did I? Well, it was a long walk, and the kitchen was hot. I'd better get up."

"You're not getting up," said George sternly. "You're staying right here."

"And what about my six dollars, man? I need them."

But George ignored that. "I've ordered some coffee for you," he said carefully, "and a sandwich, or something of that sort. Also I've got some medicine here." He smiled. "Good for what ails you!"

Smith took the glass. "You're a good fellow, Chisholm. A Merry Christmas to you."

It was not until time to trim the tree that Henrietta missed George. Then he went forward, slowly and rather thoughtfully; for the whisky on an empty stomach had loosened his guest's tongue, and something he had said was sticking in George's mind.

"I'm not grumbling," he said, "but that racket minds me of things I'd just as soon forget."

"Sorry!" said George. "I'll close the door. I suppose most women like parties. I'd as soon have Christmas Eve alone, with the family."

"You're lucky to have a family. I lost mine through a party that sounded like this one. Found my wife being kissed by the mine manager and threw him out. Then it was his turn, and a month later he threw me out. Rather funny, when you think about it!"

"And your wife?"

"Oh, then it was her turn. She got a divorce and took the kids. As she'd spent all I made, and more too...

Well"—he picked up his glass—"Merry Christmas again!"

The tree was in the library, and when George finally went forward he discovered that no one had touched it, and that Henrietta was dancing with Jim Forsyth across the hall. Quietly and methodically he went to work, and it was fully an hour later that Henrietta, flushed and excited, found him there on the ladder carefully putting the star in place.

"Good heavens, George! You might have told us."

"Well, you all seemed otherwise occupied."

The look he turned down to her, she thought, was rather strange. It was as if he were studying her. She put her hands to her hair, and at that characteristic gesture he smiled faintly.

"You look all right. You look very lovely," he said, still thoughtfully, and, satisfied, she turned and went out again. He sat on top of the ladder for quite a time, with the star and his white light beside him. Then he got down, and on his hands and knees he spread the moss beneath the tree and set up a toy village there. It was an old toy village, made of pasteboard. He had bought it when the children were small. Now he saw that the church, which held a light, was broken.

He got the library paste and carefully repaired it.

It was there that Hobbs found him just before midnight. He was carrying a tray of champagne glasses, and he had almost to shout over the din across the hall. It appeared that Smith, although still wide-eyed, was on his way out.

"But if you ask me, sir, he's not able. He's tried to get up twice, but his legs won't hold him."

George went back again. Out of the uproar it was possible to hear the Christmas chimes from the cathedral near by, and he found Smith sitting on the side of the bed listening with an ironic smile.

"Well, He is born again. And I wonder what He thinks of his world! I've got to get out, Chisholm. Your man will need his bed."

"His world isn't so rotten. But you're staying here. There are half a dozen empty rooms upstairs."

The argument which followed was rather one-sided. Smith, obstinate as he was, had to confess that he had no place to go. "No place in particular," was the way he put it. And semi-starvation had weakened him. He finally agreed to be helped up the back stairs; but before he started he turned to George.

"Forget what I said a while ago," he said abruptly. "She had her side of it, too. A man's pretty yellow to talk about my wife."

They got him up finally, but at the door of Henrietta's best guest room he balked again. "Not in there!" he said.

"For God's sake, have some humor!"

But he was very tired, and at last they got him in and left him there. Outside the door George instructed Hobbs to take his clothes as soon as he was in bed and send them out to be pressed in the morning. Then he passed in a pair of his own pajamas and a dressing gown.

"Good night, Smith. And a Merry Christmas."

"Good night, Santa Claus," said Smith, and grinned at him. Then he yawned, and George closed the door and went away.

It was not until he went downstairs again that he realized that the party was over, and that an indignant Henrietta was waiting for him. More than

indignant, Henrietta was close to tears. "George," she said sharply, "is there any reason why you should insult the best people in this town? For that's what you've done. And on Christmas Eve, too."

"It seemed to me that quite a few of them had forgotten that."

She eyed him suspiciously and with a certain anxiety. "I can't make you out tonight, George. Something's happened to you. What is it?"

He lighted a cigarette before he spoke. "I don't know," he said finally. "I've been thinking a little, that's all."

"About what?"

"About us. About our marriage," he said gravely. Then, seeing the alarm in her face: "It's nothing serious. I just wondered if we are going on indefinitely being the soloists with a song-and-dance chorus always behind us."

Of sheer relief she could have smiled. So he was jealous, that was all. She knew how to handle a jealous man.

"I've tried to make you happy, George. You know that, don't you? Everything I do is for that."

"Is it? I wonder." He passed a hand over his eyes, and then patted her shoulder reassurance. "I don't mean to spoil things for you. I've had a trying sort of day, that's all. And when she said nothing: 'It's Christmas Day, you know.' He moved toward her. 'Merry Christmas, my dear.'"

"I don't feel merry at the moment."

"No? Well, after all, if my memory serves me, Christmas isn't primarily a time for merriment, anyhow. Joy, that's the word, isn't it? There's a fine distinction there."

"I think you've had too much champagne," she said dismally, and went with considerable dignity up the stairs. George, listening, heard her door close with a firmity which he had learned to understand.

Some time later he paused outside Smith's door. Everything was quiet there, and so he went on up the stairs to fill the children's stockings: a package of hard candy in each foot, followed by the balls and crayons and pencil sharpeners which, along with the nonsense toys, were to keep them within bounds from daylight until after breakfast.

Standing there, he heard the tired servants going up to bed. They would be up early again and off to Mass, and for the first time he saw Henrietta's parties as not only a noise and an expense, but saw them as a definite hardship to a number of people. He remembered the children's carol that night. Did those words mean anything to Henrietta? The absurd rubber plate-lifter in his hand, he wondered. Then he placed it in the top of Junior's stocking and went downstairs.

He slept in his dressing room that night, by tacit agreement with Henrietta, who did not like to be roused at dawn when the children came rushing down. He had slept badly, and he was still half asleep when they came in. Mademoiselle had gone to church, and they were wild with excitement and freedom. He was obliged to drink out of the glass and pretend embarrassment when the water spilled over his silk pajamas.

"When can we see the tree and the presents?"

"Nine o'clock. And not a minute sooner."

"Will Mother be up?"

"I think so."

Then Patricia said something that

made him sit up in his bed. "You came in in the night and looked at me, didn't you?"

"What? I did?"

"Of course. I was awake. You stood by the bed and looked down at me. Then you tiptoed out again."

"You dreamed it, child."

"I didn't dream your dressing gown, Daddy!"

He was still thinking about that when Mademoiselle took them up to dress; a shining-eyed Mademoiselle still rapt from her devotions and unusually gentle of manner. She glanced shyly toward the bed and smiled.

"Merry Christmas, Mr. Chisholm."

"Thanks. The same to you."

He felt uneasy. He did not like the idea of Smith prowling around the house at night. It would be a joke on him if they found the place looked that morning and the fellow gone! He got up and going down the hall opened the door of the blue room, but Smith was sleeping quietly.

Not a thief, then. A man who had had kids of his own and lost them, and who some time in the night had obeyed some obscure desire to see children safely asleep on Christmas Eve.

"Poor devil!" he said to himself, and closing the door very quietly, he went back to bed.

The incident cleared away the last vestiges of last night's resentment. After all, he was lucky. He was prosperous; or at least he had weathered the storm. He had a home and a family. If Henrietta's ideas and his were not always the same, she had made him a good wife. He went over her virtues as he lay there, her beauty, her efficiency, even her gaiety.

"I'm a dull dog," he thought, and felt guiltily over the night before.

When he heard her stirring at eight o'clock he went into her room, looking a little sheepish. Henrietta lay in her big bed, a coffee tray beside her, and he saw that she had already been up. Her hair was carefully set, her face lightly touched with her morning make-up. He saw something else, however. He saw that she looked strained and rather alarmed.

"I'm sorry about last night, George," she said. "I was tired. I didn't mean it."

"Well, seeing that I came in to apologize myself— Merry Christmas, my dear."

He kissed her, and with unusual demonstrativeness she put her arms around his neck as he stooped.

"I do love you, George. You know that."

"I hope so!"

"And I'm sorry about the party."

"My fault. If I choose to think all the rest are out of step because I am . . . Well, I'd better bathe and shave. The kids are on the rampage."

He turned to leave her. Then he remembered something.

"Look here, Henrietta. I'm going to ask this Smith fellow to have lunch with us. Do him no end of good. It's a man's pride that gets him when he's had a run of bad luck."

"Do we have to? What will the servants think?"

"We're not paying them to think. Anyhow, he's a gentleman, as I told you last night. He'll know how to use his fork."

"Why can't we send him a tray?"

He made a slight gesture. "Listen, Henrietta; I want him to see the children. He had a pair of his own once, and his wife vamoosed with them." He was about to tell her of that visit to the

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The winter desert



Palm, sandbars and the blue Pacific

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Flavor of Old Spain

nursery during the night, but he thought better of it. "He lost a good job and the lady got out. He didn't say much, but I gathered she'd been extravagant and rather silly. He'd save and she'd spend. Wanted to run with a gay crowd and got to flirting about. He wasn't putting all the blame on her, of course. It came out. The lady lost his job and he had nothing saved, so she up and left him. Well, I need to hurry."

Henrietta suddenly stirred in her bed. "And—is that all you know about him?" "Seems plenty," he said, with his quick smile. "Yes, he's been in South America for six years. That's why a bit of good old U. S. A. Christmas won't do him any harm."

He went out then, and Henrietta sat bolt upright as his door closed. Under her make-up her face was almost bloodless. Not that. Oh, surely not that! God did not play tricks like that, especially on Christmas Day. She wasn't well. Champagne did not agree with her. She would take some bicarbonate and get straightened out.

The bicarbonate, however, did not help her. When the maid came for her tray she sent for Hobbs, and putting a bed jacket over her bare shoulders, waited in a frenzy of anxiety. In his bathroom she could hear George splashing in the shower and whistling. The children were shouting upstairs, and over everything hung a penetrating odor of Christmas evergreens that turned her faintly sick.

Suddenly she was back in that hideous small western mining town, and it was Christmas Eve. She had had the usual party to trim the tree, and then Warren had found her in the pantry with Howard Bliss, and had accused her of all sorts of things.

When Hobbs came in she was trembling.

"Mr. Chisholm wants this man Smith or whatever his name is to stay for lunch, Hobbs," she said. "It seems unusual, but I suppose it has to be."

"Very well, madam."

"What sort of man is he, Hobbs? I haven't seen him."

"He seems to be quite a gentleman, madam. Out of luck, you may say. He'd walked all the way uptown last night, and what with that and the smell of food in the kitchen—"

"What does he look like?" she broke in impatiently.

"He's a tall man. Blond. Very thin, too. Undernourished, he looks; and as for the suit I sent out to be pressed—"

She got rid of Hobbs and lay back in her bed. Not for a moment did she question the identity of this man who lay, still asleep, only a few feet away from her, and who would later on confront her with that jeering smile of his, and say: "Well, Henrietta, I see you've landed on your feet, as usual."

There was no way out, she knew. She could not appeal to his pity, for he would have none. Nor would he believe, if she told him, that she had married George Chisholm under a lie because she cared for him; had buried her past, because she was afraid she would lose him. He would laugh at that.

He might already know who she was, and all about her. She remembered drearily that there was a large silver-framed picture of herself in the room where George had put him.

There was certainly nothing in her of what George called the Christmas spirit when at last she crawled out of bed, bathed and dressed. Long before she had finished she could hear George in

the hall below, and the children calling:

"Mother, hurry. Hurry. It's almost nine o'clock."

"I'm coming."

When she was ready to go down she opened her toilet-table drawer and, reaching far back, produced from it a small jeweler's box, carefully wrapped and tied with ribbon. In it were the two black pearl studs she was giving George for Christmas, the bill for which he would find two or three months later among the chaos of her desk.

She stood staring at the box. She had nothing to substitute for it. She would have to carry it down and George would accept it as usual, as he always did her gifts. Or would he? He had told her Smith's story lightly enough that morning, but it had had a devastating effect on him last night. When he had looked at her last night he had been thinking of that story and that woman.

George was not in the hall when she got down, and Hobbs told her something had gone wrong with the light under the star. But the children were waiting, clamorous and excited.

"Mother, can't we go back and give Mrs. Miggins her present now? And Blake and Ellen and the rest?"

"Don't you want to see your own things first?"

"No," they chorused. "Please, Mother."

"Oh, all right," she said wearily, and heard them, followed by Mademoiselle, rushing into the kitchen and calling loudly.

She was alone when George emerged from the Christmas room. He was looking worried, but he smiled when he saw her.

"The light under the star went out," he explained. "Never knew it to happen before. Well, once more, my dear: Merry Christmas."

He was good and he was kind. Never, perhaps, since her marriage had she realized all that as she did that morning, when rather diffidently she proffered the pearls his tact did not fail him.

"Lovely!" he said. "Just what I needed. I'll probably be held up and shot for them, but a bit of danger is the spice of life."

It was eleven o'clock when, clothes disheveled and his hair awry, George rose from the floor where he had been setting up Junior's electric train and went upstairs. He found his guest awake and bathed, and looking about for a razor.

"Mind my clothes, too," he said. "I'd hate like hell to have that butler of yours turning up his nose over them."

"They've gone out to be pressed. And I'll get you a razor."

When he came back he found Smith standing in front of Henrietta's photograph.

"The wife?" he asked lightly.

"Yes."

"She's very lovely, Chisholm."

"And I'm very lucky. I want you to meet her."

Smith stood still, the razor in his hand. "I'd like to, but—" He shrugged his shoulders. "You're a good fellow, Chisholm. I've got a lot of words, some of them Spanish, but there aren't enough to thank you. Just the same, enough's enough. As soon as my clothes come I'll be moving on."

"You'll do nothing of the sort. You're lunching with us. It's the kids' Christmas dinner—and well, we want you."

"I've done."

"What can't be done? Don't be a fool."

Mr. Smith did not answer this directly.

"And listen here," he said. "That devil I talked last night—just forget it, will you? Liquor on an empty stomach made me sorry for myself. That's all. Most of it wasn't true, anyhow." He grinned down at George. "When a man's in my position the only way he can save his pride is to blame somebody else."

"Sure, I know that. Lunch is at six o'clock. And by the way, I owe you six dollars."

Smith openly jeered at him. "For what? For raising hell in the kitchen and being a star boarder overnight? Don't be a fool yourself! As for lunch, I don't want it. You get my clothes and I'll get out."

"They won't be here until noon. Besides, I've been telephoning around about you. We may land something."

Smith was carefully examining the blade of the razor. It was a moment or two before he answered. "All right," he agreed. "Get me my pants and I'll be there."

He started for the bathroom, turned and grinned again. "The tragedy of the kitchen; or, from pantry to parlor!" he said, and went out.

Hands in his pockets, George wandered around the room. The small possessions of the other man's pockets lay on a table by the bed: a letter or two, an old wallet obviously empty, a none-too-clean handkerchief. He saw a queer devil; add as a lemon drop, but intelligent. Probably hard to live with, too.

A few minutes later, George went downstairs to the telephone again. The lower floor was quiet, the children apparently suffering the reaction following excitement, and Henrietta was standing at a window, listlessly looking out. Even the Christmas tree was deserted, although its lights were still burning. George stopped in the doorway and looked at it. The lamp beneath the star had gone out again, and he sent for a ladder and put in a new bulb.

When Smith, amazingly altered from the day before, came down the stairs at one o'clock, he found George waiting for him.

"Hello!" he said. "Well, if things line up as I think they will— Come into the library. My wife is there, and the children."

It was once more with his faint, jeering smile that Smith followed him into the library. Henrietta was standing very stiff and still in front of the fire, and Mademoiselle was smiling. This was indeed Christmas, to bring in the needy and feed them. But the poor man, so shabby and still a gentleman! For Smith, having taken Henrietta's cold and with considerable manner, was saying:

"You must blame your husband for this, Mrs. Chisholm; for bringing a stranger to the feast." Then he was meeting Mademoiselle and gravely greeting the children. "Well, well!" he said. "You're a fine pair, you two. Speak French, do you? Then what do I mean when I say: 'Les enfants n'ont ni passe ni avenir'?"

Mademoiselle looked at him. Queer, these Americans! Never would she understand them. "It may be a little beyond them, Monsieur. It means," she explained, rather puzzled, "that children have no past and no future."

"Only the present," said Mr. Smith, and glanced at Henrietta.

George was very talkative during the meal. Neither Smith nor Henrietta said much; and Mademoiselle knew her place, which was to keep the children quiet. Twice, however, they caused her great uneasiness. Once when Junior, after cursing their father for some time from across the table, suddenly said:



"Seems to me I've seen you somewhere," Then he turned to George.

"Probably, son. On a bench in the park, maybe. I've been taking a sun-cure."

"That's funny! A sun-cure in winter!"

"All the best sun-cures are taken in winter," said Mr. Smith, still smiling.

The other was later in the meal, when George discovered that his guest was eating little or nothing, and urged him to food.

"It's the rule to overeat today, you know."

"Well, stomachs shrink!" said Smith, with a return of his sardonic humor. And the children had chosen to consider that remark apocryphally funny, and to laugh until Mademoiselle's cheeks were pink. George looked uncomfortable.

"You kids better quit before you make this your last Christmas," he said. "Get them out, will you, Mademoiselle?"

It was not until they had gone that Hobbs brought in a decanter and poured them all a glass of wine.

"Don't drink when they're around," George explained. "Well, here's to Christmas, to—he hesitated—"to peace on earth, good will to men," he finished self-consciously.

Smith smiled. "You almost make me believe it, Chisholm. God and sinners reconciled, eh? Well, I suppose that's the big idea."

"And here's to the job, Smith. I think I've landed one. Not much, but something."

It was not until the meal was over that they had a chance to speak together alone. George had gone back to the telephone, and the children were reluctantly going upstairs to get ready for their walk. Junior had hated leaving him.

"Maybe I'll see you again, in the park." "Surely you will. Look for me, will you? I'll be on a bench, taking a sun-cure."

They shook hands gravely. But when Patricia came up he took her in his arms.

"Be a good girl, Pats," he said. It was his old name for her, and suddenly Henrietta felt a wave of pity and gratitude toward him. His face, however, was grim enough when he turned to her.

"If you're thinking of thanking me, don't. I've played this fool masquerade for him, not for you."

"Then you're not going to tell him?"

"Not after the story I told him yesterday! I didn't know, of course. I didn't know until I saw your picture upstairs."

She was safe, then! She was in his hands, but they were safe hands. Out of her enormous relief she spoke again, breathlessly.

"I'll deserve it," she said. "It won't be lost."

"You'd better. I'm betting my chance to live on that."

"Why?"

"Because I can't take that job, and you know it. I'll have to use my references, and my own name. And after this dirty trick today—well, it can't be done."

She recoiled. So that was the price. She saw it now. All her life she would be paying that price. When he left he would go out into the street, and she would never know about him. He might starve, while she ate and spent.

"I don't know that I can bear it."

"You'll bear it, all right. Raise those children as real people, and make George Chisholm happy. I have an idea you've been at the old game again. Well, stop it, or by God I'll come back and tell him who and what you are."

When George came in Smith rose

rather abruptly and shook hands with her. Then he turned to George.

"You've been damned good to me, Chisholm."

"I'm damned glad to have the chance. You won't stay?"

"I have some things to do."

There was a slight awkwardness, and George broke it by going to the front door to look for the car. Down the stairwell floated the children's voices, loudly protesting against something or other. The man Smith stood listening with a curious, intent look on his face, the look of a man who is hearing something for the last time. Suddenly Henrietta felt she could not bear it.

"I can't let you go like this. I won't. I've done enough for you. I can't do this. I'm going to tell him."

But he shook his head. "You're learning. You'll do. But he's not to know. Get that, and get it straight."

But I—

"Car's here," George called.

The two men shook hands, and once more with his jeering smile Smith looked out into the street.

"Well," he said, "I'll run along. Of course, it ought to be snowing!"

George closed the door behind him, and stood still, like a man waiting for something. Nothing happened, however, and so he wandered into the library and stood, his hands in his pockets, and looked at the Christmas tree. The house was very quiet. In the silence he could even hear the needles as they dropped onto the pasteboard roofs of the village.

He felt very tired and at a loss, as a man might feel who had staked all he had on something or other, and had lost it. He heard the children going out, and Hobbs in the dining room putting away the silver. Then at last he heard something else, and he drew a long breath.

Henrietta had come into the room. He did not move when she came up beside him.

"George, I have something to tell you."

"Perhaps I know what you have to say, my dear."

"You know!"

He looked down at her, gravely. "There was a letter to him on his table. Henrietta, do you still care for him?"

"Never! George, I've been a selfish and a silly woman, but I never thought I could care for any man as I care for you."

"And yet you came to tell me who he was. Why?"

"Because," she said steadily, "I can't lie or cheat any more. I'm through with all that. I wanted to tell you before he left, but he wouldn't let me. And I'm no good, George. I let him go."

She held her put both her hands on her shoulders and looked down into her eyes. "He hasn't gone, Henrietta. He's all right. I gave Blake a note for him, and he knows I know. He'll get his job, and anything more I can do. And after all, we're civilized human beings. He ought to see his children now and then."

"George, why are you doing all this?"

He was faintly embarrassed. "Well, you see, I rather liked the fellow. Then, too, it's Christmas, Henrietta."

She saw his eyes go up to the stars, and for the first time she had an inkling of what it meant to him; that it was mixed up in his mind with a God of some sort, and with a number of vague aspirations which she would no longer consider sentimental and silly.

Some time later she came down the stairs and glanced into the library again. George was still there, but now he was sitting on the floor under the tree, carefully repasting the steeple on the cardboard church.

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